

J. B. Roberts
THE
WORKS
Of the REVEREND
Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,
DEAN of *St. Patrick's*, DUBLIN.

CONTAINING,
More of his LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE, particularly
with Dr. KING, Archbishop of *Dublin*, &c.
Original POEMS on SEVERAL OCCASIONS.
An ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of Dr.
JONATHAN SWIFT.

VOLUME XI.



DUBLIN:
Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER,
M DCC LXXII.

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in the Strand.

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1820

VOLUME V.

OF THE.

AUTHOR'S WORKS.

CONTAINING,

The CONDUCT of the ALLIES,
and the EXAMINERS, &c.



D U B L I N :

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER,

MDGCLXIII.

VOLUME V.

OF THE

AUTHOR'S WORKS

CONTAINING

The Conduct of the ALLIES
and the EXAMINERS, &c.



DUBLIN:

Printed by GEORGE PAULSEN.

MDCCCXIII.

TO THE
READER.

IT may be expected that the Editor of this, and the other Editions printed by him should give some Account of the Author and himself, which he will in the most concise Manner.

IN the Year 1726, when Lord *Bolingbroke* (often mentioned in these Works) returned from his Exile in *France*, the Author went to *England* to visit him and some other Friends, where they often met at his Lordship's House in *London*, at Mr. *Pope's* at *Twittenham*, and at other Places, then much resorted to by the greatest Persons of the Age, for Genius, Wit, and Learning, where the Dean was highly caressed by them all, and treated with the greatest Respect and Distinction.

IN the Year 1724, Dr. *Swift* wrote the *Drapier's Letters*, and other Papers to the People of *Ireland*, against *Wood's Patent* for coining

Halfpence and Farthings for this Kingdom; which Writings had a wonderful Effect in uniting People of all * Religions and Parties against that wicked Scheme of *Wood*; on which the Patent was withdrawn.

THE Year following, 1725, many People were desirous of having the Papers written on this Occasion, preserved and collected together, which were accordingly printed by the Editor, Mr. *John Harding* †, the first Printer being dead.

THE present Editor was in *London* in 1726, upon his own Business and private Affairs, when he used to visit the Author at his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales's* at *Richmond Lodge*, as well as at Mr. *Pope's* at *Twittenham*, where the Dean introduced him; and recommended him to several of his Friends, many of whose Works, and separate Pieces, he afterwards printed, particularly Mr. *Pope's* entire original Works, by his own Directions, now in the Editor's Hands, many of Lord *Bolingbroke's*, Mr. *Gay's*, and other's Pieces. The Dean also recommended him to many of his other noble Friends, particularly the Earl of *Oxford* ‡, Son of the Lord High Treasurer, who made the Editor many valuable and curious Presents, and oftentimes had him at his Table.

* See *Prometheus*, a Poem, Vol. II. p. 197.

† See *Harding's Resurrection*, Vol. XI. p. 344.

‡ See the Letter to Lord *Oxford*, Vol. XI. p. 154.

Table, where he was treated in a most easy, familiar Manner, as an intimate Friend.

IN the Month of *August* this Year, the Dean returned to *Ireland*. And, early in the Year, 1727, he went to *England*, where he was more careſſed than ever by the Royal Family and People of the greateſt Diſtinction, many of whom ſtrongly ſollicited him to ſettle there, where they propoſed to give him Church Livings equal to what he had in *Ireland*, which he reſuſed for many Reaſons, mentioned in his Letters to Mr. *Pope*, &c.

IN 1726, the Miſcellanies of Dr. *Swift* and Mr. *Pope* were publiſhed together in *London*, and afterwards in *Dublin*, in three Volumes, together with a Preface thereto, and both Names were ſigned. This Collection, although very agreeable to many People, did not pleaſe all; which made ſeveral of the Dean's Friends apply to the Editor, to ſolicit the Author to give him his entire Works to print, free from the Mixture of others, only where they were neceſſary. Accordingly, he made Application to the Dean, who did not ſeem willing to conſent, as the Publiſher might be a Loſer by printing them; the Editor told him he would run all Hazards, being very poſitive, he ſhould be a great Gainer by them; but the Dean ſtill perſiſted; then the Editor ſaid, he would print them by Subscription, and make a faithful Return of the Subſcribers Names to him, when he could eaſily judge whether he would

gain or lose by the Undertaking. Accordingly, Proposals were published, and Subscriptions came in very fast, which were shewn to the Author, who consented to the Printing, on the following Conditions; That no Jobb should be made, but full Value given for the Money; That the Editor should attend him early every Morning, or when most convenient, to read to him, that the Sounds might strike the Ear, as well as the Sense the Understanding, and had always two Men Servants present for this Purpose; and when he had any Doubt, he would ask them the Meaning of what they heard? Which, if they did not comprehend, he would alter and amend, until they understood it perfectly well, and then he would say, *This will do; for, I write to the Vulgar, more than to the Learned.* Not satisfied with this Preparation for the Press, he corrected every Sheet of the first seven Volumes that were published in his Life Time, desiring the Editor to write Notes, being much younger than the Dean, acquainted with most of the Transactions of his Life, as well as with those of several of his Friends; the Author being very communicative to the Editor, who, if there should be any Errors in them, will be very glad to be set right, and will, with Pleasure, print an Errata for that Purpose, to render this Edition as correct as possible; and, he most humbly thinks, he hath some Degree of Merit with the Public, by the Publication of these Works,

To the R E A D E R.

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Works, which would never have been collected together, had he not been favoured with the Author's Friendship and Intimacy, who never concealed any Part of his Affairs from him; but, as OTHELLO says, *Gave him the Story of his Life from Year to Year.*

PERHAPS, it may be thought singular, that the Editor should be so vain as to publish some trifling Letters to him from the Author; but the Publick, it is hoped, will excuse this; because, being a Printer and Publisher of a Newspaper, it was in his Way to get the Dean early and better Intelligence of Estates, their Valuation, the Titles and Security of them, than many others could do; and, probably, had his Advice been taken in some Degree, the Income for St. *Patrick's Hospital* for the Reception of Idiots and Lunaticks, founded by Dr. *Swift*, would have been double to what it is now, had the Purchase been made in the Dean's Life; but, for what Cause, we cannot say, objected to by some People, who afterwards made a very dear Bargain for Lands at *Saggard* in the County of *Dublin*, attended with a Law Suit, and a very great Expence, before the Trustees of the Hospital got the entire Possession.

OTHER trifling Letters may also be thought not worth Publication; but, as it will convince the World of the Intimacy the Author was pleased to favour the Printer with, he hopeth he may escape Censure; these Letters being

being now first printed, to satisfy the Reader, that Mr. *Faulkner* was not only the Dean's Publisher, but favoured with his Friendship and consulted by him on many Occasions. To explain this, it is proper to inform the Curious, that Dr. *Hawkeſworth*, a learned and ingenious Gentleman, who was imposed upon by some *London* Bookſeller, wrote a Preface, and a few very trifling Notes, to an Edition of Miscellanies, mingled with some Writings of Dr. *Arbutnot*, Mr. *Gay*, and others, wherein the Letters between *Swift* and *Pope* are omitted, and published in Dr. *Warburton's* Edition of *Pope's* Works. Dr. *Hawkeſworth* and some other Editor, were also imposed on in that Affair, by saying that *Faulkner* was not known to Dr. *Swift*, which, Letters of the Dean to the Editor, relative to many Pieces of his Writing, as also, to many of his Friends, may convince them of the great Esteem he had for him, and how grossly they have been mistaken.

THE Editor having been many Years compiling those Works, and at very great Expence and Trouble, most humbly hopes for the Favour of all People of Taste and Candour, being well assured, that some Criticks, who have no Relish for low Wit or Humour, will object to them; but, the Editor begs Leave to inform them, that some of the best Scholars and most learned Men in *Europe*, were against omitting one Piece, or even a single Sentence of *Swift's*,
by

by saying, all his Weeds were Flowers in the best Gardens, and all the Trash the Chippings of the richest brilliant Diamonds.

It is therefore, most humbly hoped, that all the Lovers of Morality, good Sense, Wit, and Humour, will favour this Edition, and set an Example to this Nation, of their Encouragement to all Undertakers in the Litterary Way, and particularly to the Editor of these Works, who hath with so much Labour now finished them, as, he hopes, to the entire Satisfaction of all his worthy Readers, and that they will be pleased to look with a generous Eye and good Heart upon his genuine Editions, which have been most justly obtained from the Author by great Cost and Trouble, the Editor having suffered severely in his private Property, as well as in his Health, by his being ordered into Custody by the House of Lords, for printing the following in the *Dublin Journal*, Feb. 26, 1731-2.

THE following Queries are an Extract from a Pamphlet *, in the Press, writ by the Rev. Dr. S. D. S. P. D. which being somewhat long, and the Time pressing, it was thought fit to publish these Queries, that contain some of those Arguments, made Use of in the said Pamphlet, &c.

Some
* See Considerations, &c. Vol. VI. p. 141.

Some Queries humbly offered.

“ Whether the House of Commons may not think the Bishops have Power enough already ?

“ Whether a Gentleman would not rather have a creditable Parson than a Beggar to converse with ?

“ Whether the Scheme of multiplying beggarly Clergymen, may not, by their Numbers, have great Influence on Elections, being entirely under the Dependance of their Bishops ?

“ Whether a Clause against Parsons having Votes, should not be inserted ?

“ Whether Gentlemen and Farmers, would not be easier in their Tythes with a rich Minister, than a poor one ? For a hungry Louse biteth sore, &c.

“ If the Bills shall depend so long as to print the Pamphlet entire, or shall be thrown out, the said Pamphlet shall be published next Monday, for the Satisfaction of those who may desire to read the Arguments against them.”

WHICH Censure was not taken off until the Session following, by his presenting a Petition to the House of Lords, who were pleased to order him to be discharged on his paying the Fees, which amounted to a very large Sum ;
in

in the Payment of which, he was very much favoured by Sir *Multon Lambert*, then Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, as well as some other Officers of that House.

THE succeeding Session of Parliament, he was taken into Custody by the House of Commons, for printing a Paper, entitled, *A Proposal for the better Regulation of the Game of Quadrille**, confined closely in Prison three Days, when he was in a very bad State of Health, and his Life in much Danger; on which, he petitioned the House for his Liberty, which he obtained on paying all the Fees. He was also at different Times, in Custody of Messengers, for printing against the Reduction of the Gold Coin, and some other Affairs, but could never be prevailed on to discover the Authors, which endeared him so much to the Dean, that he gave him the Title of *his right trusty and faithful Friend*, and frequently offered to pay *Faulkner* the Expences he had been at on those Occasions, and to raise him Subscriptions, to reward him for his Fidelity and Sufferings, which, *Faulkner* always refused; so that the Editor most humbly thinks, that, according to the Laws of Justice and Reason, he is most truly entitled to the Property of these Works; the Author having bestowed them to him, and corrected seven Volumes in his own Life-Time, as well as

VOL. I.

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many

* See Vol. X. p. 359.

many small Tracts published at different Periods.

IN *England*, the Property in Copies of Books is as fully secured by Law and Custom, as any Lands, Houses, Tenements, or Funds, &c. to the very great Advantage of Learning and Authors, and to the Production of fine printed Editions of Books and Prints. Mr. *Tonson* the Bookseller, and many of his Predecessors, have been long in Possession of the Works of *Shakespeare*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Milton*, *Dryden*, *Congreve*, and many other Authors Works, which have never been disputed with them.

THE Parliament of *Great-Britain*, being truly sensible of the great Advantages of Learning, Wit, and Humour to that Nation, have made many Acts of Parliament to secure the Property of Writing, not only to Authors and Booksellers, but even for Inventions of Painting and Engraving; insomuch, that an Act was made some Years ago, in Favour of the ingenious and celebrated Mr. *Hogarth*, to secure his Property in all Prints whatever, designed, painted, or engraved by him, which Act extendeth to all Planners and Engravers of any Designs; by which Means, the *English* are now the most celebrated of any in *Europe* for their witty and humorous Prints, as also for Designs in Architecture, Gardening, &c. and likewise for their very fine Editions of Books in all Arts and Sciences, and in most Languages. This Encouragement to Publishers,
and

and Authors, hath induced many Gentlemen of Genius, Learning, and Fortune, to have Printing-Offices in their own Houses, or in others near adjoining, where they have printed the most elegant and correct Editions of antient and modern Books, as well as others of their own Writing. Mr. *Viner*, who wrote the Abridgment of the Law in twenty-four Volumes in Folio, (and who left a Legacy to the University of *Oxford*, to read Lectures on the Common Law) printed the above Abridgment at his own House near *Aldershot* in *Hampshire*; and the Hon. *Horace Walpole* printed, at his House at *Strawberry Hill* near *Richmond* in *Surry*, his very agreeable and entertaining Book, entitled, *A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England*, written by Himself: He also printed at the same Place, for his own Amusement, as well as for the Satisfaction of the Publick, some superb and very elegant Editions of the *Classicks*, which are very well esteemed by all the Curious.

BUT alas! it is not so in *Ireland*; where many, without any Cause whatever, immediately pyrate on their innocent Brethren, who never once offended them in their Property, either by Word, Thought, or Deed, which is a Reason that few Books have been well printed here, nor will be for the future, the Demand here being very small. And, what is contrary to the Custom of other Countries, Law, Justice and Reason, some of these Py-

rates will not even suffer Authors, to sell or bestow their Works to fair Purchasers, or their best Friends; wherefore, it is hoped, our Legislature will take it into their serious Consideration to make Resolutions, or enact Laws to secure the Property of Authors to themselves, their Friends, or Purchasers, otherwise, the State of Learning must daily decline, which is now at a low Ebb in *Ireland*, although we have many learned Men in all Arts and Sciences, to whom it may not be convenient to go to *England* to dispose of their Works. Several excellent Performances have lately been published by some Fellows of our University, and many others would appear, if Property could be secured to them and to the Purchasers.

Dublin, October, 1762.

G. F.

THE

There having been a very friendly Correspondence for many Years between Dr. KING, Archbishop of *Dublin*, and Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D. it is proper to prefix some Account of his Grace before the following Letters, for which we shall make no Apology.

WILLIAM KING was born at *Antrim* the first Day of *May*, 1650, and was descended from an antient Family of the House of *Burras* in the North of *Scotland*, from whence his Father removed in the Reign of King *Charles I.* to avoid engaging in the Solemn League and Covenant; brought his Effects, and settled his Family in the North of *Ireland*, where the above *William* was born, and had the Pleasure of living to see his Son promoted to the Bishoprick of *Derry*.

IN 1662 he was sent to a *Latin* School in the County of *Tyrone*, and the 18th of *April*, 1667, entered the University of *Dublin*. In 1670, he took the Degree of Bachelor of Arts; in 1673, that of Master; and the same Year was ordained a Deacon by Dr. *Mossom*, Bishop of *Derry*. On the 26th of *April*, 1674, he was ordained a Priest by Dr. *John Parker*, Archbishop of *Tuam*. In 1688, he was constituted President of the Chapter of *St. Patrick's, Dublin*; and, on the 26th of *January* following, was elected Dean by the Chapter. In 1689, he took his Degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was promoted to the Bishoprick of *Derry* on the

9th of *January*, O. S. 1690, and was consecrated in *Christ Church, Dublin*, the 25th of the said Month. Upon the Promotion of Dr. *Narcissus Marsh*, Archbishop of *Dublin*, to the Archbishoprick of *Armagh*, Dr. *King* was translated from *Derry* to the See of *Dublin*, the 11th of *March*, 1702. His Grace, in the Reign of *George I.* was four different Times one of the Lords Justices of *Ireland*, for his great Loyalty and Attachment to the Protestant Religion, and the House of *Hanover*. He died at the Archiepiscopal Palace at St. *Sepulcher's, Dublin*, on the 8th of *May*, 1729, having entered into the 80th Year of his Age, and was buried on the North Side of *Donnybrook Church*, near *Dublin*, without any Monument, Tomb or Inscription, as he had directed in his Life-time.

HIS private Charities were very ample and considerable; but so cautiously and secretly dispensed, that it is impossible to give a particular Account of them. After he was translated to the See of *Dublin*, he repaired and adorned the Palace of St. *Sepulcher's*, which was in a ruinous Condition, by expending above 3000*l.* on Improvements, and erected a Court-house for his Archiepiscopal Manor at his own Charge. He purchased from the late Lord *Ross*, and Others, many impropriate Tythes, to add to the Livings of the Clergy in his Diocese, to make them Glebes, and for Lectureships.

HE gave in his Life-time 500*l.* to the University of *Dublin*, towards founding a Divinity Lecture for the Benefit of those who intended to

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enter into Holy Orders; and devised 500*l.* more to purchase a further Maintenance and Endowment for the said Lecture. He also devised 150*l.* to the Poor of the City of *Dublin*. He gave 500*l.* in his Life-time to the *Blue-Coat* Hospital in *Dublin*, and 300*l.* to the Fund arising from the Application of the First Fruits, for purchasing Glebes and impropriate Tythes for the Increase of poor Vicarages.

His Hospitality was suitable to the Dignity of his Character and Station, and the whole Course of his Conversation innocent, chearful and improving; for, he lived in the constant Practice of every Christian Virtue that could adorn a publick, or private Life.

IN 1687, *Peter Manby*, Dean of *Londonderry*, having published at *Dublin*, in Quarto, a Pamphlet, intitled, *The Considerations which obliged Peter Manby, Dean of Londonderry, to embrace the Catholick Religion; humbly dedicated to his Grace Dr. Francis Marsh, the Lord Primate of Ireland*; Dr. King immediately wrote an Answer. Mr. *Manby*, encouraged by the Court, and assisted by the most learned Champions of the Church of *Rome*, published a Reply under this Title, *A reformed Catechism, in two Dialogues concerning the English Reformation, &c. in Reply to Mr. King's Answer, &c.* Our Author soon rejoined in *A vindication of the Answer*. Mr. *Manby* dropped the Controversy, but dispersed a loose Sheet of Paper artfully writ, with this Title, *A Letter to a Friend, shewing the Vanity of this Opinion, that every Man's Sense and Rea-*

son are to guide him in Matters of Faith. Our Author soon published his Answer. In 1689 he was twice confined in the Castle of Dublin, by Order of King James II. and the same Year commenced Doctor of Divinity. In 1690 he was advanced to the See of Derry. In 1691 he published at London, in Quarto, *The State of the Protestants of Ireland under the late King James's Government, &c.* "A History," says Bishop Burnet, as truly as it is finely written." He had by him at his Death attested Vouchers of every particular Fact alledged in this Book, which are now in the Hands of his Relations. In 1693 his Lordship finding the great Number of Protestant Dissenters in his Diocese of Derry, increased by a vast Addition of Colonies from Scotland, in order to persuade them to Conformity to the established Church, published *A Discourse concerning the Inventions of Men in the Worship of God.* Mr. Joseph Boyse, a Dissenting Minister, wrote an Answer. The Bishop answered Mr. Boyse. The latter replied. The Bishop rejoined. In 1702 he published at Dublin, in Quarto, his celebrated Treatise *De Origine Mali.* Mr. Edmund Law, M. A. Fellow of Christ's-College in Cambridge, afterwards published a complete Translation of this, with very valuable Notes, in Quarto. In the second Edition he has inserted, by Way of Notes, a large Collection of the Author's Papers on the same Subject, which he had received from his Relations after the Publication of the former Edition. Our Author, in this excellent Treatise, hath
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many curious Observations. He asserteth and proves, that there is more moral Good in the Earth than moral Evil. There are ten good Acts, says he, done by those we call bad Men, for one ill one. A Sermon by our Author, preached at *Dublin* in 1709, was published under the Title of, *Divine Predestination and Foreknowledge consistent with the Freedom of Man's Will*. This was attacked by *Anthony Collins*, Esq; in a Pamphlet, intitled, *A Vindication of the Divine Attributes*. In some Remarks on the Archbishop of Dublin's Sermon, intitled, *Divine Predestination*, &c. He published likewise, *A Discourse concerning the Consecration of Churches; shewing what is meant by dedicating them, with the Grounds of that Office*.

L E T-

LETTERS
TO AND FROM
Doctor SWIFT.

LETTER I.

To his Grace the Lord Archbishop of DUBLIN.

My LORD, *Dublin-Castle, July 16, 1700.*

I WAS several times to wait on your Lordship at your Lodgings; but you were either Abroad, or so engaged, that I could not be permitted the Honour to attend you. I have an humble Request to your Lordship, that you will please to excuse me if I cannot be at the triennial Visitation; for my * Lord and Lady continually residing at the Lodge, I am obliged to a constant Attendance there.

I am, with all Respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,
And most humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

* Earl of BERKELEY, then one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.

LETTER II.

Trim, December 31, 1704.

My LORD,

I DID intend to have waited on your Grace before you went for *England*, but hearing your Voyage is fixed for the first Opportunity of the Wind, I could not forbear giving you a few Minutes Interruption, which I hope your Grace will believe to be without any other Design than that of serving you. I believe your Grace may have heard, that I was in *England* last Winter, when the Dean and Chapter of *Christ-Church* had, I think, with great Wisdom and Discretion, chosen a most malicious, ignorant, and headstrong Creature to represent them; wherein your Grace cannot justly tax their Prudence, since the * Cause they are engaged in is not otherwise to be supported. And, I do assure your Grace, (which perhaps others may have been cautious in telling you) that they have not been without Success. For, not only the general Run in *Doctors-Commons* was wholly on their Side, which my Lord Bishop of *Cloyne* † observed as well as I; but, that little Instrument of their's did use all his Power to misrepresent your Grace, and your Cause, both in Town and City, as far as his narrow

* A Law Suit between the Archbishop of *Dublin*, and the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral of *Christ-Church, Dublin*, about his Right of visiting them, which was given in Favour of his Grace.

† Dr. CHARLES CROW.

narrow Sphere could reach. And he spared not to say, that your Grace had personal Resentment against him; that you sought his Ruin, and threatened him with it. And, I remember, at a great Man's Table, who hath as much Influence in *England* as any Subject can well have, after Dinner came in a Master in Chancery, whom I had before observed to be a principal Person in *Doctors-Commons*, when your Grace's Cause was there debating; and, upon Occasion of my being there, fell into Discourse of it, wherein he seemed wholly an Advocate for *Christ-Church*; for all his Arguments were only a Chain of Misinformations, which he had learned from the same Hand; insomuch that I was forced to give a Character of some Persons, which otherwise I should have spared, before I could set him right, as I also did in the Affair of the late Dean of *Derry*, which had been told with so many Falshoods and Disadvantages to your Grace, as it is hard to imagine.

I HUMBLY presume to say thus much to your Grace, that knowing the Prejudices that have been given, you may more easily remove them, which your Presence will infallibly do.

I WOULD also beg of your Grace to use some of your Credit towards bringing to a good Issue the Promise the Queen made, at my Lord Bishop of *Gloyne's* Intercession, to remit the First Fruits and Tenths of the Clergy; unless I speak ignorantly, for want of Information, and that it be a Thing already done. But, what I would mind your Grace of is, that the Crown Rent should

be added, which is a great Load upon many poor Livings, and would be a considerable Help to others. And, I am confident, with some Reason, that it would be easily granted, being, I hear, under a thousand Pounds a Year, and the Queen's Grant for *England* being so much more considerable than our's can be at best. I am very certain, that if the Bishop of *Cloyne* had continued to solicit it in *England*, it would easily have passed; but his Lordship giving it up wholly to the Duke of *Ormond* *, I believe it hath not been thought of so much as it ought. I humbly beg your Grace's Pardon for the Haste and Hurry of this, occasioned by that of the Post, which is not very regular in this Country; and imploring your Blessing, and praying to God for your good Voyage, Success and Return, I humbly kiss your Grace's Hands, and remain,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,
And most humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T -

* Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

from Dr. S W I F T, &c.

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L E T T E R III.

London, February 5, 1707-8.

My LORD,

I HAVE been above a Month expecting the Representation your Grace was pleased to promise to send me, which makes me apprehend your Grace hath been hindered by what you complained of, the Clergy's Backwardness in a Point so very necessary to their Service: And, it is Time ill lost at this Juncture, while my * Lord Lieutenant is here, and in great Credit at Court, and would perhaps be more than ordinarily ready to serve the Church in *Ireland*. If I have no Directions from your Grace by the End of this Month, I shall think of my Return to *Ireland* against the 25th of *March*, to endeavour to be chosen to the living of *St. Nicholas*, as I have been encouraged to hope; but would readily return at a Week's Warning to solicit that Affair with my Lord Lieutenant while he stays here, or, in any other Manner your Grace will please to direct.

YOUR Grace knows long before this, that Dr. *Mills* is Bishop of *Waterford*. The Court and Archbishop of *Canterbury* were strongly engaged for another Person, not much suspected in *Ireland*, any more than the Choice already made was, I believe, either here or there.

THE two Houses are still busy in Lord *Peterborough's* † Affair, which seems to be little more than

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* THOMAS HERBERT, Earl of *Pembroke*.

† See his Character in Vol. II.

than an Amusement, which it is conceived might at this Time be spared, considering how slow we are said to be in our Preparations, which, I believe, is the only Reason why it was talked the other Day about the Town, as if there would be soon a Treaty of Peace. There is a Report of my Lord * *Galway's* Death, but it is not credited. It is a perfect Jest to see my Lord *Peterborough* reputed as great a Whig as any in *England*, abhorred by his own Party, and caressed by the Tories.

THE great Question, whether the Number of Men in *Spain* and *Portugal*, at the Time of the Battle of *Almanza*, was but 8600, when there ought to have been 29,600, was carried on *Tuesday* in the Affirmative against the Court, without a Division, which was occasioned by Sir *Thomas Hanmer's* § Oratory. It seems to have been no Party Question, there being many of both glad and sorry for it. The Court hath not been fortunate in their Questions this Session; and, I hear some of both Parties expressing contrary Passions upon it. I tell your Grace bare Matters of Fact, being not inclined to make Reflections; and, if I were, I could not tell what to make, so oddly People are subdivided.

I am, my Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

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* See Note Vol. II. Page 1.

§ See Note Vol. IX. Page 99.

L E T T E R IV.

London, June 10, 1708.

My LORD,

I SENT your Grace a long Letter several Weeks ago, inclosed in one to the * Dean. I know not whether it came to your Hands, having not since been honoured with your Commands. I believe I told your Grace that I was directly advised by my Lord *Sunderland*, my Lord *Somers*, Mr. *Southwell*, and others, to apply to † my Lord Treasurer, in Behalf of the Clergy of *Ireland*, and Lord *Sunderland* undertook to bring me to Lord Treasurer, which was put off for some Time on Account of the Invasion. For, it is the Method here of great Ministers, when any publick Matter is in Hand, to make it an Excuse for putting off all private Application. I deferred it some Time longer, because I had a Mind my Lord *Sunderland* should go along with me; but either the one or the other was always busy, or out of the Way; however, his Lordship had prepared Lord Treasurer, and engaged him (as he assured me) to think well of the Matter, and the other Day Lord Treasurer appointed me to attend him. He took me into a private Room, and I told him my Story, that I was commanded by your Grace, and desired by some other Bishops to use what little Credit I had to solicit (under the Direction of my Lord Lieutenant)

* Dr. *Sterne*.

† Earl of *Goldolphin*.

Lieutenant) the remitting the first Fruits, which from the favourable Representation of his Lordship to the Queen, about four Years ago, the Clergy were encouraged to hope it would be granted: That I had been told it might be of Use, if some Person could be admitted to his Presence, at his usual Times of being attended, in order to put him in Mind; for the rest, they relied entirely on his Excellency's good Office, and his Lordship's Dispositions to favour the Church. He said in Answer, he was passive in this Business: That he supposed my Lord Lieutenant would engage in it, to whom, if I pleased, he would repeat what I had said. I replied, I had the Honour of being well known to his Excellency, that I intended to ask his Leave to solicit this Matter with his Lordship, but had not mentioned it yet, because I did not know whether I had Credit enough to gain that Access he was now pleased to honour me with: That upon his Lordship's Leave to attend him, signified to me by the Earl of *Sunderland*, I went to inform his Excellency, not doubting his Consent, but did not find him at Home, and therefore ventured to come, but not knowing how his Excellency might understand it, I begged his Lordship to say nothing to my Lord Lieutenant, until I had the Honour to wait on him again. This my Lord Treasurer agreed to, and entering on the Subject, told me, that since the Queen's Grant of the first Fruits here, he was confident, not one Clergyman in *England* was a Shilling the better. I told him I thought it lay under some

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Incumbrances; he said it was true; but beside, that it was wholly abused in the Distribution, that as to those in *Ireland*, they were an inconsiderable Thing, not above 1000l. or 1200l. a Year, which was almost nothing for the Queen to grant upon two Conditions. First, That it should be well disposed of; and secondly, That it should be well received with due Acknowledgements; in which Cases he would give his Consent, otherwise, to deal freely with me, he never would. I said as to the first, that I was confident the Bishops would leave the Methods of disposing it entirely to her Majesty's Breast; as to the second, her Majesty, and his Lordship might count upon all the acknowledgments, that the most grateful and dutiful Subjects could pay to a Prince. That I had the Misfortune to be altogether unknown to his Lordship, else I should presume to ask him whether he understood any particular Acknowledgments? He replied, by Acknowledgments, I do not mean any Thing under their Hands, but I will so far explain myself to tell you, I mean better Acknowledgments, than those of the Clergy of *England*. I then begged his Lordship to give me his Advice, what Sort of Acknowledgments he thought fittest for the Clergy to make, which I was sure would be of mighty Weight with them. He answered, I can only say again, such Acknowledgments as they ought. We had some other Discourse of less Moment, and after Licence to attend him on Occasion, I took my Leave. I tell your Grace these Particulars,

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in his very Words, as near as I can recollect, because I think them of Moment, and I believe your Grace may think them so too. I told Mr. *Southwell* all that passed, and we agreed in our Comments, which I desired him now to inform you. He set out for *Ireland* this Morning: I am resolved to see my Lord *Sunderland* in a Day or two, and relate what my Lord Treasurer said, (as he hath commanded me to do) and perhaps I may prevail on him to let me know his Lordship's Meaning, to which I am prepared to answer, as Mr. *Southwell* will let you know. At Evening, the same Day, I attended my Lord-Lieutenant and desired to know what Progress he had made, and at the same Time proposed that he would give me Leave to attend Lord Treasurer, only as a common Solicitor to refresh his Memory. I was very much surprised at his Answer, that the Matter was not before the Treasurer, but entirely with the Queen, and therefore it was needless; upon which I said nothing of having been there. He said he had writ lately to your Grace, on Account of what was done; that some Progress was made, that they put it off because it was a Time of War, but that he had some Hopes it would be done, but this is only such an Account as his Excellency thinks fit to give, although I send it your Grace by his Orders. I hope that in his Letter is fuller. My Lord Treasurer on the other Hand assured me, he had the Papers (which his Excellency denied) and talked of it as a Matter that had long lain before him, which several Persons

Persons in great Employments assure me is and must be true. Thus your Grace sees, that I shall have nothing more to do in this Matter, further, than pursuing the cold Scent of asking his Excellency once a Month, how it goeth on? Which I think, I had as good forbear, since it will turn to little Account. All I can do is to engage my Lord *Sunderland's* Interest with my Lord Treasurer whenever it is brought before him, or to hint it to some other Persons of Power and Credit, and likewise to endeavour to take off that Scandal the Clergy of *Ireland* lye under, of being the Reverse of what they really are with Respect to the Revolution, Loyalty to the Queen, and Settlement to the Crown; which is here the Construction of the Word Tory.

I DESIGN to tell my Lord Treasurer, that this being a Matter my Lord-Lieutenant hath undertaken, he doth not think it proper I should trouble his Lordship; after which, recommending it to his Goodness I shall forbear any further Mention. I am sensible how lame and tedious an Account this is, and humbly beg your Grace's Pardon; but I still insist, that if it had been solicited four Years ago by no abler a Hand than my own, while the Duke of *Ormond* was in *Ireland*, it might have been done in a Month; and, I believe, it may be so still, if his Excellency lays any Weight of his Credit upon it; otherwise, God knows when. For myself, I have nothing more to do here but attend my Lord-Lieutenant's Motions, of whose Return we are very uncertain, and to manage some

personal Affairs of my own. I beg the Continuance of your Grace's Favour, and your Blessing,

And am with all Respect,
Your Grace's most obedient, &c.

LETTER V.

London, Nov. 9, 1708.

My LORD,

YOUR Grace's Letter of *September 7*, found me in *Kent*, where I took the Opportunity to retire, during my Lord *Pembroke's* Absence with his new Lady (who are both expected Tomorrow) I went afterwards to *Epsom*, and returned but Yesterday: This was the Cause of my so long omitting to acknowledge your Letter. I am ready to agree with your Grace, that very wrong Representations are made of Things and Persons here, by People who reside on this Side but a short Time, converse at second or third Hand, and on their Return make a Vanity of knowing more than they do. This I have observed myself in *Ireland*, even among People of some Rank and Quality; and I believe your Grace will proceed on much better Grounds, by trusting to your own Wisdom and Experience of Things, than such Intelligence.

I SPOKE formerly all I knew of the Twentieth Parts, and whatever Mr. *D*—hath said in his Letters about staying until a Peace, I do assure

sure your Grace, is nothing but Words. However that Matter is now at an End. There is a new World here, and yet I agree with you, that if there be an Interregnum, it will be the properest Time to address my Lord Treasurer; and I shall second it with all the Credit I have, and very openly; and I know not (if one Difficulty lye in the Way,) but it may prove a lucky Juncture.

ON my Return from *Kent*, (the Night of the Prince's * Death) I staid a few Days in Town before I went to *Epsom*: I then visited a certain great Man and we entered very freely into Discourse upon the present Juncture. He assured me, there was no Doubt now, of the Scheme holding about the Admiralty, the Government of *Ireland*, and Presidency of the Council; the Disposition whereof your Grace knoweth as well as I; and, although I care not to mingle publick Affairs with the Interest of so private a Person as myself, yet upon such a Revolution, not knowing how far my Friends may endeavour to engage me in the Service of a new Government, I would beg your Grace to have favourable Thoughts of me on such an Occasion; and to assure you that no Prospect of making my Fortune, shall ever prevail on me to go against what becometh a Man of Conscience and Truth, and an entire Friend to the established Church. This I say, in Case such a Thing should happen, for my own Thoughts are turned another Way, if

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* GEORGE Prince of *Denmark*, Husband of *Queen ANNE*.

the Earl of *Berkeley's* Journey to *Vienna* holds, and the Ministry will keep their Promise of making me the Queen's Secretary; by which I shall be out of the Way of Parties, until it shall please God I have some Place to retire to, a little above Contempt: or, if all fail, until your Grace and the Dean of *St. Patrick's* shall think fit to dispose of that poor Town-Living * in my Favour.

UPON this Event of the Prince's Death, the Contention designed with the Court about a Speaker is dropt, and all agree in Sir *Richard Onslow*, which is looked on as another Argument for the Scheme succeeding. This I had from the same Hand.

As to a Comprehension which your Grace seems to doubt an Intention of, from what was told me, I can say nothing; doubtless, it must be intended to come to that at last, if not worse; but I believe at present, it was meant, that there should be a Consent to what was endeavoured at in your Parliament last Session.

I THOUGHT to have writ more largely to your Grace, imagining I had much Matter in my Head, but it fails, or is not convenient at present. If the Scheme holds, I shall make bold to tell your Grace my Thoughts as formerly, under Cover, because I believe there will be a great Deal to be thought of and done. A little Time may produce a great Deal. Things are now in great Suspence both at Home and Abroad.

* *St. NICHOLAS.*

Abroad. The Parliament we think, will have no Prorogation. There is no Talk of the Duke of *Marlborough's* Return yet. Speculative People talk of a Peace this Winter, of which I can form no Prospect, according to our Demands.

I am, my Lord, your Grace's
Most Obedient, Humble Servant,

J. S.

Your Grace will please to direct your Commands to me at St. *James's-Coffee-House* in St. *James's-street*.

LETTER VI.

London, Nov. 30, 1708.

My LORD,

I WROTE to you about a Fortnight ago, after my Return from the Country, and gave you some Account of an intended Change at Court, which is now finished. Care was taken to put Lord *Pembroke* in Mind of the First Fruits before he went out of his Office; but, it was needless, for his Excellency had it at Heart, and the Thing is done, of which I suppose, you have an Account. You know who goes over Chaplain; the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and several other Bishops and the Lord Treasurer himself solicited

ed that Matter in a Body : It was thought absolutely necessary, considering the dismal Notion they have here of so many High Church Archbishops among you ; and your Friend made no Application, for Reasons left you to guess. I cannot yet learn whether you are to have a new Parliament ; but I am apt to think you will, and that it must be thought necessary.——The Affair of * *Drogheda* hath made a Noise here, and like every Thing else on your Side, is used as a Handle : I have had it rung in my Ears from certain Persons. I hope, you are prepared to take off the Sacramental Test, because that will be a Means to have it taken off here among us ; and that the Clergy will be for it, in Consideration of the Queen's Bounty, and that Men in Employment will be so wise to please the Court, and secure themselves : But, to think there is any Design of bringing the *Scotch* into Offices, is a meer Scandal.

○ LORD *Pembroke* is to have the Admiralty only a few Months, then to have a Pension of 4000*l.* a Year, and to retire ; and, it is thought Lord † *Orford* will succeed him, and then it is hoped, there will be an entire Change in the Admiralty ; that Sir *John Leak* will be turned out, and the *Whigs* so well confirmed, that it will not be in the Power

* Some Disputes in Corporation Affairs.

† EDWARD RUSSEL, (of the Family of the Duke of *Bedford*) who burned and destroyed the *French* Fleet at *La Hogue* in 1692, and soon after another Attack was made by the Earl of *Orford*.

Power of the Court upon a Peace to bring the Ballance on the other Side.

ONE Mr. *Shute* is named for Secretary to Lord *Wharton*: He is a young Man, but reckoned the shrewdest Head in *England*; and the Person in whom the *Presbyterians* chiefly confide; and, if Money be necessary towards that good Work in *Ireland*, it is reckoned he can command as far as 100,000*l.* from the Body of *Dissenters* here. As to his Principles he is truly a moderate Man, frequenting the Church and the Meeting indifferently, &c.

THE Clergy are here in an Uproar upon their being prorogued: The Archbishop of *Canterbury* taketh Pains to have it believed it was a Thing done without his Knowledge. A Divine of Note, (but of the wrong Side) was with me the other Day, and said, he had it from a good Hand, that the Reason of this Proceeding, was an Intention of putting the Parliament on examining and correcting Courts Ecclesiastick, &c.

THE Archbishop of *Dublin* is represented here as one that will very much oppose our Designs; and although I will not say, that the *Observator* is paid for writing as he doth; yet, I can positively affirm to you, that whatever he says of that Bishop, or of the Affairs of *Ireland*, or those here, is exactly agreeable to our Thoughts and Intentions.

THIS is all I can recollect, fit to inform you at present.——If you please I shall from Time to Time send you any Thing that cometh to my

my Knowledge, that may be worth your Notice.

I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

London, Jan. 6, 1709.

My LORD,

BEFORE I received the Honour of your Grace's of Nov. 20, I had sent one inclosed, &c. with what Account I could of Affairs. Since that Time the Measures are altered of dissolving your Parliament, which doubtless, is their wisest Course for certain obvious Reasons, that your Grace will easily apprehend, and I suppose you have now received Directions about proroguing it, for I saw the Order some Days ago. I should have acknowledged your Grace's Letter, if I had not been ever since persecuted with a cruel Dis-temper, a Giddiness in my Head, that would not suffer me to write or think of any Thing; and of which, I am now slowly recovering. I sent you Word of the Affairs of the first Fruits being performed, which my Lord *Pembroke* had the Goodness to send me immediate Notice of. I seldom see his Lordship now, but when he pleases to command me, for he sees No-body in Public, and is very full of Business. I fancy your Grace will think it necessary, that in due Time his Lordship should receive some Kind of Thanks in Form: I have a fair Pretence to merit in this Matter, although in my own Conscience, I think

I think I have, very little, (except my good Wishes, and frequent reminding my Lord *Pembroke*.) But, two great Men in Office, giving me Joy of it, very frankly told me, that if I had not smoothed the Way, by giving them and the rest of the Ministry a good Opinion of the Justice of the Thing, it would have met with Opposition; upon which I only remarked, what I have always observed in Courts, that when a Favour is done, there is no Want of Persons to challenge Obligations. Mean Time I am in a pretty Condition, who have Bills of Merit given me, that I must thankfully acknowledge, and yet cannot honestly offer them in Payment. I suppose the Clergy will in due Time send the Queen an Address of Thanks for her Favour.

I VERY much applaud your Grace's sanguine Temper, as you call it, and your Comparison of Religion to paternal Affection; but the World is divided into two Sects, those that hope the best, and those that fear the worst; your Grace is of the former, which is the wiser, the nobler, and most pious Principle; and although I endeavour to avoid being of the other, yet upon this Article I hear sometimes strange Weaknesses; I compare true Religion to Learning and Civility which have ever been in the World, but very often shifted their Scenes, sometimes entirely leaving whole Countries where they have long flourished, and removing to others that before were barbarous, which hath been the Case of Christianity itself, particularly in many Parts of *Africa*, and how far the Wick-

edness of a Nation may provoke God Almighty to inflict so great a Judgment, is terrible to think. But, as great Princes, when they have subdued all about them, presently have universal Monarchy in their Thoughts, so your Grace having conquered all the Corruptions in a Diocese, and then pursued your Victories over a Province, would fain go further and save a whole Kingdom, and would never be quiet, if you could have your Will, until you had converted the World.

AND this reminds me of a Pamphlet lately come out, pretended to be a Letter hither from *Ireland*, against repealing the Test; wherein your Grace's Character is justly set forth: For the rest, some Parts are very well, and others puerile, and some Facts as I am informed, wrong represented. The Author hath gone out of his Way, to reflect on me as a Person, likely to write for repealing the Test, which I am sure is very unfair Treatment. This is all I am likely to get by the Company I keep. I am used like a sober Man with a Drunken Face, have the Scandal of the Vice without the Satisfaction. I have told the Ministry with great Frankness my Opinion, that they would never be able to repeal it, unless such Changes should happen, as I could not foresee, and they all believe I differ from them in that Point.

MR. *Addison* who goes over first Secretary, is a most excellent Person, and being my most intimate Friend, I shall use all my Credit to set him
right,

right, in his Notions of Persons and Things. I spoke to him with great Plainness upon the Subject of the Test, and, he says, he is confident, my Lord *Wharton* will not attempt it, if he finds the Bent of the Nation against it.——I will say nothing further of his Character to your Grace at present, because he hath half persuaded me to have some Thoughts of returning to *Ireland*, and then it will be Time enough : But, if that happens otherwise, I presume to recommend him to your Grace, as a Person you will think worth your Acquaintance.

My Lord *Berkeley* begins to drop his Thoughts of going to *Vienna*, and indeed I freely gave my Opinion against such a Journey, for one of his Age and Infirmities. And, I shall hardly think of going Secretary without him, although the Emperor's Ministers here think I will, and have writ to *Vienna*. I agree with your Grace, that such a Design was a little too late at my Years ; but, considering myself wholly useless in *Ireland*, and in a Parish with an Audience of half a Score, and it being thought necessary that the Queen should have a Secretary at that Court, my Friends telling me it would not be difficult to compass it, I was a little tempted to pass some Time Abroad, until my Friends would make me a little easier in my Fortunes at Home. Beside, I had Hopes of being sent in Time to some other Court, and in the mean while the Pay would be forty Shillings a Day, and the Advantage of Living, if I pleased,

in Lord *Berkeley's* Family. But, I believe, this is now all at an End.

I am, my Lord,
 With the greatest Respect,
 Your Grace's,
 Most obedient, and
 Most humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

My Lord *Wharton* says, he intends for *Ireland* the Beginning of *March*.

LETTER VIII.

March 26, 1709.

My LORD,

I SHOULD have acknowledged your's of *Feb.* 10. long ago, if I had not stay'd to see what became of the First Fruits. I have likewise your's of the 12th instant. I will now tell you the Proceedings in this unhappy Affair. Some Time after the Prince's * Death, Lord *Pembroke* sent me Word by Sir *Andrew Fountain*, that the Queen had granted the Thing, and afterwards took the compliment I made him upon it. He likewise (I suppose) writ to the same Purpose himself to the Archbishop of *Dublin*. I was then for a long Time pursued by a cruel Illness, that seized me at Fits, and hindered me from meddling in

* See Note Pag. 19.

in any Business ; neither indeed could I at all suspect there was any Need to stir any more in this, until often asking Mr. *Addison*, whether he had any Orders about it ? I was a little in Pain, and desired Mr. *Addison* to enquire at the Treasury, whether such a Grant had then passed ? And, finding an unwillingness, I enquired myself ; when Mr. *Taylor* assured me there were never any Orders for such a Grant. This was a Month ago, and then I began to despair of the whole Thing. Lord *Pembroke* was hard to be seen ; neither did I think it worth talking the Matter with them. What perplexed me most was, why he should tell me, and write to *Ireland*, that the Business was done. (For if the Account he sent to *Ireland* were not as positive as what he gave me, I ought to be told so from thence.) I had no Opportunity of clearing this Matter until the Day I received your last Letter, when his Explanation was, that he had been promised he should carry over the Grant, when he returned to *Ireland*, and that his Memorial was now in the Treasury. Yet, when I had formerly begged Leave to follow this Matter with Lord *Pembroke* only, in the Form of common Solliciting, he was uneasy, and told me Lord *Pembroke* had nothing at all to do with it ; but, that it was a Matter purely between the Queen and himself, (as I have told you in former Letters) which however I knew then to be otherwise, from Lord *Pembroke* himself. So that all I had left me to do, was only the cold Amusement of now and then refreshing Lord *Pembroke's*

broke's Memory, or giving the Ministry, as I could find Opportunity, good Dispositions towards the thing. Upon this Notice from Lord *Pembroke*, I immediately went to Lord *Wharton*, (which was the first Attendance I ever paid him) he was then in a great Crowd; I told him my Business; he said, he could not then discourse of it with me, but would the next Day. I guessed the Meaning of that; and saw the very Person I expected, just come from him. Then I gave him an Account of my Errand. I think it not convenient to repeat here the Particulars of his Answer, but the formal Part was this; That he was not yet properly Lord Lieutenant until he was sworn; That he expected the same Application should be made to him, as had been done to other Lord Lieutenants; That he was very well disposed, &c. I took the Boldness to begin answering those Objections, and designed to offer some Reasons; but he rose suddenly, turned off the Discourse, and seemed in Haste; so I was forced to take my Leave. I had an Intention to offer my Reasons in a Memorial, but was advised by very good Hands, to let it alone, as infallibly to no Purpose. And, in short, I observe such a Reluctance in some Friends, whose Credit I would employ, that I begin to think no further of it.

I HAD writ thus far without receiving a former Letter from the Archbishop of *Dublin*, wherein he tells me positively, that Lord *Pembroke* had sent him Word the first Fruits were granted, and that Lord *Wharton* would carry over the Queen's
Let,

Letter, &c. I appeal to you, What any Man could think after this? Neither indeed had I the least Suspicion, until Mr. *Addison* told me he knew nothing of it, and that I had the same Account from the Treasury. It is wonderful, a great Minister should make no Difference, between a Grant, and the Promise of a Grant. And, it is as strange, that all I could say, would not prevail on him to give me Leave to solicit the finishing it at the Treasury, which could not have taken the least Grain of Merit from him. Had I the least suspected it had been only a Promise, I would have applied to Lord *Wharton* above two Months ago; and so I believe would the Archbishop of *Dublin*, from *Ireland*; which might have prevented, at least, the present Excuse, of not having had the same Application; although others might, I suppose, have been found.

I SENT last Post, by the Lord Lieutenant's Commands, an inclosed Letter, from his Excellency to the Lord Primate. In Answer to a Passage in your former Letter; Mr. *Stoughton* is recommended for a Chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant. His Sermon is much recommended by several here. He is a prudent Person, and knows how to time Things. Others of somewhat better Figure are as wise as he. A bold Opinion is a short easy Way to Merit, and very necessary for those who have no other.

I AM extremely afflicted with a Cold, and Cough attending it, which must excuse any Thing, ill-expressed in this Letter. Neither is it

it a Subject in the present Circumstances very pleasant to dwell upon.

I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

My LORD,

I ARRIVED here on *Thursday* last, and enquiring for the two Bishops, I found my Lord of * *Ossory*, was gone some Time ago, and the Bishop of † *Killala*, I could not hear of until next Day, when I found he was set out early in the Morning for *Ireland*; so that the Letter to their Lordships is so far to no Purpose. I cannot yet learn whether they left any Papers behind them; neither shall I much enquire; and to say the Truth, I was less solicitous to ask after the Bishop of *Killala*, when I heard the other was gone. They tell me all Affairs in the Treasury are governed by Mr. ‡ *Harley*, and that he is the Person usually applied to; only of late, my Lord *Pawlet* upon what People have talked to him that Way, hath exerted himself a little, and endeavours to be as significant as he can. I have Opportunities enough of getting some Interest with his Lordship, who hath formerly done me good Offices, although I have no personal Acquaintance

* Dr. JOHN HARSTRONG.

† Dr. WM. LLOYD.

‡ ROBERT HARLEY, Esq; afterwards Earl of *Oxford*; often mentioned in these Works.

quaintance with him. After which I will apply to Mr. *Harley*, who formerly made some Advances towards me, and unless he be altered, will, I believe, think himself in the Right to use me well: But, I am inclined to suspend any particular Sollicitations until I hear from your Grace, and am informed what Progress the two Bishops have made; and, until I receive their Papers, with what other Directions your Grace will please to send me.

UPON my Arrival hither, I found myself equally cared for by both Parties, by one as a Sort of Purge for drawing Men to lay hold of, and by the other as one discontented with the late Men in Power, for not being thorough in their Designs and therefore ready to approve present Things. I was to visit my Lord *Godolphin*, who gave me a Reception very unexpected, and altogether different from what I ever received from any great Man in my Life, altogether short, dry, and morose, not worth repeating to your Grace, until I have the Honour to see you: I complained of it to some of his Friends, as having, as I thought, for some Reasons, deserved much the contrary from his Lordship: They said to excuse him, that he was over-run with Spleen and Peevishness upon the present Posture of Affairs, and used No-body better. It may be new to your Grace to tell you some Circumstances of his Removal. A Letter was sent him by the Groom of the Queen's Stables, to desire he would break his Staff, which would be the easiest Way, both to her Majesty and him. Mr. *Smith*, Chancellor

lor of the Exchequer, happened to come in a little after, my Lord broke his Staff, and flung the Pieces in the Chimney, desiring Mr. *Smith* to be Witness that he had obeyed the Queen's Commands, and sent him to the Queen with a Letter, and a Message, which Mr. *Smith* delivered, and at the same Time surrendered up his own Office. The Parliament is certainly to be dissolved, although the Day is yet uncertain. The Remainder of *Whigs* in Employment, are resolved not to resign, and a certain Lord told me, he had been the Giver of that Advice, and did in my Presence prevail on an Acquaintance of mine in a great Post to promise the same Thing; only Mr. * *Boyle*, they say, is resolved to give up. Every Body counts infallibly upon a general Removal. The Duke of *Queensberry*, it is said, will be Steward; my Lord *Cholmondeley* is gone over to the new Interest with great Indignation of his Friends. It is affirmed by the *Tories*, that the great Motive of these Changes was the absolute Necessity of a Peace, which they thought the *Whigs* were for perpetually delaying. Elections are now managing with greater Violence and Expence, and more Competitors, than ever were known, yet the Town is much fuller of the People, than usually at this Time of the Year, waiting until they see some Issue of the Matter. The Duke of *Ormond* is much talked of for *Ireland*, and I imagine he believeth something of it himself. Mr. *Harley*, is looked up-
on

* Secretary of State.

on as first Minister, and not my Lord * *Shrewsbury*, and his Grace helps on the Opinion, whether out of Policy or Truth, upon all Occasions professing to stay until he speaks with Mr. *Harley*. The Queen continues at *Kensington* indisposed with the Gout, of which she hath frequent Returns.

I DEFERRED writing to your Grace, as late as I could this Post, until I might have something to entertain you: But there is such an universal Uncertainty among those who pretend to know most, that little can be depended on. However, it may be some Amusement to tell you the Sentiments of People here, and, as bad as they are, I am sure they are the best that are stirring; for, it is thought there are not three People in *England* entirely in the Secret, nor is it sure, whether even those three are agreed in what they intend to do. I am with great Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

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I have

* CHARLES TALBOT, Duke of *Shrewsbury*; who before the Demise of Queen *Anne*, had been Secretary of State, and Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to *Louis XIV.* King of *France*; and at the Death of her Majesty, he was Lord

I have not Time to read this and correct the literal Mistakes.

I was to wait on the Duke of *Ormond*, and to set him right in the Story of the College, about the * Statue, &c.

LETTER X.

London, October 10, 1710.

My LORD,

I HAD the Honour of your Grace's Letter of *September 16*, but I was in no Pain to acknowledge it, nor shall be at any other Time, until I have something that I think worth troubling you, because I am very sensible how much an insignificant Letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise the Memorial, &c. in another Pacquet; and I beg your Grace to inclose whatever Pacquets you send me, (I mean of Bulk) under a Paper directed to Mr. *Steele* †, at his Office in the Cockpit, and not for me at Mr. *Steele's*.

Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, Lord High Treasurer of *England*, and Lord Chamberlain of the Household; three of the highest Places of Trust, Honour, and Profit, never in the Hands of one Person before. His Grace died without Issue, by which the Title of the Duke became extinct; but the Title of Earl of *Shrewsbury* devolved on *Gilbert Talbot*, a Roman Catholick, the next Heir.

* Some young Gentlemen of the University took the Truncheon out of the right Hand of the Equestrian Statue of King *WILLIAM III.* on *College-Green, Dublin*, and were expelled for it.

† Sir *RICHARD STEELE*, often mentioned in these Works,

Steele's. I should have been glad the Bishops had been here, although I take Bishops to be the worst Sollicitors in the world, except in their own Concerns; they cannot give themselves the little Troubles of Attendance that other Men are content to swallow; else, I am sure, their two Lordships might have succeeded easier than Men of my Level can reasonably hope to do.

As soon as I received the Pacquets, I went to wait upon Mr. *Harley* *. I had prepared him before by another Hand, where he was very intimate, and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last Ministry, after some Obligations, because I refused to go certain Lengths they would have had me. This happened to be in some Sort Mr. *Harley's* own Case. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest Marks of Kindness and Esteem, as I was whispered that he would, and the more, upon the ill Usage I had met with. I sat with him two Hours among Company, and two Hours we were alone; where I gave him a History of the whole Business, and the Steps that had been made in it, which he heard as I could wish, and promised with great Readiness his best Credit to effect it. I mentioned the Difficulties we had met from Lord Lieutenants and their Secretaries, who would not suffer others to solicit, and neglected it themselves. He fell in with me entirely, and said,

* Lord High-Treasurer of *England*, afterwards created Earl of *Oxford*.

said, neither they nor himself should have the Merit of it, but the Queen, to whom he would shew my Memorial with the first Opportunity ; in Order, if possible, to have it done in this Interregnum. I said, it was a great Encouragement to the Bishops that he was in the Treasury, whom they knew to have been the chief Adviser of the Queen, to grant the same Favour in *England*. That the Honour and Merit of this would certainly be his, next the Queen ; but that it was nothing to him who had done so much greater Things ; and, that for my Part, I thought he was obliged to the Clergy of *Ireland*, for giving him an Occasion of gratifying the Pleasure he took in doing Good to the Church. He received my Compliment extremely well, and renewed his Promises with great Kindness. I forgot to tell your Grace, that when I said I was impowered, &c. he desired to see my Powers, and then I heartily wished they had been a little more ample ; and I have since wondered what Scruple a Number of Bishops could have of empowering a Clergyman to do the Church and them a Service, without any Prospect or Imagination of Interest for himself, further than about ten Shillings a Year. Mr. *Harley* hath invited me to dine with him To-day ; but I shall not put him upon this Discourse so soon. If he begins it himself I will add at Bottom, whatever there is of Moment. He said, Mr. Secretary *St. John* *, desires to be acquainted with me, and

* Afterwards Lord Viscount BOLINGBROKE.

and that he will bring us together, which may be of further Help; although I told him I had no Thoughts of applying to any but himself, wherein he differed from me, desiring I would speak to others, if it were but for Form; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid the Envy of doing Things alone. But, an old Courtier (an intimate Friend of mine) with whom I consulted, advised me still to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good Inclinations, and Credit with the Queen. I find I am forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lies in my Memory; but, perhaps, it may give your Grace a truer Notion of what passed, than if I had writ in more Order. Besides, I am forced to omit the greatest Part of what I said, being not proper for a Letter at such a Distance; for, I told very freely the late Causes which had stopt this Matter, and removed many odious Misrepresentations, &c.

I BEG whatever Letters are sent to Bishops or others in this Matter by your Grace or the Primate, may be inclosed to me, that I may stifle or deliver them, as the Course of the Affair shall require. As for a Letter from your Grace to the Queen, you say it needs Advice; and, I am sure, it is not from me, who shall not presume to offer, but perhaps from what I have writ, you may form some Judgment or other.

As for publick Affairs I confess I began this Letter on a half Sheet, meerly to limit myself on a Subject with which I did not know whether your Grace would be entertained. I am not yet
con-

convinced that any Access to Men in Power gives a Man more Truth or Light than the Politics of a Coffee-house. I have known some great Ministers, who would seem to discover the very Inside of their Hearts, when I was sure they did not value whether I had proclaimed all they had said, at *Charingcross*. But, I never knew one great Minister, who made any Scruple, to mould the Alphabet into whatever Words he pleased; or be more difficult about any Facts, than his Porter is about that of his Lord's being at Home; so that whoever hath so little to do, as to desire some Knowledge in Secrets of State, must compare what he hears from several great Men, as from one great Man, at several Times, which is equally different. People were surprised, when the Court stopt its Hands as to further Removals: The Comptroller, a Lord of the Admiralty, and some others, told me, they expected every Day, to be dismissed, but they were all deceived, and the higher Tories are very angry: But some Time ago at *Hampton-Court*, I picked out the Reason from a Dozen Persons; and told Sir *John Holland*, I would lay a Wager he would not lose his Staff so soon as he imagined. The new Ministry are afraid of too great a Majority of their own Side, in the House of Commons, and therefore stopt short in their Changes; yet some Refiners think they have here gone too far already, for of thirty new Members in the present Elections, about twenty-six are Tories. The Duke of *Ormond* seemeth still to stand the fairest for *Ireland*; altho' I hear
some

some faint Hopes they will not nominate very soon. The Ruin of the late Party was owing to a great Number, and Complication of Causes, which I have had from Persons able enough to inform me, and that is all we can mean by a *good Hand*, for the Veracity is not to be relied on. The Dutcheſs of *Marlbrough's* Removal hath been seven Years working; that of the Treasurer above three, and he was to be dismissed before Lord *Sunderland*. Besides the many personal Causes, that of breaking Measures settled for a Peace four Years ago, had a great Weight, when the *French* had complied with all Terms, &c. In short, they apprehended the old Party to be entirely against a Peace, for some Time; until they were rivetted fast, too fast to be broke, as they otherwise expected, if the War should conclude too soon. I cannot tell, (for it is just come into my Head) whether some unanimous Addreſſes, from those who love the Church in *Ireland*, or from *Dublin*, or your Grace, and the Clergy might not be seasonable; or, whether my Lord *Wharton's* being not yet suspended, may yet hinder it.

I FORGOT to tell your Grace, that the Memorial I gave Mr. *Harley* was drawn up by myself, and was an Abstract of what I had said to him; it was as short as I could make it; that which you sent being too long, and of another Nature.

I DINED To-day with Mr. *Harley*, but I must humbly beg your Grace's Pardon if I say no more at present, for Reasons I may shortly let

you know. In the mean Time I desire your Grace to believe me, with the greatest Respect,

My Lord,
Your Grace's
Most dutiful,
And most humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R XI.

London, Nov. 4, 1710.

My LORD,

I AM most unhappily engaged this Night, where I cannot write to your Grace so long a Letter as I intended: But, I will make it up in a Post or two. I have only now to tell you, that Mr. *Harley* hath given me Leave to acquaint my Lord Primate and your Grace, that the Queen hath granted the first Fruits and twentieth Parts to the Clergy of *Ireland*. It was done above a Fortnight ago, but I was then obliged to keep it a Secret, as I hinted to your Grace in my last Letter. He hath now given me Leave to let your Grace and my Lord Primate know it, only desires you will say nothing of it, until a Letter cometh to you from my Lord *Dartmouth*, Secretary of State. All I know yet is, that the Bishops are to be made a Corporation for the Disposal of the first Fruits, and that the twentieth Parts are to be remitted. I will write to your
Grace

Grace the Particulars of my Negotiation, and some other Amusements very soon. I humbly beg your Grace to acquaint my Lord Primate with this. I had your Grace's Letter last Post, and you will now see, that your Letters to the Archbishops here are unnecessary. I was a little in Pain about the Duke of *Ormond*, who I feared might interpose in this Matter, and be angry it was done without him: But, Mr. *Harley* hath very kindly taken this Matter upon himself. It was Yesterday I dined with him, and he told me all this; and To-morrow I dine with him again, where I may hear more. I shall obey your Grace's Directions whether my Stay here be further necessary, after you have had the Letter from the Secretary's Office. I know not what it will be; but, if any Forms remain to finish, I shall be ready to assist in it as I have hitherto done. I have all the Reason in the World to be satisfied with Mr. *Harley*'s Conduct in this whole Affair. In three Days he spoke of it to the Queen, and gave her my Memorial, and so continued until he got her Grant. I am now in much Company, and steal this Time to write to your Grace. The Queen was resolved to have the whole Merit of this Affair to herself. Mr. *Harley* advised her to it, and next to her Majesty, he is the only Person to be thanked. I suppose it will not be many Days before you have the Letter from my Lord *Dartmouth*, and your Grace will afterwards signify your Commands, if you have any, for me. I shall go to the Office and

see that a Dispatch be made as soon as possible.
I am with the greatest Respect,

My Lord,
Your Grace's most dutiful, and
Most obedient humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

LETTER XII.

London, Nov. 23, 1710.

My LORD,

I HAD your Grace's Letter not until this Day :
Whether it lay in the Secretary's Office, or
was kept by the Wind I cannot tell ; but I would
have expos'd it immediately whenever it had
come. Mr. *Southwell* told me two Days ago of
the Letter your Grace mentions, which surpris'd
me a good deal, when I remembered I had writ
to your Grace three Weeks ago, that the Queen
had absolutely granted the First Fruits and
Twentieths, and that Mr. *Harley* had permit-
ted me to signify the same to the Primate and
your Grace. Perhaps that Letter might not
have reach'd your Grace before that Resolution
of sending the Duke of *Ormond* ; but however,
I gave you such an Account of my Reception
from Mr. *Harley*, and his Readiness to under-
take this Affair, and what Steps he had already
made in it, as I thought would have given you
some Sight in what Way the Business was ; but,
Mr.

Mr. *Harley* charged me to tell no Body alive, what the Queen had resolved on, till he gave me Leave; and, by the Conclusion of a former Letter, your Grace might see you were to expect some further Intelligence very soon. Your Grace may remember, that upon your telling me how backward the Bishops were in giving me a Power, I was very unwilling to go at all, and sent the Dean of * *St. Patrick's* to tell you so; but, you thought I could not handsomely put it off, when Things were gone so far. Your Objection then about the Disadvantage I lay under in Point of Party, I know well enough how to answer, otherwise nothing should have prevailed on me to come hither; and, if my Lords the Bishops doubt whether I have any Credit with the present Ministry, I will, if they please, undo this Matter in as little Time, as I have done it. I did reckon your Grace understood and believed me in what I said; and I reckon so still, but I will not be at the Pains of undeceiving so many. I never proposed to myself either Credit or Profit by my Labour, but the Satisfaction of doing Good, without valuing whether I had the Merit of it or no: But the Method now taken, was the likeliest Way to set all Things backward if it were not past Danger. It shall be my Business (until my Lords the Bishops forbid me to engage farther) to prevent any Misunderstanding with Mr. *Harley* by this sudden Step. The Thing was all done before the Duke of *Ormond* was

* Dr. *Sterne*, afterwards Bishop of *Clogher*.

was named for Lord Lieutenant, so there was no Affront at all to him; and Mr. *Harley* told me more than once, that such an Interest was the properest, because he thought the Queen herself should have the Doing it: But, I said a great Deal of this in former Letters. If your Grace hath any Commands for me of your own, I shall obey them with all Chearfulness, being with great Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient, and
Most humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

LETTER XIII.

London, November 28, 1710.

My LORD,

A DAY or two after I received your Grace's Letter, of the 2d Instant, I dined with Mr. *Southwell*, who shewed me the Letter of the Bishops, to the Duke of *Ormond*, and another Letter from the Bishop of *Kildare* to Mr. *Southwell*, to desire him to get the Papers from me, which I shall send him as soon as I have looked them out. Mr. *Southwell* said, that a Month or two hence, when the Duke began to think of his Journey, it would be Time enough to solicit this Affair. Upon this I told him frankly, that the Queen had already granted the
first

first Fruits, and that I had writ to your Grace by Mr. *Harley's* Directions, but that my Letter did not reach you, until your's was sent to the Duke and him; and, that therefore I thought it would be a very odd Step to begin again. He said, he was glad it was done, and that he did not design to take any of the Credit from me, &c. I told him sincerely, it was what I did not regard at all, and provided the Church had the Benefit, it was indifferent to me how it came about, and so we parted. I had told the Duke of *Ormond* at first, that I would apply myself to Mr. *Harley*, if his Grace advised it, which he did; and I afterwards told Mr. *Southwell*, that Mr. *Harley* had been very kind in promising his good Offices: Further I durst not speak, being under an Engagement of Secrecy to Mr. *Harley*, and the whole Thing was done before the Duke was declared Lord Lieutenant. If your Grace considers the Time you sent me the Paper, you will judge what Dispatch was made; in two Days after, I delivered a Memorial, I drew up, to Mr. *Harley*, and in less than a Fortnight he had treated the Matter four Times with the Queen, and then told me she had granted it absolutely as my Memorial desired, but charged me to tell no Man alive, and your Grace may remember, that one of my Letters ended with something as if I were limited, and would say more in a short Time. In about a Week after I had leave to inform the Primate and your Grace, as I did in my Letter of the 4th Instant. It is to be considered, that the Queen was all this while at
Hampton-

Hampton-Court or *Windsor*, so that I think the Dispatch was very great. But, indeed, I expected a Letter would have been sent from the Secretary's Office, to signify this Matter in due Form, and so it will; but, Mr. *Harley* had a Mind first to bring me to the Queen, for that and some other Matters; and, she came to Town not a Week ago, and was out of Order one Day when it was designed I should attend her, and since the Parliament's Beginning hath taken her up; but, in a few Days, Mr. *Harley* tells me, he will introduce me. This I tell your Grace, in Confidence only to satisfy you in particular, why the Queen hath not yet sent a Letter in Form. Upon that Dispatch to Mr. *Southwell*, I was perplexed to the last Degree. I did not value the slighting Manner of the Bishop of *Kildare's* * Letter, barely desiring Mr. *Southwell* † to call on me for the Papers, without any Thing further, as if I had been wholly insignificant; but I was at a Loss how to behave myself with the Duke and Mr. *Harley*. I met the latter Yesterday in the Court of Requests, and he whispered me to dine with him. At Dinner, I told him of the Dispatch to Mr. *Southwell*, and rallied him for putting me under Difficulties with his Secrets, that I was running my Head against a Wall; that he reckoned he had done the Church and me a Favour, that I should disoblige the Duke of *Ormond*, and that the Bishops in *Ireland* thought

* Dr. WELBORE ELLIS.

† Right Hon. EDWARD SOUTHWELL, Esq; Secretary of State for *Ireland*.

thought I had done nothing, and had therefore taken away my Commission. He told me your Lordship had taken it away in good Time, for the Thing was done, and that as for the Duke of *Ormond*, I need not be uneasy, for he would let his Grace know it as soon as he saw him, which would be in a Day or two at the Treasury, and then promised again to carry me to the Queen, with the first Opportunity. Your Grace now sees how the Affair stands, and whether I deserve such Treatment from the Bishops, from every Part whereof I wholly exclude your Grace, and could only wish my first Letter, about the Progress I had made, had found so much Credit with you, as to have delayed that Dispatch until you heard once more from me. I had at least so much Discretion, not to pretend I had done more than I really did, but rather less. And, if I had consulted my own Interest, I should have employed my Credit with the present Ministry another Way. The Bishops are mistaken in me; it is well known here, that I could have made my Markets with the last Ministry if I had pleased; and the present Men in Power are very well apprised of it, as your Grace may, if I live to see you again, which I certainly never would in *Ireland*, if I did not flatter myself, that I can upon a better Foot with your Grace, than with some other of their Lordships. Your Grace is pleased to command me to continue my Sollicitations; but as now there will be no Need of them, so I think my Commission is at an End, ever since I had Notice of that Dispatch to Mr.

Southwell. However, in Obedience to your Grace, if there be any Thing to be done about expediting the Forms, wherein my Service can be of Use, I will readily perform as far as I am able : But, I must tell your Grace what gives me the greatest Displeasure, that I had Hopes to prevail that the Queen should in some Months be brought to remit the Crown-rents, which I named in my Memorial, but in an Article by itself, and Mr. *Harley* had given me some Hopes of, and I have some private Reasons to think, might have been brought about. I mentioned it in the Memorial, only as from myself, and therefore, if I have an Opportunity, I shall venture to mention it to the Queen, or at least repeat it to Mr. *Harley*. This I do as a private Man, whom the Bishops no longer own. It is certainly right to pay all Civilities, and make Applications to a Lord Lieutenant, but without some other Means a Business may be long enough, as this of the first Fruits, did for four Years under the Duke of *Ormond*'s last Government, altho' no Man loves the Church of *Ireland* better than his Grace ; but such Things are forgot and neglected between the Governor and his Secretaries, unless solicited by some Body who has the Business at Heart. But I have done, and shall trouble your Grace no farther upon this Affair ; and on other Occasions while I am here, will endeavour to entertain you with what is like to pass in this busy Scene, where all Things are taking a new, and, I think, a good Turn ; and where, if you please, I will write to you, with that Freedom
I for-

from Dr. S W I F T, &c.

51

I formerly did ; and I beg your Grace to employ me in any Commands you may have here, which I shall be prouder to obey, than to have ever so much Merit with some others ; being with perfect Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most dutiful, and

Most obedient humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

YOUR Grace will please to direct for me, at St. *James's* Coffee-house in St. *James's-street*.

Two hundred Members supped last Night at the Fountain Tavern, where they went to determine about a Chairman for Elections. *Medlicott* and *Manly* were the two Candidates ; but the Company could not agree, and parted in an ill Humour. It is a Matter of some Moment, and I hope it will be amicably made up ; but the great Rock we are afraid of, is a Dissention among the Majority, because the weakest Part, when they grow discontented, know where to retire, and be received.

H 2

L E T-

LETTER XIV.

London, Dec. 30, 1710.

My LORD,

I HAVE just received your Grace's Letter of the 16th, and I was going however to write again to your Grace, not upon Business, but to amuse you with something from hence, which no Man wants more than your Grace, considering the Variety of other People's Affairs you have always on your Hands, as well as the Church's and your own, which are the same Thing. The Duke of *Ormond* told me the other Day, that the * Primate declined very fast, and was hardly able to sign a Paper. I said, I wondered, they would put him in the Government, when every one knew he was a dying Man this Twelvemonth past. I hope, for the Church's Good, that your Grace's Friends will do their Duty in representing you, as the Person the Kingdom wisheth to succeed him. I know not how your Dispositions stand that Way. I know my Lord President hath great Credit at present, and I have understood him to be a Friend to your Grace. I can only say, I have no Regard to your Interest in this, but that of the Church; and therefore should be very glad to drop in a Word where it lieth in my Way, if I thought it would not be disagreeable to you. I dread their sending a Person from hence, which I shall venture to prevent with all the little Credit I have,
and

* Dr. MARSH.

and should be glad to see a Primate of our own Kingdom and University; and that is all I shall venture to say on this Subject.

MARSHAL * *Staremburg* hath certainly got to *Saragossa* with 7000 Men, and the † Duke of *Vendosme* hath sent him his Equipage. ‡ Mr. *Stanhope* was positive to part Forces with *Staremburg*, which occasioned this Loss; and when the Battle was, they were several Miles asunder. The Duke of *Marlborough* was Yesterday an Hour with the Queen; it was set him at twelve at Noon, when it was likely his Visit should be shortest. Mr. *St. John* was with her just before, and Mr. *Harley* just after. The Duke's Behaviour was with the most abject Submission; that he was the meanest of her Majesty's Instruments; her humble Creature; a poor Worm, &c. This I had from a Lord to whom the Queen told it; For, the Ministers never tell any Thing; and, it is only by picking out and comparing, that one can ever be the Wiser for them. I took Leave Yesterday of Lord *Peterborow*, who is going in a Day or two to *Vienna*: I said, I wished he were going to *Spain*; he told me, he hoped his present Journey would be to more Purpose; and, by what I can gather, they will use all Means to make as speedy a Peace, as possible, with Safety and Honour. Lord § *Rivers* tells me

* General and Commander of the *Imperial* Forces in *Spain*.

† Commander of the *French*.

‡ General *Stanhope*, Commander of the *Englsh*. He was created an Earl by *George I*.

§ *RICHARD SAVAGE*, Earl of *Rivers*, her Majesty's Minister and Plenipotentiary to *Hanover*.

me he will not set out for *Hanover* this Month : I asked him about his late Reception there, because the Town was full of Stories about it : He assured me he could not desire a better ; and, if it were otherwise, I believe he would be hardly pitched upon to be sent again. The young People in Parliament are very eager to have some Enquiries made into past Managements, and are a little angry with the Slackness of the Ministry upon that Article ; they say, they have told those who sent them, that the Queen's calling a new Parliament was to correct and look into former Abuses ; and, if something of the latter be not done, they know not how to answer it. I am not altogether satisfied how the Ministry is disposed in this Point. Your Grace hath heard there was much Talk lately of Sir *Richard* * *Levinge's* Design to impeach Lord *Wharton* ; and several Persons of great Consideration in the House, assured me, they would give him all Encouragement ; and, I have Reason to know, it would be acceptable to the Court : But, Sir *Richard* is the most timorous Man alive, and they all begin to look upon him in that Character, and to hope nothing from him : However, they talk of some other Enquiries when the Parliament meets after this Recess ; and it is often in People's Mouths, that *February* will be a warm Month ; but this I can affirm nothing of, and I hope, your Grace will distinguish between what I affirm, and what I report : As to the First you may

* Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

may securely count upon it ; the other you will please to take as it is sent.

SINCE the Letter from the Bishops to the Duke of *Ormond*, I have been a much cooler Solicitor ; for I look upon myself no longer a deputed Person. Your Grace may be fully satisfied, that the Thing is granted, because I had Order to report it to you from the Prime Minister ; the rest is Form, and may be done at any Time : As for bringing the Letter over myself, I must again profess to your Grace, that I do not regard the Reputation of it at all ; perhaps I might if I were in *Ireland* ; but, when I am on this Side, a certain Pride seizeth me from very different Usage I meet with, which maketh me look on Things in another Light : But, besides, I beg to tell your Grace in Confidence, that the Ministry have desired me to continue here some Time longer, for certain Reasons, that I may some Time have the Honour to tell you. As for every Body's knowing what is done in the First Fruits, it was I that told it ; for, after I saw the Bishop's Letter, I let every one know it in perfect Spight, and told Mr. *Harley* and Mr. Secretary *St. John* so. However, in humble Deference to your Grace's Opinion, and not to appear fullen, I did Yesterday complain to Mr. Secretary *St. John*, that Mr. *Harley* had not yet got the Letter from the Queen to confirm the Grant of the First Fruits ; that I had lost Reputation by it ; and that I took it very ill of them both ; and that their Excuses of Parliament Business, and Grief for the Loss in *Spain*, were, what

what I would bear no longer. He took all I said very well, and desired I would call on him Tomorrow Morning, and he would engage, if Mr. *Harley* had not done it, he himself would in a Day or two. As soon as there is any Issue of this I shall inform your Grace; and I have Reason to think it is a Trifle they will not refuse me.

I HAVE had from other Hands some Account of that ridiculous Plot your Grace mentions, but it is not yet talked of here, neither have any of the Ministry mentioned a Word of it to me, altho' they are well apprized of some Affairs in *Ireland*; for, I had two Papers given me by a great Man, one about the Sentence of the Defacers of the Statue, and the other about a Tryal before the Lord Chief Justice *Broderick*, for some Words in the North, spoke by a Clergyman against the Queen. I suppose your Grace reckons upon a new Parliament in *Ireland*, and some Alterations in the Council, the Law, and the Revenue. Your Grace is the most exact Correspondent I ever had, and the Dean of St. *Patrick's* directly contrary, which, I hope, you will remember to say to him upon the Occasion.

I am, with the greatest Respect,
My Lord, your Grace's most dutiful,
And most humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

I have

I have read over this Letter, and find several Things relating to Affairs here, that are said in perfect Confidence to your Grace: If they are told again, I only desire it may not be known from what Hand they came.

L E T T E R X V.

London, January 4, 1710-11.

My LORD,

HAVING writ to your Grace so lately, I only now make bold to let you know, that on *Tuesday* I was to wait on Mr. Secretary *St. John*, who told me from Mr. *Harley*, that I need not be in Pain about the First-Fruits, for the Warrant was drawn in Order towards a Patent; but, must pass through several Forms, and take up some Time, for the Queen designeth to make a Grant by her Letters Patent. I shall take all due Methods to hasten it as far as I am able, but in these Cases they are generally pretty tedious. Mr. *Harley* likewise sent me the same Day by another Person, the same Message. I dined with him about four Days ago, but there being much Company, and he going away in haste pretty soon after Dinner, he had not Time to tell me so himself. Indeed he hath been so ready to do every Thing in this Matter as I would have him, that he never needed pressing, which considering both the Weight and Difficulty of Affairs, at present on his Shoulders, is very extraordinary, and what I never met from a

great Minister before. I had thought, and so Mr. *Harley* told me, that the Queen would have sent a Letter to the Bishops ; but, this is a shorter Way, and I hope your Grace will like it. I am, with the greatest Respect,

My Lord,
Your Grace's most Dutiful,
And most humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I AM told from a good Hand, that in a short Time, the House of Commons will fall upon some Enquiries into the late Management.

I TOOK Leave Yesterday of Lord *Peterborow*, who, I suppose is this Day set out on his Journey to *Vienna* ; he is a little discouraged, and told me, he did not hope for any great Success in what he went upon. He is one of those Many who are mightily bent upon having some such Enquiries made, as I have mentioned.

LETTER XVI.

London, March 8, 1710-11.

My LORD,

I WRITE to your Grace under the greatest Disturbance of Mind for the Publick and Myself. A Gentleman came in where I dined this Afternoon, and told us Mr. *Harley* was stabbed, and some confused Particulars. I immediately

mediately ran to Secretary *St. John's* hard by, but no body was at home; I met Mrs. *St. John* in her Chair, who could not satisfy me, but was in Pain about the Secretary, who, as she heard, had killed the Murderer. I went straight to Mr. *Harley's*, where Abundance of People were to enquire. I got young Mr. *Harley* to me; he said his Father was asleep, and they hoped in no Danger, and then told me the Fact, as I shall relate it to your Grace. This Day the Marquis *De Guiscard* was taken up for High-Treason, by a Warrant of Mr. *St. John*, and examined before a Committee of Council in Mr. *St. John's* Office, where were present, the Dukes of *Ormond*, *Buckingham*, *Shrewsbury*, Earl *Powlet*, Mr. *Harley*, Mr. *St. John*, and others. During Examination, Mr. *Harley* observed *Guiscard*, who stood behind him, but on one Side, swearing and looking disrespectfully. He told him he ought to behave himself better, while he was examined for such a Crime; *Guiscard* immediately drew a Penknife out of his Pocket, which he had picked out of some of the Offices, and reaching round, stabbed him just under the Breast, a little to the right Side; but, it pleased God, that the Point stopped at one of the Ribs, and broke short half an Inch. Immediately Mr. *St. John* rose, drew his Sword, and ran it into *Guiscard's* Breast. Five or six more of the Council drew and stabbed *Guiscard* in several Places: But, the Earl *Powlet* called out for God's Sake, to spare *Guiscard's* Life, that he might be made an Example, and Mr. *St. John's*

Sword was taken from him, and broke, and the Footmen without ran in, and bound *Guiscard*, who begged he might be killed immediately; and, they say, called out three or four Times, my Lord *Ormond*, my Lord *Ormond*. They say *Guiscard* resisted them a while, until the Footmen came in. Immediately *Bucier* the Surgeon was sent for, who dressed Mr. *Harley*, and he was sent home. The Wound bled fresh, and they do not apprehend him in Danger: He said when he came, he thought himself in none; and, when I was there, he was asleep, and they did not find him at all feverish. He hath been ill this Week, and told me last *Saturday*, he found himself much out of Order, and hath been Abroad but twice since, so that the only Danger is, lest his being out of Order, should, with the Wound, put him in a Fever, and I shall be in mighty Pain 'till To-morrow Morning. I went back to poor Mrs. *St. John*, who told me, her Husband was with my * Lord Keeper, at Mr. Attorney's, and she said something to me very remarkable: That going To-day to pay her Duty to the Queen, when all the Men and Ladies were dressed to make their Appearance, this being the Day of the Queen's Accession, the Lady of the Bed-chamber in waiting, told her the Queen had not been at Church, and saw no Company; yet, when she enquired her Health, they said she was very well, only had a little Cold. We conceive, the Queen's Reason
for

* Sir *Simon Harcourt*, afterwards created Lord Baron of *Stanton Harcourt*.

for not going out, might be something about this seizing of *Guiscard* for High Treason, and that perhaps there was some Plot, or something extraordinary. Your Grace must have heard of this *Guiscard*: He fled from *France* for Villanies there, and was thought on to head an Invasion of that Kingdom, but was not liked. I know him well, and think him a Fellow of little Consequence, although of some Cunning, and much Villainy. We passed by one another this Day in the Mall, at two o'Clock, an Hour before he was taken up, and I wondered he did not speak to me.

I WRITE all this to your Grace, because I believe you would desire to know a true Account of so important an Accident; and besides, I know you will have a Thousand false ones, and I believe every material Circumstance here is true; having it from young Mr. *Harley*. I met Sir *Thomas Mansel*, (it was then after Six this Evening) and he and Mr. *Prior* told me, they had just seen *Guiscard* carried by in a Chair, with a strong Guard, to *Newgate* or the *Press-Yard*. Time perhaps, will shew who was at the Bottom of all this; but Nothing could happen so unluckily to *England* at this Juncture, as Mr. *Harley's* Death, when he hath all the Schemes for the greatest Part of the Supplies in his Head, and the Parliament cannot stir a Step without him. Neither can I altogether forget myself, who, in him, should lose a Person I have more Obligations to, than any other in this Kingdom, who hath always treated me with the Tenderneſs
of

of a Parent, and never refused me any Favour I asked for a Friend ; therefore, I hope, your Grace will excuse the Disorder of this Letter. I was intending this Night, to have writ one of another Sort,——I must needs say, one great Reason for writing these Particulars to your Grace, was, that you might be able to give a true Account of the Fact, which will be some Sort of Service to Mr. *Harley*. I am with the greatest Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

And most humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I HAVE read over what I writ, and find it very confused and incorrect, which your Grace must impute to the violent Pain of Mind I am in, greater than ever I felt in my Life.——It must have been the utmost Height of desperate Guilt, which could have spirited that Wretch to such an Action ; I have not heard whether his Wounds are dangerous, but I pray God he may recover to receive his Reward, and that we may learn the Bottom of his Villainy. It is not above ten Days ago, that I was interceding with the Secretary, in his Behalf, because I heard he was just starving ; but, the Secretary assured me he had 400*l.* a Year Pension.

L E T.

L E T T E R XVII.

London, April 10, 1711.

My LORD,

I HAD lately the Honour of a Letter from your Grace, and waited to acknowledge it until something material should happen, that might recompence the Trouble. My Occasion of writing to you at present, is purely personal to your Grace. A Report was beginning to run here, by some Letters from *Ireland*, that your Grace had applyed the Passage you mention of *Rufus*, in a Speech you made to your Clergy, which I ventured to contradict as an Impossibility, and inconsistent with your general Opinion, and what was in your Letter to Mr. *Southwell* and Mr. *Dopping*, were of the same Mind, and the former says, he hath writ to your Grace about it. I should have thought no more of the Matter, but let it spend like an idle Story below Notice; only dining last *Sunday* with one of the principal Secretaries of State, he gave me a Letter to read, which he had just received from the Printer of the News-Paper called the *Post-Boy*, in which was a Transcript of a Letter from *Dublin*, and the Secretary being mentioned in that Transcript, the Man would not publish it without his Advice. It contained an Account how the News of Mr. *Harley's* being stabbed, had been received by the Whigs in *Dublin*; of which he produced some Instances. Then he mentions the Passage out of *Tacitus*, and concludes thus:

The

The First that mentioned it, was the Archbishop of Dublin, who took Notice of it first at a Meeting of his Clergy; and, afterwards in the Hearing of several Persons, was reprimanded for it in a civil, though sharp Manner, by one of the chief Ministers there, well known for his steady Loyalty to Her Majesty, and his zealous Service to the Church of England, under her late perilous Tryal. I immediately told the Secretary, that I knew this must be false and misrepresented, and that he must give me Leave to scratch out that Passage, which I accordingly did; and for fear of any Mistake, I made him give me afterwards, the whole Letter, that I might have it in my Power. The next Day, I sent for the Printer, and told him what I had done, and upon further Thoughts, I stifled the whole Letter, and the Secretary approved of it. I likewise told the Printer, that when he had any Thing relating to *Ireland*, I had the Secretary's Order (which was true) to send it me, that he might not do Injury to Men's Reputations, by what was represented to him from ignorant or malicious Hands in that Kingdom. The Letter was to have been printed this Day in the Post-Boy, with that Conclusion reflecting on your Grace, which is happily prevented; for, although your Character and Station, place you above the Malice of little People, yet your Friends would be extremely concerned to see your Name made so bold with in a common News-Paper.

I HUMBLY

I HUMBLY hope your Grace will not disapprove of what I have done; at least I have gratified my own Inclination, in the Desire of serving you, and besides, had the Opportunity of giving Mr. Secretary some Part of your Character.

I DARE lay a Wager, that all this happened by the gross Understandings of some People, who misunderstood and misapplied something very innocent that came from your Grace. I must be so bold to say, that People in that Kingdom do very ill understand Raillery. I can railly much safer here with a great Minister of State, or a Dutches; than I durst do there with an Attorney or his Wife: And, I can venture to railly with your Grace, although I could not do it with many of your Clergy. I myself have been a Witness, when Want of Common Sense, hath made People offended with your Grace, where they ought to have been most pleased. I say Things every Day at the best Tables, which I should be turned out of Company for, if I were in *Ireland*.

HERE is one Mr. *Richardson*, a Clergyman, who is soliciting an Affair that I find your Grace approveth, and therefore I do him all the Service I can in it.

WE are now full of the Business of the *Irish* Yarn, and I attend among the rest, to engage the Members I am acquainted with in our Interest. To-morrow we expect it will come on.

I WILL shortly write to your Grace, some Account how publick Affairs stand: We hope Mr. *Harley* will be abroad in a Week.

WE have News from *Brussels*, that the Dauphin is dead of an Apoplexy.

I am, with the greatest Respect,
My Lord,
Your Grace's most dutiful,
And most humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

I wish your Grace would inclose your Commands to me, directed to *Erasmus Lewis*, Esq; at my Lord *Dartmouth's* Office at *Whitehall*; for I have left off going to Coffee-Houses.

LETTER XVIII.

Chelsea, May 10, 1711.

My LORD,

I HAVE had your Grace's Letter of *April 19*, some Time by me, but deferred my Answer until I could give you some Account of what Use I had made of it. I went immediately to Mr. Secretary *St. John*, and read most of it to him; he was extremely satisfied, and very glad that scandalous Account designed to be printed in the Post-Boy, was suppressed. Mr. *Harley*
was

was not then quite well enough; so I ventured (and hope your Grace will not disapprove it) to shew your Letter to a Gentleman who hath a great Respect for your Grace, and who told me, several others of *Ireland*, were possessed of that Report. I trusted the Letter with him, and gave him Leave to read it to them, which he told me he did, and that they were all entirely convinced: And, indeed, as far as I can find, the Report is quite blown over, and hath left no Impression. While your Grace's Letter was out of my Hands; dining with Mr. *Harley*, he said to me almost as soon as he saw me; *How came the Archbishop of Dublin and I to fall out?* I told him I knew what he meant, but your Grace was altogether misrepresented, and it must come from some infamous Rascals, of which there never wants a Set in that Kingdom, who make it their Business to find wrong Characters here, &c. He answered, that he believed, and knew it was as I said. I added, that I had the Honour to be long known to your Grace, and that you were the last Man in the Kingdom, upon whom such a Report could be fixed with any Probability; and, that since he was pleased to mention this Matter first, he must give me Leave the next Time I saw him, to read a Letter I had from your Grace, in Answer to one of mine, wherein I had told you of such a Report; he said there was no need, for he firmly believed me. I answered smiling, that should not do, for I would never suffer a Person for whom I

had so great an Esteem, to lye under the least Suspicion of any Thing wrong. Last *Saturday* after Dinner, I was again to wait on him. On that Day of the Week, my Lord Keeper, my Lord *Rivers*, and Mr. Secretary *St. John*, always used to dine with him before this Accident, and sometimes they used to let me be of the Company. This was the first *Saturday* they had met since his Recovery; and, I was in such Joy to see the old Club met again, that it affecteth me still, as your Grace sees by my Impertinence in mixing it with an Account that only relates to yourself. I read those Parts of your Letter to him, which I thought proper, and both he and the Company did very frankly acquit your Grace; and, Mr. *Harley* in particular spoke a good deal of his Respect and Esteem for you, and, then he repeated, that it was no new Thing to receive Lies from *Ireland*; which I doubt is so true, that no Man of Distinction in that Kingdom is safe; and, I wish it were possible to take some Course to prevent the Evil.

As for Libels upon your Grace, bating my Concern for the Souls of the Writers, I should give you Joy of them. You would less deserve your Station, if Knaves and Fools did not hate you; and, while these Sects continue, may your Grace and all good Men be the Object of their Aversion.

My Lord Keeper, Mr. *Harley*, and one or two more, are immediately to be made Peers:

The

The Town hath been expecting it for some Time, altho' the Court make it yet a Secret; but, I can assure your Grace of the Truth, for the Preambles to their Patents are now drawing, and I saw a very handsome one for Mr. *Harley*. You will please not to mention this Particular, although it will be soon publick, but it is yet kept mighty private. Mr. *Harley* is to be Lord Treasurer. Perhaps before the Post leaves this Town, all this will be openly told, and then I may be laughed at for being so mysterious; but so capricious are great Men in their Secrets. The first authentick Assurances I had of these Promotions was last *Sunday*, though the Expectation hath been strong for above a Month. We suppose likewise, that many Changes will be made in the Employments as soon as the Session endeth, which will be, I believe, in less than a Fortnight.

POOR Sir *Cholmondeley Deering*, of *Kent*, was Yesterday in a Duel shot through the Body, by one Mr. *Thornhill*, in *Tothilfields*, and died in some Hours.

I NEVER mention any Thing of the First Fruits either to Mr. *Harley* or the Duke of *Ormond*. If it be done before his Grace goes over, it is well, and there's an End: If not, I shall have the best Opportunity of doing it in his Absence; if I should speak of it now, perhaps it would be so contrived to hinder me from soliciting it afterwards; but as soon as the Duke is gone, I shall learn at the Treasury what he hath

hath done in it. I am with the greatest Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

And obliged humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT,

I have been at this Town this Fortnight for my Health, and to be under a Necessity of walking to and from *London* every Day. But your Grace will please still to Direct your Letter under Cover to Mr. *Lewis*.

LETTER XIX.

London, July 12, 1711.

MY LORD,

I NOW conceive your Grace begins to be a busy Person in Council, and Parliament, and Convocation, and perhaps may be content to be diverted now and then by an idle Letter from hence. We have an empty Town, the Queen being settled at *Windsor*, and the Ministers often there. We are so weary with expecting further Removals, that we begin to drop the Discourse: Neither am I sure, whether those in Power may not differ a little in Opinion as to that Matter. However, it seemeth generally agreed, that there will be many Changes before next Session, and
that

that it is necessary there should be so. My Lord *Peterborow** hath been some Time returned, and I have had a good Deal of Talk with him; or rather, he hath talked a good Deal to me. He is mightily discontented with what I writ to him, and which he findeth to be true, that there seemeth a general Disposition among us towards a Peace. He thinketh his successful Negotiations with the Emperor and the Duke of *Savoy* have put us in a better Condition than ever to continue the War, and will engage to convince me, that *Spain* is yet to be had, if we take proper Measures. Your Grace knoweth he is a Person of great Talents, but dashed with something restless and capricious in his Nature. He told me he came over without being recalled, and without one Servant, having scattered them in several Parts of *Germany*. I doubt, he will not have Credit enough with the Ministry to make them follow his Plans; and he is such a Sort of Person as may give good Advice, which wise Men may reasonably refuse to follow. It seemeth to me, that the Ministry lye under a grievous Dilemma, from the Difficulty of continuing the War, and the Danger of an ill Peace, which, I doubt, whether all their Credit with the Queen and Country would support them under: But, my Lord Treasurer is a Stranger to Fear, and hath all that Courage which Innocence and good Sense can give a Man, and the most free from Avarice of any one living; both which are absolutely necessary for his Station in this Juncture.

* See his Character in Vol. II. p. 222.

Juncture. He was saying a Thing to me some Days ago, which I believe is the great Maxim he proceedeth by; That Wisdom in publick Affairs, was not what is commonly believed, the forming of Schemes with remote Views; but the making Use of such Incidents as happen. It was thought my Lord * *Marr* would have succeeded as Secretary upon the Duke of *Queensberry's* Death; but the Court seemeth now disposed to have no third Secretary, which was a useless Charge. The Queen hath been extremely ill, so as for four and twenty Hours People were in great Pain, but she hath been since much better, and voided Abundance of Gravel, &c. Our Expedition under Mr. *Hill* is said to be towards the South-Seas, but nothing is known: I told a great Man who is deepest in the Project of it, that I had no good Opinion of these Expeditions, which hitherto never succeeded with us. He said, he would venture ten to one upon the Success of it, provided no ill Accident happened by Storms; and, that it was concerted with three or four great Princes Abroad.

As to the First Fruits, I must inform your Grace, that the whole Affair lyeth exactly as it did for some Months past. The Duke and his People never thought, or, at least, never meddled in it, until some Days before they went, and then they were told it was already done; and, my Lord Treasurer directed, that it should be an
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* This Earl of *Marr*, was one of the first that entered into the Rebellion in *Scotland*, in Favour of the Pretender, in the Year, 1715.

Instruction to the Lord Lieutenant to mention in his Speech to Parliament, that the Queen had done it, &c. But they took no Sort of Care to finish the Matter, and carry the Instrument over with them, which they might have done, had they begun timely, and applied themselves; and, as the Bishops superseded me, I did not presume to meddle further in it: But, I think, this may be a Lesson, that in all such Cases as these, it is necessary to have some good Solicitor, and not leave Things wholly to great Men: Nay, so little did the Duke engage in this Matter, that my Lord Treasurer told me Yesterday (although that is a Secret) that the very Draught they had made upon my Application was some Way or other mislaid between the Queen and himself, and could not be found; but, however, that another should soon be drawn: And, his Lordship commanded me to inform your Grace, and my Lords the Bishops, that with the first Convenience the Instrument should be prepared and sent over, which your Grace will please to let them know. I was of Opinion with my Lord Treasurer, that it should be done by a Deed from the Queen, without an Act of Parliament, and that the Bishops should be made a Corporation for the Management of it. Your Grace sees I write with much Freedom, because I am sure, I can do it safely.

I HAVE been engaging my Lord Treasurer and the other great Men in a Project of my own, which they tell me they will embrace, especially his Lordship. He is to erect some Kind of So-

ciety or Academy under the Patronage of the Ministers, and Protection of the Queen, for correcting, enlarging, polishing, and fixing our Language*. The Methods must be left to the Society; only I am writing a Letter to my Lord Treasurer, by Way of Proposals, and some general Hints, which I design to publish, and he expecteth from me. All this may come to nothing, although, I find, the ingenious and learned Men of all my Acquaintance fall readily in with it; and, so I hope, will your Grace, if the Design can be well executed. I would desire at Leisure some of your Grace's Thoughts on this Matter.

I HOPE, your Grace will take Advantage of the Times, and see, whether your violent House of Commons will fall in with some good Law for the Benefit of the Church, as their much Betters have done it here: And, I think the Convocation could not be better employed, than in considering what good Law is wanting for the Church, and endeavour to have it passed, rather than in brangling upon Trifles. The Church hath so few happy Occasions, that we ought to let none of them slip. I take up too much of your Grace's Time, and therefore begging your Prayers and Blessing, I remain with the greatest Respect,

Your Grace's

Most dutiful, humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T -

* See Vol. I. Page 181.

LETTER XX.

London, August 15, 1711.

My LORD,

I HAVE been at *Windsor* a Fortnight, from whence I returned two Days ago, and met a Letter at my Lodging, from your Grace, dated *July 25*. I was told it was sent to Mr. *Manly's* House, (your Postmaster's Son) and by him to me; so that I suppose your Grace did not direct to Mr. *Lewis* as formerly, otherwise I should have had it at *Windsor*. The Ministers go usually down to *Windsor* on *Saturday*, and return on *Monday* or *Tuesday* following. I had little Opportunity of talking with my Lord Treasurer, seeing him only at Court, or at Suppers at third Places, or, in much Company at his own Lodgings. Yesterday I went to visit him after Dinner, but did not stay above an Hour, because Business called him out. I read to him that Part of your Grace's Letter, which expresseth your Grace's Respects to him, and he received them perfectly well. He told me he had lately received a Letter from the Bishops of *Ireland*, subscribed (as I remember) by Seventeen, acknowledging his Favour about the First Fruits. I told his Lordship, that some People in *Ireland* doubted, whether the Queen had granted them before the Duke of *Ormond* was declared Lieutenant, yes, he said, sure I remembered it was immediately upon my Application. I said, I heard the Duke himself took no Merit on that

Account. He answered, no, he was sure he did not, he was the honestest Gentleman alive : But, said he, it is the Queen that did it, and she alone shall have the Merit ; and, I must be so free as to tell your Grace, that the grudging, ungrateful Manner of some People, which, upon several Occasions, I could not but give him Hints of for my Justification, hath not been prudent. I am sure it hath hindered me from any Thoughts of pursuing another Affair of yet greater Consequence, which I had good Hopes of compassing. What can be the Matter with those People ? Do I ask either Money or Thanks of them ? Have I done any Hurt to the Business ? My Lord Treasurer told me, he had sent the Letter over about the First Fruits. I never enquired into the Particulars : He says, he will very soon answer the Bishops Letter to himself, and will shew me both Letter and Answer ; but I shall not put him in Mind, unless he remembers it of his own Accord. Nor, with great Submission to your Grace, can I prevail on my own Pride to desire he would make any Mention of me in his Answer. Your Grace is convinced, that, unless I write a Heap of Lies, the Queen had granted that Affair before my Lord Duke was named. I desire to convince no Body else, and since the Thing is done, it is not of any Consequence who were instrumental in it. I could not forbear Yesterday reminding my Lord Treasurer of what I said to Mr. *Southwell* before his Lordship, when he came to take his Leave, before he went to *Ireland* ; which was, that I hoped

hoped Mr. *Southwell* would let the Bishops and Clergy of *Ireland* know, that my Lord Treasurer had long since (before the Duke was Governor) prevailed on the Queen to remit the First Fruits, &c. and that it was his Lordship's Work, as the Grant of the same Favour in *England* had formerly been. My Lord Treasurer did then acknowledge it before Mr. *Southwell*, and I think Mr. *Southwell* should have acted accordingly; but, there is a great Deal of Ignorance as well as ill Will, in all this Matter. The Duke of *Ormond* himself, had he engaged in it, could only act as a Solicitor. Every body knows, that the Lord Treasurer in such Cases, must be applied to, (and only He) by the greatest Persons. I should think the People of *Ireland* might rather be pleased to see one of their own Country able to find some Credit at Court, and in a Capacity to serve them, especially, one who doth it without any other Prospect than that of serving them. I know not any of the Bishops from whom I can expect any Favour, and there are not many upon whom a Man of any Figure could have such Designs; but, I will be revenged; for, whenever it lieth in my Power, I will serve the Church and Kingdom, although they should use me much worse. I shall dine Tomorrow with Lord Treasurer, and perhaps I may then see the Answer he is to write. I thought to have sent this Letter away to Night; but, I have been interrupted by Business. I go to *Windsor* again on *Saturday* for a Day or two, but I will leave this behind to be sent to the Post.

Aug.

Aug. 21. I HAD wrote thus far, and was forced to leave off, being hurried away to *Windsor*, by my Lord Treasurer, from whence I returned but last Night. His Lordship gave me a Paper, which he said, he had promised me; I put it in my Pocket, thinking it was about something else we had been talking over; and, I never looked into it until just now, when I find it to be my Lord Primate's Letter to his Lordship, with an enclosed one from the Bishops. With Submission, I take it to be dry enough, although I shall not tell his Lordship so. They say they *are informed his Lordship had a great Part in, &c.* I think they should either have told who it was informed them so, since it was a Person commissioned by themselves; or, at least have said they were *assured*. And, as for those Words, *a great Part*, I know no Body else had any, except the Queen herself. I cannot tell whether my Lord hath writ an Answer, having said nothing to him of it, since he gave me the Letters, nor shall I desire to see it.

As to the Convocation, I remember both my Lord Treasurer, and Mr. *St. John*, spoke to me about the Matter, and were of the same Opinion with your Grace, that it was wholly in the Queen's Choice; I excused giving my Opinion, being wholly uninformed; and, I have heard nothing of it since.

My Lord Keeper gave me Yesterday, a Bundle of *Irish Votes* at *Windsor*, and we talked a good deal about the Quarrel between the Lords
and

and Commons: I said, the Fault lay in not dissolving the Parliament; which I had mentioned to the Duke of *Ormond*, and often to some of those who were thought to have most Credit with him. But, they seemed to believe as I did, that any *Irish* Parliament would yield to any Thing that any chief Governor pleased; and so it would be a needless Trouble.

WE reckon for certain, that Mr. *Hill* with his Fleet is gone to *Quebec*.

MRS. † *Masham* is every Minute expecting to lye in. Pray God preserve her Life, which is of great Importance. I am, with the greatest Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

And most humble Servant,

The Queen hath got a light
Fit of the Gout. The Privy
Seal is not yet disposed of.

† This Lady's Husband CHARLES MASHAM, Esq; was created Baron *Masham* of *Oates*, in the County of *Essex*, Dec. 31st, 1711.

L E T

LETTER XXI.

Windsor-Castle, October 1, 1711.

My LORD,

I HAD the Honour of a long Letter from your Grace, just a Month ago, which I forbore acknowledging sooner, because I have been ever since perpetually tossed between this and *London*, and, partly, because there had nothing happened that might make a Letter worthy the Perusal. It is the Opinion of some great Persons here, that the Words which the House of Commons took amiss in your Address, might very well bear an Application that concerned only my Lord *Wharton*. I find they are against my Opinion that a new Parliament should have been called; but, all agree, it must now be dissolved: But, in short, we are so extremely busy here, that nothing of *Ireland* is talked on above a Day or two; that of the City * Election I have oftenest heard of; and the Proceeding of your Court in it, is thought might have been wiser. I find your Grace seemeth to be of my Opinion, and so I told my Lord Treasurer. I think your † *Kilmainham* Project of an Address was a very foolish one, and that for the Reason of those who were against it. I hope, *Ireland* will soon be equally

con-

* *Dublin.*

† The High Sheriff, and the Grand Jury of the County of *Dublin*, meet here, and prepare Addresses; examine Affidavits, and find Bills of Indictment. Civil and Criminal Causes are also tryed here.

convinced with us here, that if the Pretender be in any Body's Thoughts, it is of those they least dream, and who now are in no Condition of doing Mischief to any but themselves. As for your Convocation, I believe every Thing there will terminate in good Wishes. You can do nothing now, and will not meet again these two Years, and then I suppose, only to give Money away. There should, methinks, in the Interval, be some Proposals considered and agreed upon by the Bishops and principal Men of the Clergy, to have all ready against the next Meeting; and, even that I despair of, for a Thousand Reasons too tedious to mention.

My admiring at the odd Proceedings of those among the Bishops and Clergy, who are angry with me for getting their First Fruits, was but a Form of Speech. I cannot sincerely wonder at any Proceedings in Numbers of Men; and especially (I must venture to say so) in *Ireland*. Mean Time, it is a good Jest to hear my Lord Treasurer saying often before a deal of Company, that it was I that got the Clergy of *Ireland* their First Fruits; and, generally, with this Addition, that it was before the Duke of *Ormond* was declared Lord Lieutenant. His Lordship hath long designed an Answer to the Letter he received from the Bishops; he hath told me ten Times; he would do it To-morrow. He goeth to *London* this Day, but I continue here for a Week. I shall refresh his Memory, and engage my Lord *Harley* his Son to do so too.

I SUPPOSE your Grace cannot but hear in general, of some Steps that are making towards a Peace. There came out some Time ago an Account of Mr. *Prior's* Journey to *France*, pretended to be a Translation, and is a pure Invention from Beginning to the End. I will let your Grace into the Secret of it. The Clamours of a Party against any Peace without *Spain*, and railing at the Ministry, as if they designed to ruin us, occasioned that Production, out of Indignity and Contempt, by way of furnishing Fools with something to talk of; and it hath had a very great Effect. Mean time your Grace may count that a Peace is going forward very fast.—Mr. *Prior* was actually in *France*, and there are now two Ministers from that Court in *London*, which you may be pretty sure of, if you believe what I tell you, that I supped with them myself in the House where I am now writing, *Saturday* last: Neither do I find it to be a very great Secret; for, there were two Gentlemen more with us besides the Inviter. However, I desire your Grace to say nothing of it, because it may look like Lightness in me to tell it: Mr. *Prior* was with us too, but what their Names are I cannot tell; for, I believe, those they passed by when I was there, are not the real ones. All Matters are agreed between *France* and us, and very much to the Advantage and Honour of *England*; but, I believe, no further Steps will be taken without giving Notice to the Allies. I do not tell your Grace one Syllable, as coming from any great Minister, and therefore I do not betray

tray them. But, there are other Ways of picking out Things in a Court: However, I must desire you will not discover any of these little Particulars, nor cite me upon any Account at all; for, great Men may think I tell Things from them, although I have them from other Hands; in which last Case only, I venture to repeat them to one I can confide in, and one at so great a Distance as your Grace.

I HUMBLY thank your Grace for the good Opinion you are pleased to have of me, and for your Advice which seemeth to be wholly grounded on it. As to the First, which relateth to my Fortune, I shall never be able to make myself believed how indifferent I am about it. I sometimes have the Pleasure of making that of others; and, I fear it is too great a Pleasure to be a Virtue, at least in me. Perhaps, in *Ireland*, I may not be able to prevent Contempt any other Way than by making my Fortune; but, then it is my Comfort, that Contempt in *Ireland* will be no Sort of Mortification to me. When I was last in *Ireland*, I was above half the Time retired to one scurvy Acre of Ground, and I always left it with Regret. I am as well received and known at Court, as perhaps any Man ever was of my Level; I have formerly been the like. I left it then, and will perhaps leave it now, (when they please to let me) without any Concern, but what a few Months will remove. It is my Maxim to leave great Ministers to do as they please; and, if I cannot distinguish myself enough, by being useful in such a Way, as be-

cometh a Man of Conscience and Honour, I can do no more; for, I never will solicit for myself, although I often do for others.

THE other Part of your Grace's Advice, to be some Way useful to the Church and to the Publick by any Talent you are pleased to think I possess, is the only Thing for which I should desire some Settlement that would make me full Master of my Time. I have often thought of some Subjects, wherein I believed I might succeed; But, my Lord, to ask a Man floating at Sea, what he designeth to do when he gets ashore, is too hasty a Question: Let him get there first, and rest, and dry himself, and then look about him. I have been pretty well known to several great Men in my Life; and, it was their Duty, if they thought I might have been of Use, to put me into a Capacity for it; but, I never yet knew one great Man in my Life, who was not every Day swayed by other Motives in distributing his Favours, whatever Resolutions he had pretended to make to the contrary. I was saying a Thing the other Day to my Lord Keeper, which he approved of, and which, I believe, may be the Reason of this: It was, that Persons of transcendent Merit forced their Way in Spight of all Obstacles; but those whose Merit was of a second, third, or fourth Rate, were seldom able to do any Thing; because the Knaves and Dunces of the World, had all the Impudence, Affiduity, Flattery, and servile Compliance divided among them, which kept them perpetually in the Way, and engaged every Body to be their

their Solicitors. I was asking a great Minister a Month ago, how he could possibly happen to pick out a certain Person to employ in a Commission of discovering Abuses, who was the most notorious for the constant Practice of the greatest Abuses in that very Kind, and was very well known not to be at all reformed? He said, he knew all this; but, what would I have him do? I answered, send any one of your Footmen, and command him to chuse out the first likely, genteel Fellow he sees in the Streets; for, such a one might possibly be honest, but he was sure the other was not, and yet they have employed him.

I PROMISE your Grace, that this shall be the last Sally I will ever make to a Court, and that I will return as soon as I can have Leave. I have no great Pleasure in my present Manner of Living, often involved in Things that perplex me very much; and, which try my Patience to the utmost, teized every Day by Solicitors, who have so little Sense as to think I have either Credit or Inclination to be theirs, although they see I am able to get nothing for myself. But, I find, I am grown very tedious, and therefore conclude with the greatest Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

And most humble Servant,

L E T:

LETTER XXII.

London, Nov. 8, 1711.

My LORD,

I CANNOT in Conscience take up your Grace's Time with an empty Letter; and, it is not every Day one can furnish what will be worth your Reading. I had all your Grace's Packets, and I humbly thank your Grace for your good Instructions to me, which I shall observe as soon as ever it shall please God to put me into a Way of Life, where I can have Leisure for such Speculations.

IN above twenty Years that I have known something of Courts and Ministers, I never saw so strange and odd a complicated Disposition of Affairs, as what we have had for six Weeks past. The Facts, your Grace may have met with in every common News-Paper; but, the Springs of them are hardly discoverable, even by those who had most Opportunity of observing. Neither do I find those who should know best, agree upon the Matter. There is a perpetual Tryal of Skill between those who are out, and those who are in; and the former are generally more Industrious at watching Opportunities. Last September at, *Windsor*, the Duke of † *Somerset* who had not been at Cabinet-Council for many Months, was advised by his Friends of the late Ministry to appear there, but the rest refused

† See the History of the last Session of Parliament, and of the Peace of *Utrecht*, Vol. IX.

fused to sit with him; and the Council was put off until next Day, when the Duke went to a Horse Race. This was declaring open War, and ever since, both he and his Dutchess (who is in great Favour) have been using all Sorts of Means to break the present Ministry. Mrs. *Masham* was absent two Months from *Windsor*, with Lying-in at *Kenfington*, and my Lord Treasurer six Weeks by Indisposition. Some Time before the Session, the Duke above-mentioned, went to all those Lords, who, by the Narrowness of their Fortunes, have depended on the Court, and engaged them to vote against the Ministry, by assuring them it was the Queen's Pleasure. He is said to have added other powerful Motives. *Bothmar's* * Memorial was published just at that Juncture, as *Hoffman* the Emperor's Resident had some Time before printed the *French King's* Propositions. It is confidently affirmed by those, who should know, that Money was plentifully scattered. By these, and some other Accidents, the Vote was carried against the Ministry; and every Body of either Party, understood the Thing as intended directly against my Lord Treasurer's Head. The House of Lords made a very short Adjournment, and were preparing some Resolutions and Addresses of the most dangerous Importance. We had a very melancholy *Christmas*, and the most fearless Persons were shaken: For, our great Danger lay where I cannot tell your Grace at this Distance. The Thing

* Baron BOTHMAR, Envoy extraordinary from the Elector of *Hanover*, afterwards King GEORGE I.

Thing wished for was the Removal of the *Somerset* Family, but that could not be done, nor yet is. After some Time the Queen declared herself as you have heard, and twelve new Lords were created. My Lord *Nottingham's* Game in this Affair hath been most talked of, and several hard Things said of him, are affirmed to be true. The Dissenting Ministers in this Town, were consulted about the occasional Bill, and agreed to it, for what Reasons I cannot learn; that which is offered not satisfying me, that they were afraid of worse. I believe they expected an entire Change of Ministry and Measures, and a new Parliament, by which it might be repealed, and have instead, some Law to their Advantage. The Duke of *Marlborough's* Removal hath passed very silently; the particular Reasons for it I must tell your Grace some other Time: But, how it will pass abroad, I cannot answer. People on both Sides conclude from it, that the Peace is certain; but the Conclusion is ill drawn: The Thing would have been done, although we had been sure of continuing the War. We are terribly afraid of Prince *Eugene's* coming, and therefore it was put off until the Resolutions were taken. Before he came out of his Yacht, he asked how many Lords were made? He was a Quarter of an Hour with the Queen, on *Sunday* about Seven at Night. The great Men resolve to entertain him in their Turns; and we suppose, it will all end in a Journey of Pleasure. We are so confidently told of the Duke of *Somerset's* being out, that I writ to the Dean of
St.

St. Patrick's. A Man of Quality told me, he had it from my Lord Keeper, whom I asked next Day, and found it a Mistake; but, it is impossible to fence against all Lies: However, it is still expected, that the Duke will be out, and that many other Removes will be made. Lord Ranelagh died on Sunday Morning: He was very poor and needy, and could hardly support himself for want of a Pension, which used to be paid him, and which his Friends solicited as a Thing of perfect Charity. He dyed hard, as their Term of Art is here, to express the woe-ful State of Men, who discover no Religion at their Death.

THE Town-Talk is, that the Duke of Ormond will go no more to Ireland, but be succeeded by the Duke of Shrewsbury, who is a very great and excellent Person; and, I will hold a Wager, that your Grace will be an Admirer of his Dutcheſs: If they go, I will certainly order her to make all Advances to you; but, this is only general Report, of which they know nothing at Court, although I think it not altogether improbable.

WE have yet heard nothing of my Lord Privy Seal. Buys, the Dutch Envoy, went to Holland, I think, at the same Time. Buys is a great Pretender to Politicks, and always leaves the Company, with great Expressions of Satisfaction that he hath convinced them all: He took much Pains to persuade me out of some Opinions; and, although all he said did but fix me the deeper, he told the Ministry how successful

he had been. I have got poor Doctor *King* *, who was some Time in *Ireland*, to be Gazetteer, which will be worth 250 l. per Annum to him, if he be diligent and sober, for which I am engaged. I mention this, because I think, he was under your Grace's Protection, when he was in *Ireland*.

By what I gather from Mr. *Southwell*, I believe your Grace standeth very well with the Duke of *Ormond*; and, it is one great Addition to my Esteem for Mr. *Southwell*, that he is entirely your Grace's Friend and humble Servant, delighting to do you Justice upon all Occasions.

I am, with the greatest Respect,
Your Grace's most Dutiful,
And most humble Servant,

LETTER XXIII.

—, 1712.

My LORD,

PERHAPS you will be content to know some Circumstances of Affairs here. The Duke of *Somerset* usually leaveth *Windsor* on *Saturday*, when the Ministers go down thither, and

* Author of MULLY of MONKTOWN, (a most delightful Village to the South of *Dublin*, near the Sea) and several other good Poems: He also translated HORACE's *Art of Poetry* into *English Verse*.

and returns not until they are gone. On *Sunday* 7-Night, contrary to Custom, he was at *Windsor*, and a Cabinet Council was to be held at Night; but, after waiting a long Time, Word was brought out, that there would be no Cabinet. Next Day it was held, and then the Duke went to a Horse-Race about three Miles off. This began to be whispered; and, at my return to Town, they had got it in the City; but, not the Reason; which was, that Mr. Secretary *St. John*, refused to sit if the Duke was there. Last *Sunday* the Duke was there again, but did not offer to come to the Cabinet, which was held without him. I hear the Duke was advised by his Friends of the other Party, to make this Step. The Secretary said to some of his Acquaintance, that he would not sit with a Man who had so often betrayed them, &c. You know the Dutches of *Somerset* is a great Favourite, and hath got the Dutches of *Marlborough's* Key. She is insinuating, and a Woman of Intrigue; and, will, I believe, do what ill Offices she can, to the Secretary. They would have hindered her coming in; but, the Queen said, if it were so, that she could not have what Servants she liked, she did not find how her Condition was mended. I take the Safety of the present Ministry to consist in the Agreement of three great Men, Lord Keeper, Lord Treasurer, and Mr. Secretary, and so I have often told them together, between Jest and Earnest, and two of them separately with more Seriousness. And, I think, they intirely love one another;

their Differences are not of Weight to break their Union. They vary a little about their Notions of a certain General. I will not say more at this Distance. I do not see well how they can be without the Secretary, who hath very great Abilities both for the Cabinet and Parliament. The Tories in the City are a little discontented, that no further Changes are made in Employments, of which I cannot learn the Secret, although I have heard several, and from such who might tell the true one if they would: One is, that Lord Treasurer professeth he is at a Loss to find Persons qualified for several Places: Another, (which is less believed) that the Queen interposeth: A third, that it is a trimming Disposition. I am apt, to think, that he finds the Call for Employments greater than he can answer, if there were five Times as many to dispose of; and, I know particularly, that he disliketh very much the Notion of People, that every One is to be turned out. The Treasurer is much the greatest Minister I ever knew: Regular in Life, with a true Sense of Religion, an excellent Scholar, and a good Divine, of a very mild and affable Disposition, intrepid in his Notions, and indefatigable in Business, an utter Despiser of Money for himself, yet frugal, (perhaps to an Extremity) for the Publick. In private Company he is wholly disengaged, and very facetious, like one who had no Business at all. He never wants a Reserve upon any Emergency, which would appear desperate to others; and maketh little Use of those thousand Projectors

tors and Schematists, who are daily plying him with their Visions, but to be thoroughly convinced by the Comparison, that his own Notions are the best.

I am, my Lord,

With the greatest Respect,

Your Grace's

Most obedient, &c.

L E T T E R XXIV.

London, March 29, 1712.

My LORD,

I CANNOT ask Pardon for not sooner acknowledging your Grace's Letter, because that would look as if I thought mine were of Consequence. Either I grew weary of Politicks, or am out of the Way of them, or, there is less stirring than usual; and, indeed, we are all in Suspence at present; but, I am told that in ten or twelve Days Time, we shall know what the Issue will be at *Utrecht*. I can only tell your Grace, that there are some unlucky Circumstances not proper to be trusted to a Letter, which have hitherto retarded this great Work. *Mibi ludibria rerum mortalium cunctis in negotiis obversantur.* Mean Time we are with great Difficulty raising Funds upon which to borrow five Millions. One of those Funds is a Tax upon Paper, and I think, 30 per Cent. upon imported Books, and of such a Nature as I could not

not Yesterday forbear saying to my Lord Treasurer, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that instead of preventing small Papers and Libels, it will leave nothing else for the Press. I have not talked to the Duke of *Argyle* upon the Affairs of *Spain*, since his return; but, am told, he affirms it impossible for us to carry on the War there by our former Methods. The Duke of *Ormond* is expected to go in two or three Days for *Flanders*. And, what I writ to your Grace some Months ago, of the Duke of *Shrewsbury* succeeding to govern *Ireland*, will, I suppose, be soon declared. I was the other Day to see the Dutches, and reported your Grace's Compliments, which she took very well; and, I told her, I was resolved your Grace and she should be very good Acquaintance. I believe the Spirit of your *Houghers* is got into our *Mobawks*, who are still very troublesome, and every Night cut some body or other over the Face; and commit a hundred insolent Barbarities.

THERE was never the least Design of any Impeachment against the Duke of *Marlborough*; and; and, it was his own great Weakness, or the Folly of his Friends, that the Thing went so far as it did.

I KNOW not whether it is, that People have talked themselves hoarse, but for some Weeks past, we have heard less of the Pretender than formerly. I suppose, it is like a Fashion, got into *Ireland*, when it is out here: But, in my Conscience, I do not think any one Person in the

the Court or Ministry here, designs any more to bring in the Pretender, than the great Turk. I hope, Mr. *Harley*, who is now on his Journey to *Hanover*, will give that Court a truer Opinion of Persons and Things, than they have hitherto conceived. And, if your Grace knew the Instrument through which these false Opinions have been infused, you would allow it another Instance of the *Ludibrium rerum mortalium*. And, your Grace cannot but agree, that it is something singular for the Prince in possession, to make perpetual advances, and the presumptive Heir standing off, and suspicious.

I KNOW not whether your Grace hath considered the Position that my Lord Treasurer is visibly in. The late Ministry and their adherents confess themselves fully resolved to have his Head, whenever it is in their Power, and were prepared upon the Beginning of the Sessions, when the Vote was carried against any Peace without *Spain*, to move that he should be sent to the Tower: At the same Time his Friends, and the Tories in general, are discontented at his Slowness in the changing of Commissions and Employments, to which the Weakness of the Court Interest, in the House of Lords, is wholly imputed: Neither do I find, that those in the greatest Stations, or most in the Confidence of my Lord Treasurer, are able to account for this Proceeding, or seem satisfied with it. I have endeavoured to solve this Difficulty another Way; and, I fancy, I am in the right, from Words I
have

have heard let fall: But, whatever be the Cause, the Consequences may be dangerous.

THE Queen is in very good Health, but doth not use as much Exercise as she ought. Pray GOD preserve her many Years!

A PROJECTOR hath lately applied to me, to recommend him to the Ministry, about an Invention for finding out the Longitude. He hath given in a Petition to the Queen, by Mr. Sec. St. John. I understand nothing of the Mathematicks, but am told it is a Thing as improbable as the Philosopher's Stone, or perpetual Motion.

I LATELY writ a Letter of about thirty Pages to Lord Treasurer, by way of Proposal for an Academy, to correct, enlarge, and ascertain the *English* Language. And, he and I have named above twenty Persons of both Parties to be Members. I will shortly print the Letter*, and I hope something will come of it. Your Grace sees I am a Projector too. I am,

With great Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

And most humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

* See Vol. I. p. 181.

L E T T E R XXV.

London, May 20, 1712.

My LORD,

WHEN I had the Honour of your Grace's Letter of *March 27*, I was lying ill of a cruel Disorder, which still pursueth me, altho' not with so much Violence; and, I hope, your Grace will pardon me, if you find my Letter to be that of one who writeth in Pain. You see, my Lord, how Things are altered. The Talk of a new Governor for *Ireland* is dropped. The Secret is, that the Duke of *Ormond* had a Promise of a Pension in Case he lost his Government; but, my Lord Treasurer is so excessively thrifty, that, to save Charges, he lets the Duke keep it; and, besides, there are some other Circumstances not proper for a Letter, which have great Weight in this Matter. I count upon it, that what ever Governor goeth over under this Ministry, a new Parliament will be called. Yet, I was told that the Duke of *Shrewsbury* was pitched on as a Sort of Medium between, &c. He is a Person of admirable Qualities; and, if he were somewhat more active, and less timorous in Business, no Man would be thought comparable to him.

THE Moderate of the other Party seem now content to have a Peace, and all our Talk and Expectation are full of it: But, I protest to your Grace, I know not what to write upon this Subject, neither could I tell what to say if I had the

Honour to be with you. Upon Lord *Strafford's* * coming over the Stocks are fallen, although I expected, and I thought with Reason, that they would rise. There is a Trade between some here and some in *Holland*, of Secrets and Lies, and there are some among us whose Posts let them into an imperfect Knowledge of Things, which they cannot conceal. This Mixture maketh up the Town Talk, governs the Price of Stocks, and hath often a great deal of Truth in it: Besides, publick Affairs have often so many sudden Turns and Incidents, that even those behind the Curtain, can hardly pronounce for a Week. I am sensible that I have often deceived your Grace with my wise *Innuendos*. Yet, I verily think that my Intelligence was very right at the Moment I sent it. If I had writ to your Grace six Days ago, I would have ventured to have given you Hopes, that a Peace would soon appear, and upon Condition wholly surprizing and unexpected. I say this to you wholly in Confidence, and I know nothing yet to change my Opinion, except the desponding Talk of the Town, for I see nothing yet in the Contrivances of the Ministers. It seems generally agreed that the present Dauphin cannot live, and upon that depend many Measures to be taken. This Afternoon the Bill for appointing Commissioners to enquire into the Grants, &c. was thrown out of the House of Lords, the Voices being equal, which is a great Disappointment to the Court, and Matter of Triumph to the other Party. But, it may possibly

* His Lordship was one of the Plenipotentiaries at the Treaty of *Utrecht*.

from Dr. S W I F T, &c.

99

possibly be of the worst Consequence to the Grants next Session, when it is probable the Ministry will be better settled, and able to procure a Majority.

I am, with great Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's,

Most dutiful, and

Most humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R XXVI.

Kensington, Sept. 30, 1712.

My LORD,

I Have two or three Times begun Letters to your Grace, and have torn what I writ, hoping I might send you something decisive about the Peace. But all still continues to lie very loose, and I continue to be very desponding, altho' the People in Affairs laugh at me for it. I have one plain Maxim in dealing with those who have more Cunning and less Honesty than myself, which is what we call keeping the Staff in my own Hand, and contriving that they shall trust me rather than I them. A Man may reason until he is weary upon this Proceeding of the *Dutch*. The Soldiers tell me that the Duke of *Ormond* could not possibly take Possession of *Dunkirk*, since the foreign Troops have refused to march, and

that the States will not suffer us to go through their Towns. But, I had a Whisper from one who should know best, that *Dunkirk* might now have been ours if right Methods had been taken. And, another great Man said to a Friend of mine above a Fortnight ago, that the least wrong Step on that Side the Water, might have very ill Consequences at this Juncture. Mean Time, the discontented Party seemeth full of Hopes, and many of the Court Side beside myself, desponding enough. The Necessity of laying the Proposals before the Parliament drew us into all this; for, now we are in a manner pinned down, and cannot go back an Inch with any good Grace: So that if the *French* play us foul, I dread the Effects, which are too visible to doubt. And, on the other Side, if the Peace goeth smoothly on, I cannot but think that some severe Enquiries will be made; and I believe upon very manifest Grounds. If there be any Secret in this Matter of *Dunkirk*, it must be in very few Hands, and those who most converse with Men at the Helm, are, I am confident, very much in the Dark. Some People go so far as to think that the *Dutch* will hinder, even the *English* Forces under the Duke of *Ormond*, from going by the *French* Country to *Dunkirk*: But, I cannot be of that Opinion. We suppose a few Days will decide this Matter, and I believe your Grace will agree, that there was never a more nice Conjunction of Affairs; however the Court appears to be very resolute: Several Changes have been made, and more are daily expected. The *Dutch* are

are grown so unpopular, that I believe the Queen might have Addressees to stand by her against them with Lives and Fortunes.

I HAD your Grace's Letter of *May 29*, written in the Time of your Visiting, from whence, I hope, you are returned with Health and Satisfaction.

THE Difficulties in the Peace by the Accidents in the *Bourbon* Family, are, as your Grace observeth, very great, and what indeed our Ministers chiefly apprehended. But, we think *Philip's* renouncing to be an effectual Expedient, not out of any Regard he would have for it, but because it will be the Interest of every Prince of the Blood in *France* to keep him out, and, because the *Spaniards* will never assist him to unite the two Kingdoms.

I AM in Hopes, yet, that your Grace may pay your Treat, for it is yet four Weeks to *Nov.* at least, I believe, we shall be happy or ruined before that Time.

IT is certain that there is something in what People say. But the Court is so luckily constituted at present, that every Man thinks the chief Trust cannot be any where else so well placed, neither do I know above one Man, that would take it, and it is a great deal too soon for him to have such Thoughts.

I HUMBLY thank your Grace for your Concern about my Health: I have still the Remainder of some Pains which hath partly occasioned my removing hither about three Weeks ago; I was recommended to Country Air, and chose

chose this, because I could pass my Time more agreeably near my Friends at Court. We think the Queen will go to *Windsor* in three Weeks; and, I believe I shall be there most of the Time I stay in *England*, which I intend, until towards the End of Summer.

My Lord Treasurer hath often promised he will advance my Design of an Academy, so have my Lord Keeper, and all the Ministers; but they are now too busy to think of any thing beside what they have upon the Anvil. My Lord Treasurer and I have already pitched upon twenty Members of both Parties; but, perhaps, it may all come to nothing.

If Things continue as they are, another Session, perhaps your Grace may see the Bill of resuming the Grants * carried on with a great deal more Rigour than it lately was. It was only desired that the Grantees should pay six Years Purchase, and settle the Remainder on them by Act of Parliament, and those Grants are now worse than other Lands by more Years Purchase than six; so that in Effect they would have lost nothing.

I am, with great Respect,

Your Grace's most dutiful, and

Most humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

* This Bill passed in the Negative.

L E T T E R XXVII.

London, October 21, 1712.

My LORD,

SINCE I had the Honour of your Grace's Letter of July 29, which found me at *Windsor*, I have been extremely out of Order with a Giddiness in my Head, which pursued me until very lately, that by an uneasy Course of Physic, I hope, I have in some Sort overcome it.

WE are now in very near Expectation of a Peace; and, your Grace, I hope, will believe it as good a one as the Circumstances of Things would allow. I confess I agree with your Grace, that the great Difficulty was about the Danger of *France* and *Spain* being united under one King. To my Knowledge all possible Means have been taken to secure that Matter; and yet, after all, the weakest Side will be there. Renunciations by *France* have, very justly, so little Credit, that I do not wonder so little Weight is laid on them.

But, *Spain*, we are sure, will, for their own Sakes, enter into all Securities to prevent that Union, and all the Allies must be Guarantees. If you still object, that some Danger still remains, what is to be done? Your Grace is altogether misinformed, if you think that this is at all the Difficulty, which so long made the *Dutch*, untractable. It was nothing less; neither have they once mentioned during all the Negotiations at *Utrecht*, one Syllable of getting *Spain* out of the *Bourbon* Family, or into that of *Austria*, as the
chief

chief Men have assured me, not three Days ago. *Buys* offered last Winter, to ease us immediately of the Trouble we were in by Lord *Nottingham's* Vote, if we would consent to let them share with us in the Advantages we had stipulated with *France*, which Advantages however, did by no Means clash with *Holland*, and were only conditional if Peace should ensue. But, my Lord, we know further, that the *Dutch* made Offers to treat with *France*, before we received any from thence; and were refused, upon the ill Usage they gave Mr. *Torcy* at the *Hague*, and the *Abbe de Polignac*, afterwards at *Gertruydenberg*: And, we know, that *Torcy* would have been forced to apply to them again, if after several Refusals we had not hearkened to their Overtures. What I tell your Grace is infallibly true; and Care shall be taken very soon to satisfy the World in this, and many other Particulars at large, which ought to be known. For, the Kingdom is very much in the Dark after all the Pains hitherto taken to inform it. Your Grace's Conjectures are very right, that a General Peace would not be for our Interest, if we had made ours with *France*. And, I remember a certain great Man used to say two Months ago, *Fight on, fight on, my merry Men all*. I believe likewise that such a Peace would have happened, if the *Dutch* had not lately been more compliant; upon which our Ministers told those of *France*, that since the States were disposed to submit to the Queen, her Majesty must enter into their Interests: And I believe they have as good Conditions as we ever intended

intended they should. *Tournay*, I hope, will be yielded to them : And *Lisle* we never designed they should have. The Emperor will be used as he deserveth, and having payed nothing for the War, shall get nothing by the Peace. We are most concerned, (next to our Regard to *Holland*) for *Savoy* *, and *France* for *Bavaria*. I believe we shall make them both Kings, by the Help of *Sardinia* and *Sicily*. But, I know not how Plans may alter every Day. The Queen's whole Design, as your Grace conjectureth, is to act the Part of a Mediator, and our Advantages, too many to insert here, must be owned very great.

As for an Academy to correct and settle our Language ; Lord Treasurer talketh of it often very warmly ; but, I doubt, is yet too busy until the Peace be over. He goes down to *Windsor* on *Friday* to be chosen of the Garter, with five more Lords †.

I KNOW nothing of Promises of any Thing intended for myself ; but, I thank God, I am not very warm in my Expectation, and know Courts

* VICTOR AMADEUS, Duke of *Savoy*, was made King of *Sicily* by this Treaty.

† HENRY Duke of *Beaufort*, Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners ; JAMES Duke of *Hamilton* and *Brandon*, Master-General of the Ordnance ; HENRY, Duke of *Kent*, JOHN, Earl of *Pawlet*, Lord Steward of the Household ; ROBERT, Earl of *Oxford* and *Mortimer*, Lord High Treasurer of *Great-Britain* ; and THOMAS, Earl of *Strafford*, one of the Plenipotentiaries at *Utrecht*, and first Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, *October* 26, 1712.

too well, to be surprized at Disappointments, which however, I should have no great Reason to fear, if I gave my Thoughts any Trouble that Way, which, without Affectation, I do not ; although I cannot expect to be believed when I say so.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

London, Jan. 3, 1713.

MY LORD,

SINCE I had the Honour of your Grace's Letter we have had a dead Time of News and Politics, and I make a Conscience of writing to you without something that will recompence the Trouble of Reading. I cannot but grant that your Grace, who is at a Distance, and argues from your own Wisdom, and general Observations and Reading, is likely to be more impartial than I, who, in Spight of my Resolutions and Opinion to the Contrary, am forced to converse only with one Side of the World, which fasteneth Prejudices to me, notwithstanding all I can do to avoid them. Your Grace hath certainly hit upon the weak Side of our Peace, but I do not find you have prescribed any Remedies. For, that of limiting *France* to a certain Number of Ships and Troops, was, I doubt, not to be compassed. While that mighty Kingdom remaineth under one Monarch, it will be always in some

some Degree formidable to its Neighbours. But, we flatter ourselves it is likely to be less so than ever, by the Concurrence of many Circumstances too long to trouble you with. But, my Lord, what is to be done? I will go so far with your Grace as to tell you, that some of our Friends are of Opinion with the other Party, that if this last Campaign had gone on with the Conjunction of the *British* Troops, *France* might have been in Danger of being driven to great Extremes. Yet, I confess to you at the same Time, that if I had been first Minister, I should have advised the Queen to pursue her Measures towards a Peace.

SOME Accidents and Occasions have put it in my Way to know every Step of this Treaty better, I think, than any Man in *England*. And, I do assert to your Grace, that if *France* had been closely pushed this Campaign, they would, upon our Refusal, have made Offers to *Holland*, which the Republic would certainly have accepted; and, in that Case, the Interest of *England*, would have been wholly laid aside, as we saw it three years ago, at the *Hague* and *Gertruydenberg*. The Marshal *D'Uxelles*, and * *Mesnager*, two of the *French* Plenipotentiaries were wholly inclined to have begun by the *Dutch*; but the third, *Abbe de Polignac*, who hath most Credit with *Monsieur Torcy*, was for beginning by *England*.

P 2

THERE

* This Gentleman wrote *Minutes* of his *Negotiations* at the Court of *England*, during the four last Years of *Queen ANNE's* Reign, containing many curious Particulars.

THERE was a great Faction in *France* by this Proceeding, and it was a mere personal Resentment in the *French* King and Monsieur *Torcy*, against the States, which hindered them from sending the first Overture there. And, I believe, your Grace will be convinced, by considering that the Demands of *Holland* might be much more easily satisfied than those of *Britain*. The States were very indifferent about the Article of *Spain* being in the *Bourbon* Family, as Monsieur *Buys* publicly owned when he was here, and among others to myself. They valued not the Demolition of *Dunkirk*, the Frontier of *Portugal*, nor the Security of *Savoy*. They abhorred the Thoughts of our having *Gibraltar* and *Minorca*, nor cared what became of our Dominions in *North America*. All they had at Heart was the Sovereignty of *Flanders*, under the Name of a Barrier, and to stipulate what they could for the Emperor to make him easy under their Encroachments. I can further assure your Grace, before any Proposals were sent here from *France*, and ever since, until within these few Months, the *Dutch* have been endeavouring constantly by private Intrigues with that Court, to undermine us, and put themselves at the Head of a Treaty of Peace, which is a Truth that perhaps the World may soon be informed in, with several others that are little known. Besides, my Lord, I doubt, whether you have sufficiently reflected on the Condition of this Kingdom, and the Possibility of pursuing the War at that ruinous Rate. This Argument is not the weaker for being often urged.

urged. Besides, *France* is likely to have a long Minority ; or, if not, perhaps to be engaged in a civil War. And, I do not find that in publick Affairs human Wisdom is able to make Provisions for Futurity, which are not liable to a Thousand Accidents. We have done all we can ; and, for the rest, *curent Posterit*.

SIR *William Temple's* Memoirs, which you mentioned, is his first Part, and was published twenty Years ago ; it is chiefly of the Treaty of *Nimeguen*, and was so well known, that I could hardly think your Grace hath not seen it.

I AM in some Doubt, whether a Fall from a Horse be suitable to the Dignity of an Archbishop. It is one of the chief Advantages in a great Station, that one is exempt from common Accidents of that Kind. The late * King indeed got a Fall ; but, his Majesty was a Fox-hunter. I question whether you can plead any Precedent to excuse you ; and, therefore, I hope, you will commit no more such Errors : And, in the mean Time I heartily congratulate with your Grace, that I can railly you upon this Accident.

I AM in some Fear that our Peace will hardly be concluded in several Weeks, by Reason of a certain Incident that could not be foreseen ; neither can I tell whether the Parliament will sit before the Conclusion of the Peace ; because, some Persons differ in their Politicks about the Matter.

* King WILLIAM III. who died by a Fall from his Horse.

Matter. If others were no wiser than I, your Session should not be deferred upon that Account.

I am, with the greatest Respect,

Your Grace's

Most dutiful,

And humble Servant,

LETTER XXIX.

London, March 28, 1713.

My LORD,

ALTHOUGH your Humour of delaying, which is a good Deal in Fashion, might serve me for Authority and Example in not sooner acknowledging your Grace's Letter, I shall not make that Use of it, but naturally tell you that the publick Delay hath been the Cause of mine. We have lived almost these two Months past, by the Week, expecting the Parliament would meet, and the Queen tell them that the Peace was signed. But, unforeseen Difficulties have arisen, partly by some Mistakes in our Plenipotentiaries as well as those of *France*, too long to trouble your Grace with, since we never reckon all will be at an End; and, the Queen hath sent new Powers to *Utrecht*, which her Ministers there must obey, I think, or be left without Excuse. The Peace will be signed with *France*, *Holland*, the Emperor, *Savoy*,
Portugal,

Portugal, and *England*; but, *Spain* hath yet no Minister at *Utrecht*, the *Dutch* making Difficulties about the Duke *D'Ossune's* Passports; but the Marquis *De-Montellion* will soon begin his Journey, at least, he tells me so. However, it is of no great Moment, whether *Spain* cometh in now, or a Month hence, and the Parliament will be satisfied with the rest. People here have grumbled at those Prorogations, until they are weary, but they are not very convenient, considering how many Funds are out, and how late it is in the Year. They think of taking off two Shillings in the Pound from the Land Tax; which, I always argued earnestly against: But, the Court hath a Mind to humour the Country Gentlemen, and the Thing is popular enough; but, then we must borrow upon new Funds, which it will be of the last Difficulty to invent, or to raise. The other Party are employed in spreading a Report most industriously, that the Lord Treasurer intends after the Peace, to declare for the Whigs. They have spread it in *Scotland*, to prepare People for the next Election; and, Mr. *Annesley* told me the other Day, at my Lord Steward's, that he had heard I writ the same to my Friends in *Ireland*; which, as it is wholly without Ground, so the Fact is what I never had the least Belief of, although his Lordship is somewhat of your Grace's Mind, in not refusing to converse with his greatest Enemies; and, therefore he is censured as you say you are, upon the same Account. And, to those who charge him with it, (as some are free enough to do it) he only says his Friends ought

ought to trust him ; and, I have some Reason to believe, that after a Peace, the direct contrary will appear. For my own Part, I entirely agree with your Grace, that a free Man ought not to confine his Converse to any one Party ; neither would I do so, if I were free ; but, I am not, and, perhaps, much less is a great Minister in such a Juncture as this. Among many Qualities I have observed in the Treasurer, there is one, which is something singular, that he will be under an Imputation, how wrong soever, without the Pains of clearing himself to his nearest Friends, which is owing to great Integrity, great Courage, or great Contempt of Censure. I know he hath abundance of the two last, and I believe he has the first.

YOUR Grace's Observations on the *French* Dexterity in Negotiation, as well as their ill Faith, are certainly right ; but, let both be as great as possible, we must treat with them one Time or other ; and, if Ministers will not be upon their Guard, against such notorious Managers, they are altogether inexcusable. But, I do assure your Grace, that as it hath fallen in my Way, to know more of the Steps of this whole Treaty, than perhaps any one Man besides, I cannot see that any Thing in the Power of human Prudence, under many difficult Conjunctions, hath been omitted. We have been forced to conceal the best Side, which I agree hath been unfortunate and unpopular ; but, you will please to consider, that this Way of every Subject interposing their Sentiments upon the Management of foreign Negotiations, is
a very

a very new Thing among us, and the suffering it, hath been thought in the Opinion of wise Men, too great a Strain upon the Prerogative; especially, giving a Detail of Particulars, which, in the Variety of Events, cannot be ascertained during the Course of a Treaty.—I could easily answer the Objection of your Grace's Friends, in relation to the *Dutch*, and why they made those Difficulties at the *Hague* and at *Gertruydenberg*. And when the whole Story of these two last intriguing Years comes to be published, the World will have other Notions of our Proceedings. This, perhaps, will not be long unfold; and might already have been, if other People had been no wiser than I. After all, my Lord, I grant, that from a distant View of Things, abundance of Objections may be raised against many Parts of our Conduct. But, the Difficulty which gave room to these Objections, are not seen, and perhaps some of them will never appear, neither may it be convenient they should. If, in the End, it appears, that we have made a good Bargain for you, we hope, you will take it, without entering too nicely into the Circumstances. I will not undertake to defend our Proceedings against any Man, who will not allow this Postulatum, that it was impossible to carry on the War any longer; which, whoever denies, either hath not examined the State of the Nation with respect to its Debts, or denies it from the Spirit of Party. When a Friend of mine objected this to Lord *Nottingham*, he freely confessed, it was a Thing

he had never considered. But however, he would be against any Peace without *Spain*; and why? because he was not Privy Seal. But then, why doth he vote with the Whigs in every Thing else, although Peace hath no Concern? because he was not Privy Seal. I hope, my Lord, we shall in Time unriddle you many a dark Problem, and let you * see, that Faction, Rage, Rebellion, Revenge, and Ambition, were deeply rooted in the Hearts of those who have been the great Obstructors of the Queen's Measures, and of the Kingdom's Happiness; and, if I am not mistaken, such a Scene may open, as will leave the present Age, and Posterity, little Room to doubt, who were the real Friends and real Enemies of their Country. At the same Time, I know nothing is so rash as predicting upon the Events of publick Councils, and I see many Accidents, very possible to happen, which may soon defeat all my wise Conjectures.

I am, my Lord,
Your Grace's
Most dutiful, and
Most obedient humble Servant,

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* Vide the History of the Peace of *Utrecht*, and the last Sessions of Parliament, Vol. IX.

L E T T E R XXX.

London, April 30, 1713.

My LORD,

I HAD the Honour of your Grace's Letter of the 14th, which at present I cannot answer particularly : I send this to welcome your Grace to the *Bath*, where we conclude you are now arrived, and, I hope, the Design of your Journey is more for Prevention than Cure. I suppose your Grace hath heard, that the Queen hath made Dr. *Sterne* Bishop of *Dromore*, and that I am to succeed him in his Deanry. Dr. *Parnel* *, who is now in Town, writ last Post to your Grace, to desire the Favour of you that he may have my small Prebend : He thinketh it will be some Advantage to come into the Chapter, where it may possibly be in my Power to serve him in a Way agreeable to him, although in no Degree equal to his Merits, by which he hath distinguished himself so much, that he is in great Esteem with the Ministry, and others of the most valuable Persons in this Town. He hath been

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many

* A very eminent Poet, two Volumes of whose Poems are published, the first by Mr. POPE, in the Year 1721, dedicated to ROBERT HARLEY, Earl of *Oxford* and *Mortimer*. The other was printed in *Dublin* in the Year 1758, with the following Title, "The Posthumous Works of Dr. THOMAS PARNELL, late of *Clogher*; containing Poems Moral and Divine; and on other various Subjects."

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

Hoa.

many Years under your Grace's Direction, and hath very good Title to your Favour; so, that I believe it will be unnecessary to add how much I should be obliged to your Grace's Compliance in this Matter: And, I flatter myself, that his being agreeable to me will be no Disadvantage to him in your Grace's Opinion.

I am, with the greatest Respect,
My Lord,
Your Grace's most dutiful, and
Most humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

LETTER XXXI.

London, May 23, 1713.

My LORD,

I HAD the Honour of a Letter from your Grace, the 18th Instant from *Chester*. I was confidently told about three Weeks ago, that your Grace was expected every Day at the *Bath*; and you will find a Letter there as old as that, with a Requisition in Favour of Dr. *Parnel*, who, by his own Merit is in the Esteem of the Chief Ministers here. I am very sensible, that the Loss your Grace hath suffered in the Removal of Dr. *Sterne*, will never be made up by me, upon a great many Accounts; however I shall not yield to him in Respect and Veneration for your Grace's Character and Person; and I return you
my

my most grateful Acknowledgements for the Offer you make me of your Favour and Protection. I think to set out for *Ireland* on *Monday* Seven-night, to be there before the Term endeth, for so they advise me, because the long Vacation follows, in which I cannot take the Oaths, unless at a Quarter Sessions, and I had better have two Chances than one. This will hinder me from paying my Respects to your Grace at the *Bath*; and, indeed my own Health would be better, I believe, if I could pass a few Weeks there: But, my Remedy shall be Riding, and a Sea Voyage. I have been enquiring, and am told your Grace's Cause will hardly come on this Session; but indeed I have been so much out of Order for these ten Days past, that I have been able to do nothing.

As to the Spire * to be erected on *St. Patrick's* Steeple, I am apt to think it will cost more than is imagined; and, I am confident, that no Bricks made in that Part of *Ireland*, will bear being exposed so much to the Air: However, I shall enquire among some Architects here.

I HOPE

* Dr. STERNE, (Predecessor to Dr. SWIFT, as Dean of *St. Patrick's* Cathedral, *Dublin*) afterwards Bishop of *Dromore*, from whence he was translated to the See of *Clogher*, left a Sum of Money to erect a Spire on the Top of that Steeple, which was built a few Years after his Lordship's Death. It is an Octagon of many Feet high, built of white hard Mountain Stone, with a Ball at the Top of it, which may be seen at the Distance of many Miles.

I HOPE your Grace will find a Return of your Health in the Place where you are. I humbly beg your Blessing, and remain with great Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most dutiful,

and most humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

LETTER XXXII.

Trim, July 16, 1713.

My LORD,

I HAVE been about five Weeks in this Kingdom, but so extremely ill with the Return of an old Disorder in my Head, that I was not able to write to your Grace. I have been the greatest Part of that Time at my Country Parish, riding every Day for my Health. I can tell your Grace nothing from *Dublin*, having spent the Days I was there between Business and Physic, and paid no Visits nor received any but one Day; and, I reckon it no great Loss, for, I hear they are all Party-mad; and, it is one Felicity of being among Willows, that one is not troubled with Faction. I hope, you have as little of it at the *Bath*; for, I cannot fancy it doth well with Waters. If your Grace goeth to *London* from the *Bath*, I believe, I may have the Honour of waiting on you, although I shall do all in my
Power

Power to save the Trouble of such a Journey, which neither my Fortune nor my Health will very well bear. I hope, you feel the good Effects of the Place you are in, and I pray God continue your Life for the Good of his Church.

THE other Day Mr. *Thaker*, Prebendary of *Sagard* and Vicar of *Rathcool*, dyed; and, it would be a great Mark of Goodness in your Grace, as well as a personal Favour to me, if you would please to dispose of his Livings in Favour of Mr. *Thomas Warburton*, who hath been many Years my Assistant in the Cure of *Laracor*, hath behaved himself altogether unblameably, and is a Gentleman of very good Learning and Sense. If I knew any one more deserving I would not recommend him, neither would I do it however, because I know your Grace hath a great many Dependants; but, that it will be a great Use to me, to have a Vicar in one of my Rectories, and upon my Deanry, in whom I can confide. I am told the Livings amount to an Hundred and Twenty Pounds a Year at most; and, it may probably happen in my Way to be able to oblige some Friend of yours in a greater Matter, which I shall very readily do.

I am, with the grèatest Respect,
My Lord,
Your Grace's most obedient, and
Most humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

LETTER XXXIII.

London, Oct. 20, 1713.

My LORD,

THE Opportunity I had of a Ship was so sudden, that I had not Time to receive your Grace's last Commands, or pay my Respects, which it was my Duty and Inclination to do; and, as for writing, I have always told your Grace, that I could not set about it with a good Conscience, until I were provided with Matter enough for your Trouble of Reading. We are outwardly pretty quiet during this Interval of Parliament; but, I will not answer what Seeds are sowing to make the next Spring produce better Fruit. There are several Reasons impossible for me to tell at this Distance, why I shall not be so good a Correspondent as I have formerly been, but may probably serve to entertain you a Year or two hence: For, the Fashion of this World passeth away; and there is nothing of so little Consequence as the greatest Court Secrets when once the Scene is changed. I said to somebody when I was last in *Ireland*, who talked to me of the Advantage and Felicity I had in the Familiarity of great Ministers, that it was well enough while it continued a Vanity; but, as soon as it ceased to be a Vanity, it began to be a Vexation of Spirit. I have some Thoughts of passing this Winter at the *Bath*, because my Health requireth it, and because I shall then be at a pretty equal Distance from the Factions on both

both Sides the Water ; for, it is not impossible your Grace may have a warm Winter.

I HAVE had some Letters, particularly from Dr. *Synge*, and Mr. Archdeacon *Walls*, about my being Prolocutor. I have this Post writ my Thoughts upon that Subject to Mr. *Walls*, and to save you the Trouble, have desired him to communicate them to your Grace. Our Elections for the City still continue : I was this Afternoon at *Guild-hall*. I find three of the oldest Members, and *Witbers*, who is the lowest, telleth me, he doth not despair of carrying it for himself. There is Abundance of Artifice (to give it the softest Word) used on both Sides.

I CAME Yesterday from *Windsor*, where I saw the Queen in very good Health, which she findeth there more than any where else, and I believe will hardly remove until *December*. I believe my Lord † Lieutenant will be landed before this Letter cometh to your Hands: He is the finest Gentleman we have, and of an excellent Understanding, and Capacity for Business: If I were with your Grace I would say more, but leave it to your own Sagacity.

I WILL only venture to say one Thing relating to *Ireland*, because I believe it will be of Use that your Grace should know it. If your House of Commons should run into any Violences, disagreeable to us here, it will be of the worst Consequences imaginable to that Kingdom: For I

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know

† CHARLES TALBOT, Duke of *Shrewsbury*, Earl of *Waterford* and *Wexford*.

know no Maxim more strongly maintained at present in our Court, than that her Majesty ought to exert her Power to the utmost, upon any Uneasiness given on your Side to herself or her Servants : Neither can I answer, that even the legislative Power here may not take Cognizance of any Thing that may pass among you, in Opposition to the Persons and Principles that are now favoured by the Queen. Perhaps I am gone too far ; and therefore shall end without any Ceremony,

Your Grace's, &c.

Direct to me under Cover, to
Erasmus Lewis, Esq; at Mr.
 Secretary *Bromley's* Office at
Whitehall.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

London, Sept. 31, 1713.

My LORD,

YOUR Grace's Letter which I received but last Post, is of an earlier Date than what have since arrived. We have received the Address for removing the Chancellor*, and the counter Addresses from the Lords and Convocation ; and, you will know, before this reacheth you, our Sentiments of them here. I am at a Loss what

* Sir CONSTANTINE PHIPPS, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland.

what to say in this whole Affair. When I writ to you before, I dropt a Word on Purpose for you to take Notice of ; that our Court seemed resolved to be very firm in their Resolutions about *Ireland*. I think it impossible for the two Kingdoms to proceed long upon a different Scheme of Politicks. The Controversy with the City I am not Master of : It took its Rise before I ever concerned myself in the Affairs of *Ireland*, further than to be an Instrument of doing some Services to the Kingdom, for which I have been ill requited. But, my Lord, the Question with us here is, whether there was a Necessity, that the other Party should be a Majority ? There was put into my Hands a List of your House of Commons, by some who know the Kingdom well : I desired they would (as they often do here) set a Mark on the Names of those who would be for the Ministry, I found they amounted to one hundred and forty-three, which I think comes within an Equality : Twenty Names besides they could not determine upon : So that suppose eight to be of the same Side, there would be a Majority by one : But, besides we reckon, that the first Number, one hundred and forty-three, would easily rise to a great Majority, by the Influence of the Government, if that had been thought fit. This is Demonstration to us ; for the Government there hath more Influence than the Court here ; and, yet our Court carried it for many Years against a natural Majority, and a much greater one, I shall not examine the Reasons among you for proceeding otherwise ; but, your Grace will find,

that we are determined upon the Conclusion, which is, that *Ireland* must proceed on the same Foot with *England*. I am of Opinion, my Lord, that nothing could do more Hurt to the Whig Party in both Kingdoms, than their Manner of proceeding in your House of Commons. It will confirm the Crown and Ministry, that there can be no safety, while those People are able to give Disturbance ; and, indeed the Effects it hath already produced here are hardly to be believed : Neither do we here think it worth our while to be opposed and encourage our Enemies only for 70,000 *l.* a Year ; to supply which, it may not be hard to find other Expedients ; and, when there shall be Occasion for a Parliament, we are confident a new one may be called with a Majority of Men in the Interest of the Queen and Church ; for, when the present Majority pretends to regard either, we look upon such Professions to signify no more than if they were penned by my Lord *Wharton*, or Mr. *Molesworth* *. I have suffered very much for my Tenderness to some Persons of that Party, which I still preserve ; but, I believe, it will not be long in my Power to serve those who may want it. It would be endless to recount to your Grace the Reproaches that have been made me on Account of your Neighbour.

It is but too true, my Lord, we do not care to be troubled with the Affairs of *Ireland* ; but, there being no War, nor Meeting of Parliament, we have

* Created Lord Viscount *Molesworth* by King GEORGE I.

have Leisure at present: Besides, we look on ourselves, as touched in the tenderest Part. We know this Whig Party are preparing to attack us next Sessions, and their prevailing in *Ireland*, would, we think, be a great Strength and Encouragement to them here: Besides, our Remissness would dishearten our Friends, and make them think, we acted a trimming Game: There are some Things which we much wonder at, as they are represented: The Address for removing the Chancellor is grounded upon two Facts; in the former of which he was only concerned with several others. The Criminal was poor and penitent; and a *Noli prosequi* was no illegal Thing. As to *Moore's* Business, the Chancellor's Speech on that Occasion hath been transmitted hither, and seemeth to clear him from the Imputation of prejudging. Another Thing we wonder at, is to find the Commons in their Votes approve the sending for the Guards, by whom a Man was killed. Such a Thing, would they say, look monstrous in *England*.

YOUR Grace seemeth to think, they would not break on Money Matters; but, we are taught another Opinion, that they will not pass the great Bill until they have Satisfaction about the Chancellor; and, what the Consequence of that will be, I suppose, you may guess from what you know by this Time.

My Lord, we can judge no otherwise here than by the Representations made to us. I sincerely look upon your Grace to be Master of as much Wisdom and Sagacity as any Person I have known,

known, and from my particular Respect to you and your great Abilities, shall never presume to censure your Proceedings, until I am fully apprized of the Matter. Your Grace is looked upon here as altogether in the other Party, which I do not allow when it is said to me. I conceive you to follow the Dictates of your Reason and Conscience; and, whoever does that, will, in publick Management, often differ as well from one Side as another.

As to myself, I take *Ireland* to be the worst Place to be in while the Parliament sits, and probably I may think the same of *England* in a Month or two. I have few Obligations (further than personal Friendship and Civilities) to any Party: I have nothing to ask for but a little Money to pay my Debts, which I doubt, they never will give me; and wanting Wisdom to judge better, I follow those who I think, are most for preserving the Constitution in Church and State, without examining whether they do so from a Principle of Virtue, or of Interest.

LETTER XXXV.

Dublin, Nov. 13, 1716.

MY LORD,

THE Reason I never gave your Grace the Trouble of a Letter, was, because it could only be a Trouble without either Entertainment or Use; for, I am so much out, even of this little World, that I know not the commonest Occurrences

rences in it ; neither do I now write to your Grace upon any Sort of Business, for I have nothing to ask but your Blessing and favourable Thoughts ; only I conceived it ought not to be said, that your Grace was several Months absent in *England*, without one Letter from the Dean to pay his Respects. My Schemes are all circumscribed by the Cathedral, and the Liberties about it, where nothing of Moment hath happened since your Grace left it, except the Election of Mr. *Chamberlain* to St. *Nicholas*, which passed quietly, while I was absent in the Country. I am purchasing a Glebe by the Help of Trustees for the Vicarage of *Laracor* ; and, I had Vanity enough to desire it might be expressed by a Clause in the Deeds, as one Consideration, that I had been instrumental in procuring the first Fruits ; which was accordingly inserted ; but, Hints were given it would not pass. The then Bishops of *Ossory* and *Killaloe* had, as I am told, a Sum of Money for their Labour in that Affair, who, upon my Arrival at *London*, to negotiate it, were one of them gone to *Bath*, and the other to *Ireland* : But, it seemeth more reasonable to give Bishops Money for doing nothing, than a private Clergyman Thanks for succeeding, where Bishops have failed. I am only sorry I was not a Bishop, that I might at least, have got Money. The Tory Clergy here seem ready for Conversion, provoked by a Parcel of obscure Zealots in *London*, who, as we hear, are setting up a new Church of *England* by themselves. By our Intelligence it seemeth to be a Complication
of

of as much Folly, Madneſs Hypocriſy and Miſtake, as ever was offered to the World. If it be underſtood ſo on your Side, I cannot but think, there would be a great Opportunity of regaining the Body of the Clergy to the Interſt of the Court; who, if they were perſuaded by a few good Words to throw off their Fears, could never think of the Pretender without Horror, under whom it is obvious, that thoſe Refiners would have the greateſt Credit, and conſequently every Thing be null ſince the Time of the Revolution, and more Havock made in a few Months, than the moſt deſponding among the Tories can juſtly apprehend from the preſent Management in as many Years. Theſe, at leaſt, are, as I am told, the Thoughts and Reasonings of the High-Church People among us: But, whether a Court, in the Miſt of Strength and Security will conceive it worth their While to cultivate the Diſpoſitions of People in the Duſt, is out of my Reach.

THE Biſhop of *Dromore* hath never been in Town ſince he went to his Dioceſe, nor doth he ſay any Thing of coming up. He is in good Health.

I WAS told, a Week or two ago, a confuſed Story of the Anatomy Lecturer at the College turned out by the Provost *, and another put in his Place. I know not the Particulars; but, am aſſured, he is blamed for it, both by the Prince and your Grace. I take the Provost to be a very honeſt Gentleman, perfectly good natured, and the

* REV. DR. PRATT, afterwards Dean of *Downe*.

the least inclined to speak ill of others, of almost any Person I have known. He hath very good Intentions; but, the Defect seemeth to be, that his Views are short, various and sudden; and, I have Reason to think, he hardly ever maketh Use of any other Counsellor than himself. I talked to him of this Matter since it was done, and, I think, his Answers satisfied me; but, I am an ill Retainer of Facts, wherein I have no Concern; my humble Opinion is, that it would be much to his own Ease, and of theirs who dislike him, if he were put into another Station; and, if you will not afford him a Bishoprick, that you will let him succeed some rich Country Dean. I dare be confident that the Provost had no other End in changing the Lecturer than a Design of improving Anatomy as far as he could; for, he would never have made such a Step as chusing the Prince* Chancellor, but from a Resolution of keeping as fair as he possibly could with the present Powers, in Regard both to his Ease and his Interest; and, in Hopes of changing a Post, wherein to say the Truth, he hath been used by Judges and Governors like any Dog, and hath suffered more by it in his Health and Honour, than I, with his patrimonial Estate would think it were worth. Here hath been one *Whittingham*, in an Ordination Sermon, calling the Clergy a

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* GEORGE, Prince of *Wales*, afterwards King GEORGE II.

thousand dumb Dogs, and treating Episcopacy as bad as *Boyse**; yet, no Notice at all shall be taken of this, unless to his Advantage upon the next vacant Bishoprick, and Wagers are laid already, whether he or one *Monk* will be the Man. But, I forget myself, and therefore shall only add, that I am, with Respect and Truth,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

And most humble Servant.

JON. SWIFT,

LETTER XXXVI.

Trim, Dec. 22, 1716.

My Lord,

I HAVE been here some Days to finish the Purchase of a Glebe for my Country Parish. I have prevailed on a Country Gentleman to alienate 20 Acres for 200*l.* to be had from the Trustees of the First Fruits. He then sets me 20 Acres more for 999 Years. Upon these last 20 Acres, I am, by Agreement, to lay out the said 200*l.* in Building, and to give the Gentlemen immediately 55*l.* out of my own Pocket to pay him 14*l.* *per Ann.* for ever, which

* An eminent dissenting Teacher, Minister of *Wood-street* Meeting-house in *Dublin*, who wrote several Tracts in Favour of Dissenters.

which is near the Value of the whole forty Acres; these last 20 Acres, after I have built and improved, I design to leave my Successors†; who will then have 40 Acres of good Glebe, with House, Gardens, &c. for 14*l.* per Ann. I reckon to lay out of my own Money, about 250*l.* and so to be an humble Imitator of your Grace, *longo interallo*. This Expedient was a Project of Dr. Raymond, Minister of this Town, to deal with a Jew who would not lessen his Rent-Roll to save all the Churches in Christendom; Dr. Coghill and every Body else, approves the Thing since it is a good Bargain to the Church, a better to the Gentleman, and only a bad one to myself; and, I hope, your Grace will have the same Thoughts.

SINCE I came down here, I received the Honour of a large, and therefore an agreeable Letter from your Grace, of Nov. 22. I have Reason to think myself hardly dealt with by those of the Side in Power who will not think I deserve any Place in your good Thoughts; when, they cannot but know, that while I was near the late Ministry, I was a common Advocate for those they call the Whigs, to a Degree, that a certain great Minister told me, I had always a Whig in my Sleeve; neither did I ever fail to interpose in any Case of Merit or Compassion, by which Means, several Persons in *England*, and some in this Kingdom kept their Employments: For, I cannot re-

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† See the Author's Will, Vol. XI.

member my Lord *Oxford* ever refused me a Request of that Kind. And, for the rest, your Grace may very well remember, that I had the Honour of corresponding with you, during the whole Period, with some Degree of Confidence. Because, I know your Grace had wished the same Things, but differed only in Opinion about the Hands that should effect them: It was, on Account of this Conduct, that certain warm Creatures of this Kingdom, then in *London*, and not known to your Grace, had the Assurance to give me broad Hints that I was providing against a Change; and, I observe, those very Men, are now the most careful of all others to creep as far as they can out of Harm's Way.

THE System of new Zealots, which your Grace extracted, must be very suitable to my Principles, who was always a Whig in Politicks. I have been told, that upon the Death of the last Non-juring Bishop, *Dodwell*, and his Followers, thought the Schism at an End. My Notion was, that these People began to set up again upon Despair of their Cause, by the Rebellion* being brought to an End, else their Politicks are, if possible, worse than their Divinity. Upon the whole it is clear, that the Game is entirely in the Hands of the King and his Ministers; and, I am extremely glad of your Grace's Opinion, that it will

* The Rebellion in *Scotland*, in the Year 1715, in Favour of the Pretender.

will be played as it ought: Or, if we must suffer for a Name, however, I had rather be devoured by a Lion than a Rat.

THAT Maxim of the injuring Person never forgiving the Person injured, is, I believe, true in Particulars, but of no Communities. I cannot but suppose that the Clergy thought there were some Hardships and Grounds for Fears, otherwise they must be very wicked, or very mad; to say more would be to enter into Dispute upon a Party Subject: A Dog, or a Horse knows when he is kindly treated: And, besides, a wise Administration will endeavour to remove the vain, as well as the real Fears of those they govern.

I SAW the Provost Yesterday in this Neighbourhood, and had some little Talk with him upon the Occasion of the Bishop of *Killalla's* Death; I believe he would accept of the Deanry of *Derry*, if Dr. *Bolton*, the Dean, should be promoted; but, I said nothing of it to him; I believe he hath wrote to Mr. *Molyneux* *. I find, since he cannot be trusted with a Bishoprick, that he desires to leave his Station with as good a Grace as he can; and, that it may be thought that what he shall get is only to get rid of him. I said, in general, that such a Circumstance, as Things stood, was hardly worth the Quiet of a Man's whole Life,

* Samuel Molyneux, Esq; a Gentleman of great Abilities and large Property in *Ireland*, Secretary to the Prince of *Wales*, Chancellor of the University of *Dublin*.

Life, and so we parted, only with telling him, I intended to write to your Grace in Answer to a Letter I had from you.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

Dublin, March 9, 1716-17.

My Lord,

I HAD Yesterday the Honour of a Letter from your Grace, wherein you first mention Mr. *Duncan's* Accident, who, as it falls out, is quite recovered, and they say, is since better of his *Asthma*: I believe, whenever he dieth, I shall be in some Difficulties, although I am wholly indifferent who may succeed him, provided he may be a deserving Person; unless I might say, that my Inclinations are a little turned to oblige Mr. *Dopping**, on Account of his Brother, for whom I have always had a very great Esteem. It will be impossible for me to carry any Point against that great Majority of the Chapter, who are sure to oppose me; whenever Party interferes; and, in those Cases, I shall be very ready to change my Nomination, only chusing those I least dislike among such as they will consent to; wherein, I hope, I shall have your Grace's Approbation.

ABOUT

* DR. ANTHONY DOPPING, afterwards Bishop of *Offory*.

ABOUT a Week ago I wrote to your Grace in Relation to the Provost*. My Lord Bishop of *Dromore*, Dr. *Coghill*, and I, were Yesterday using our Rhetorick to no Purpose. — The Topick he perpetually adheres to, is, that the Court offers him a Deanry; because, they look upon him to be a Man, they cannot trust, which, he says, affecteth his Reputation. That he professeth to be as true to the present King, as any Person in Employment: That he hath always shewn himself so: That he was sacrificed by the Tories in the late Reign on Account of the Dispute in the *College* and other Matters: That he publicly argues, and appears against the same Party now, upon all Occasions; and, expecteth as little Favour from them, if ever they should come into Power, as any Man now in Employment. As to any Hints dropped to him of any Danger or Uneasiness from Parliament or Visitation, he declareth himself perfectly safe and easy; and, if it might not effect the Society, he should be glad of such Enquiries, in order to vindicate himself: That he should like the Deanry of *Down* full as well, and perhaps better than the Bishoprick of *Dromore*, provided the Deanry was given him in such a Manner, and with some Favour and Approbation, that the World would not think he was driven into it as a Man whom the King could not trust; and, if any such Method could be thought on, he would readily accept it. That he

he was very sensible, he should be much happier in the other Station, and much richer, and which weighs with him more, that it would be much for the present Interest of the *College* to be under another Head: But, that the Sense of his own Loss of Credit, prevails with him above all Considerations; and, that he hopeth, in some Time, to convince the World, and the Court too, that he hath been altogether misrepresented.

THIS is the Sum of his Reasoning, by all I could gather after several Conversations with him, both alone, and with some of his best Friends, who all differ from him, as he allows most of his Acquaintance do. I am no Judge of what Consequence his Removal may be to the Service of the *College*, or of any Favours to be shewn it. But, I believe it would be no difficult Matter to find a Temper in this Affair: For Instance, (I speak purely my own Thoughts;) if the Prince would graciously please to send a favourable Message by his Secretary, to offer him the Deanry, in such a Manner as might answer the *Provost's* Difficulty, I cannot but think your Grace might bring such a Thing about: But, that I humbly leave to your Grace.

My Lord Bishop of *Dromore* received Letters Yesterday, from your Grace, and the Bishop of *Derry*, with an Account of his succeeding to *Clogher*, of which, I am sure, all Parties will be exceeding glad.

I WISH your Grace a good Journey to the
Bath,

from Dr. S W I F T. 137

Bath, and a firm Establishment of your Health there.

I am with the greatest Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most dutiful, and

Most humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

NOT knowing but your Grace might be gone to the *Bath*, I have mentioned something of the *Provost's* Affairs in a Letter this Post, to my Lord Bishop of *Derry*.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Dublin, March 22, 1717.

My Lord,

YOUR Grace's Letter was a long Time before it reached me; for, I was several Weeks in the Country, dispatching the Affair of the Glebe, which, however, is not yet quite finished. Your Grace doth rightly conceive the Nature of my Purchase, and that I am likely to be 200*l.* poorer for it, only I shall endeavour to lose by Degrees, which is all I have for it. I shall endeavour, as much as I can, to prevent the Evil you foresee, of my Successors neglecting my Improvements, and letting them all go to Ruin. I shall take the best Advice I can, and leave them to be Fools as well as Knaves if they do so; for, I shall

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make so many Plantations and Hedges, that the Land will let for double the Value; and, after all, I must leave something to Fortune.

As to what your Grace mentions of a Practice in the late Reign, of engaging People to come into the Queen's Measures, I have a great deal to say on that Subject, not worth troubling you with at present; further, than that I am confident those who pretend to say most of it, are conscious their Accusation is wrong: But, I never love myself so little as when I differ from your Grace; nor, do I believe I ever shall do it, but where I am Master of the Fact, and your Grace hath it only by Report.

I HAVE been speaking much to the Provost about the Deanry of *Derry*, or whatever other Employment under a Bishoprick may be designed him upon these Promotions. I find Dr. *Coghill** hath been upon the same Subject with him, but he is absolutley positive to take nothing less at present; and, his Argument is, that whatever shall be given him now, beneath the Station his Predecessors were called to, will be a Mark of his lying under the Displeasure of the Court, and that he is not to be trusted; whereas, he looketh upon himself to have acted with Principles as loyal to the present Government, as any the King employs. He doth not seem to dislike either the Deanries

* MARMADUKE COGHILL, L. L. D. Judge of the Prerogative Court, afterwards a Privy Counsellor, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Commissioner of the Revenue.

Deanries of *Derry* or *Down*, but is persuaded it will reflect upon his Reputation; and, unless it could be contrived that he might have some Mark of Favour and Approbation along with such a Preferment, I believe your Grace may be assured he will not accept it. I only repeat what he says to me, and what I believe he will adhere to.

FOR my own Part, who am not so refined, I gave my Opinion, that he should take what was given him; but, his other Friends differ from me, and, for aught I know, they may be in the right; and, if the Court thinketh it of Consequence, that the present Provost should be removed, I am not sure but a Way may be found out of saving his Credit, which is all he seemeth to require; altho' I am confident, that if he were a Bishop, the Government might be very secure of him, since he seemeth wholly fallen out with the *Tories*, and the *Tories* with him; and, I do not know any Man, who, in common Conversation, talketh with more Zeal for the present Establishment, and against all Opposers of it than he. The only Thing he desireth at present in his discoursing with me is, that no Proposal of a Deanry should be at all made to him, but that he may go on as he is until further Judgment shall be made of him by his future Conduct.

I THOUGHT it proper to say thus much to your Grace, because I did not know whether you and he perfectly understood each other.

I HEAR your Grace intends, this Spring, for the *Bath*. I shall pray for the Good of the Church, that you may then establish your Health.

I am, with the greatest Respect,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

And most humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

Among other Things the Provost argued, that Dr. *Foster* was promoted to a Bishoprick from being a Fellow; and therefore he must conclude, that offering him a less Preferment, is a Mark of Displeasure, with which Circumstance he is determined not to leave his present Station.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Magherlyn, May, 1, 1717.

My Lord,

YOUR Grace's Letter of *March 23d* was brought to me at *Trim*, where I went a Month ago, to finish my Lease, and Purchase for my Country Parish. In some Days after, I met with my Lord Bishop of *Clogher* at *Drogheda*, by Appointment we went together to *Clogher*, where he was enthroned, and after three Days came to this Place, where his Lordship is settling every Thing against the coming of the new Bishop, who is expected here

here next Week. My great Business at *Clogher* was to seduce his Lordship to lay out 2000*l.* in a new House; and, for that End, we rode about to find a Situation. I know not whether I shall prevail, for he hath a Hankering after making Additions to the old one, which I will never consent to, and had rather he would leave all to the Generosity of a Successor. My Notion is, that when a Bishop with good Dispositions happens to arise, it should be every Man's Business to cultivate them. It is no ill Age that produceth two such; and therefore, if I had Credit with your Grace, and his Lordship, it should be all employed in pushing you both upon Works of public Good, without the least Mercy to your Pains or your Purfes. An expert Tradesman makes a few of his best Customers answer not only for those whom he gets little or nothing by, but for all who die in his Debt.

I WILL suppose your Grace hath heard of Mr. *Duncan's* Death. I am sure I have heard enough of it, by a great Encrease of disinterested Correspondents ever since. It is well I am at free Cost for Board and Lodging, else Postage would have undone me. I have returned no Answer to any, and shall be glad to proceed with your Grace's Approbation, which is a less Compliment, because I believe my Chapter are of Opinion I can hardly proceed without it. I desire only two Things; first, that those who call themselves my Friends may have no Reason to reproach me; and, the se-

cond, that in the Course of this Matter, I may have something to dispose of to some one I wish well to.

SOME Weeks before Mr. *Duncan's* Death, his Brother in-Law, Mr. *Lawson*, Minister of *Galtrim*, went for *England*, by Mr. *Duncan's* Consent, to apply for an adjoining Living, called *Kilmore*, in *Duncan's* Possession, and now in the Crown by his Death. I know not his Success, but heartily wish, if it be intended for him, that the Matter may take another Turn. That Mr. *Warren*, who is Landlord of *Galtrim*, might have that Living, and *Kilmore* adjoining, both not 150*l.* and Mr. *Lawson* to go down to Mr. *Warren's* Living in *Clogher* Diocese, worth above 200*l.* But this is all at Random, because I know not whether *Kilmore* may not be already disposed of, for I hear it is in your Grace's Turn.

I HEARD lately from the Provost, who talked of being in the *North* in a Month; but, our *Dublin* Account is, that they know not when the Deanry is to be given him. I do not find any great Joy in either Party, on Account of the Person* who, it is supposed, will succeed him. The wrong Custom of making that Post the next Step to a Bishoprick, hath been, as your Grace says, of ill Consequence; and, altho' as you add, it gives them no Rank, yet they think fit to take it, and make no Scruple of preceding on all Occasions, the best private Clergyman in the Kingdom, which
is

* Rev. Dr. *Richard Baldwin*, who died in Sept. 1759.

from Dr. S W I F T.

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is a Trifle of great Consequence when a Man's Head is possessed with it.

I PRAY God preserve your Grace for the Good of the Church, and the learned World; and, for the Happiness of those whom you are pleased to honour with your Friendship, Favour or Protection. I beg your Grace's Blessing, and remain with the greatest Truth and Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful,
and most humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

L E T T E R XL.

Gallstown near Kinnegad, Sept. 28, 1721.

My Lord,

I HAD the Honour of your Grace's Letter the first Instant; and although, I thought it my Duty to be the last Writer, in corresponding with your Grace, yet I know you are so punctual, that if I should write sooner, it would only be the Occasion of giving you a new Trouble, before it ought in Conscience to be put upon you. Besides, I was in some Pain that your Letter of *Sept. 1*, was not the first you had writ, because about ten Days after, a Friend sent me Word, that your Grace said you had writ to me six Weeks before, and had no Answer; whereas, I can assure your Grace, that I received but one from you, nor had I

T 4.

Reason

Reason to expect it, having not done myself the Honour to write to you before. I will tell you the Secret of dating my Letter, I was in Fear lest the Post should be gone, and so left a Blank, and wisely huddled it up, without thinking of the Date; but, we Country Gentlemen are frequently guilty of greater Blunders; and, in that Article, I grow more perfect every Day.

I BELIEVE you seriously, that you will take Care of your Health, to prevent a Successor; that is to say, I believe you tell Truth in Jest; for, I know it is not the Value of Life, that makes you desire to live, and am afraid the World is much of your Mind; for, it is out of Regard to the Public, or some of themselves, more than upon your own Account, that they wish your Continuance amongst us.

It seems you are a greater Favourite of the Lieutenant's* than you care to own; for, we hear, that he killed but two Bucks, and sent you a Present of one.

I HEAR you are like to be the sole Opposer of the Bank†, and you will certainly miscarry, because it would prove a most perfidious Thing. Bankrupts are always for setting up Banks: How then can you think a Bank will fail of a Majority in both Houses?

You are very perverse, my Lord, in misinterpreting the Ladies Favour, as if you must die

* CHARLES Duke of Grafton.

† At this Time there was a Scheme for a National Bank, which was rejected by Parliament.

die to obtain it; I assure you it is directly contrary, and if you die you will lose their Favour for ever: I am commanded to tell you so; and, therefore, at the Peril of your Life, and of their good Graces, look to your Health.

I HEAR the Bishop of *Bangor**, despairing of doing any good with you, hath taken up with *Hereford*. I am a plain Man, and would be glad at any Time to see Fifty such Bishops hanged, if I could thereby have saved the Life of his Predecessor, for whom I had a great Esteem and Friendship. I do not much approve the Compliments made you by Comparisons drawn from good and bad Emperors, because the Inference falls short on both Sides. If *Julian* had immediately succeeded *Constantine*, it would have been more to the Purpose. Sir *James* of the *Peak*, said to *Bouchier*, the Gamester, "Sirrah, I shall look better than you, when I have been a Month in my Grave." A great Man in *England* was blaming me for despising somebody or other; I assured him, I did not at all despise the Man he mentioned, that I was not so liberal of my Contempt, nor would bestow it where there was not some Degree of Merit. Upon this Principle, I can see no proper Ground of Opposition, between your Grace, and that Wretch of *Bangor*. I have read indeed, that a Dog was once made King of *Norway*, but, I forget who was his Predecessor; and,

* DR. BENJAMIN HOADLY.

and, therefore am at a Loss for the other Part of the Comparison.

I AM afraid the Clatter of Ladies Tongues is no very good Cure for a Giddiness in the Head. When your Grace (as you say) was young, as I am not, the Ladies were better Company, or you more easily pleased. I am perpetually reproaching them for their Ignorance, Affectation, Impertinence, (but my Paper will not hold all*) except Lady *Betty Rochfort*, your old Acquaintance.

I OWN my Head and your Grace's Feet would be ill joined; but give me your Head and take my Feet, and match us in the Kingdom if you can.

MY Lord, I row after Health like a Waterman, and ride after it like a Post-boy, and find some little Success; but, *subeunt morbi, tristisq; senectus*. I have a Receipt to which you are a Stranger; my Lord *Oxford* and Mr. *Prior*, used to join with me in taking it; to whom I have often said; when we were two Hours diverting ourselves with Trifles, *vive la bagatelle*. I am so deep among the Workmen at Mr. *Rochfort's* Canals and Lakes, so dextrous at the Oar, such an Alderman after the Hare——

I AM just now told, from some News-Papers, that one of the King's Enemies, and my excellent Friend Mr. *Prior* is dead; I pray God deliver me from any such Tryals. I am neither

* *Que plurima menti
Fœminæ natura dedit.*

from Dr. S W I F T.

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ther old nor Philosopher enough to be indifferent at so great a Loss, and therefore I abruptly conclude, but with the greatest Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Most dutiful, and

Obedient Servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R XLI.

My Lord,

MR. *Chetwood** intends to deliver in a Petition to the Government To-day, and entreated me to speak to your Grace before he delivered it, which not having an Opportunity to do, I make bold to inclose his Letter, which your Grace may please to read; and, is the Substance of what he desireth me to say. I am, with the greatest Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

and most humble Servant,

J. SWIFT.

Deanry-House,

Feb. 22, 1722-3.

L E T -

* KNIGHTLY CHETWOOD, Esq; who had very good Pretensions to an *English* Peerage; for which he presented several Memorials, but to no Purpose.

LETTER XLII.

My Lord,

YOUR Grace will have received before this comes to your Hands, an Account of the Primate's* Death, who died Yesterday at Twelve o'Clock at Noon. He had left off spitting for about ten Days before, and the Want of that is thought to have been the immediate Cause of his Death, although he eat heartily until the two last Days. He hath left the Bishop of *Kildare*†, and his Steward, Mr. *Morgan*, his Executors, who were both out of Town; but, I suppose, are sent for. Some who formerly belonged to him, think he hath left 40,000*l*; others report he died poor.

THE Vogue is, that your Grace will succeed him, if you please; but, I am too great a Stranger to your present Situation at Court, to know what to judge. But, if there were Virtue enough, I could wish your Grace would accept the Offer, if it should be made you. Because, I would have your Name left to Posterity among the Primates; and, because, entering into a new Station, is entering after a Sort, on a new Lease of Life; and, because, it might be hoped, that your Grace would be advised with about a Successor; and, because, that

Diocese

* Dr. LINDSAY, who was succeeded by Dr. HUGH BOULTER, Bishop of *Bristol*.

† Dr. ELLIS.

from Dr. S W I F T. 149

Diocese would never require your Grace's Ability and Spirit to reform it; and, because,—but I should never be at an End, if I were to number up the Reasons why I would have your Grace in the highest Stations the Crown can give you.

I FOUND all the Papers in the Cabinet relating to Dr. *Stephens's* Hospital, and, therefore, I brought them Home to the Deanry. I opened the Cabinet in the Presence of Mr. *Bouhereau**, and saw one Paper, which proved a Bank Note for 500*l.* the Greatness of the Sum startled me, but, I found it belonged to the same Hospital; I was in Pain because Workmen were in the Room and about the House; I therefore went this Morning to St. *Sepulchre's*, and in the Presence of Mrs. *Green*†, I took away the Note, and have secured it in my Cabinet, leaving her my Receipt for it, and am very proud to find that a Scrip under my Hand will pass for 500*l.* I wish your Grace a good Journey to the Establishment of your Health, and am with the greatest Respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

And most humble Servant,

Dublin, July 14, 1724.

JON. SWIFT.

Some

* A French Clergyman.

† The Archbishop's Housekeeper,

Some People through Ignorance, and others from Envy, having been imposed on, it hath been reported, and even published, that the Editor of *Swift's Works* had not any Acquaintance with the Author ; and particularly Dr. *Hawkefworth*, a Gentleman of Genius and Merit, was also led into this Mistake by some *London* Bookseller : Mr. *Faulkner* is therefore obliged, in Vindication of his Character, to publish some of the Dean's Letters to him, to convince the World of the favourable Opinion he had of him, and the Friendship and Confidence he was pleased to honour him with. The Originals of which, and many other Letters, may be seen with him.

Some of the things I have seen and heard
of late, and which I have thought
worth recording, are as follows:—
The first of these is, that the
people of the country are much
more intelligent than they were
formerly, and that they are
beginning to take an interest
in the progress of the world.
The second is, that the
people are much more
friendly to the cause of
the oppressed, and that they
are beginning to take an
interest in the progress of
the world.

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

Mr. Faulkner,

WITHOUT the least Regard to your Wager, I do assure you, upon my Word and Reputation, that I am not Author of one single Line or Syllable of that Pamphlet, called, *An infallible Scheme to pay the Debts of the Nation*; and, as it is a very unjust, so it is equally an imprudent and fallible Proceeding, to pronounce determinately on our Taste of Knowledge of Style, or Manner of Writing, where very good Judges are often deceived, and in this Case, few Men have suffered so much as myself, who have borne the Reproach of many hundred printed Papers which I never saw. I do likewise protest in the same Manner, that I did not write the Epigram upon *Taylor**, nor heard of it until Mr. *Pilkington* shewed it me in Manuscript.

Therefore, pray desire your Wagerer from me, to be more cautious in determining on such Matters, and not to venture the Loss of his Money and Credit, with so much Odds against him.

I am,

Your affectionate Servant,

Deanry-House,

J. SWIFT.

Mar. 29, 1732.

If this Fancy should hold, of taxing me with all the Papers that come out, and at the same Time I should take a Fancy to be a Writer, I shall be discovered when I have no Mind, for it will be only to catechise me whenever I am suspected.

LETTER II.

To the Earl of Oxford *.

Dublin, Feb. 16, 1733.

My Lord,

THE Bearer, Mr. Faulkner, the Prince of Dublin Printers, will have the Honour to deliver you this. He tells me your Lordship was so gracious as to admit him into your Presence, and receive him with great Condescension, which encouraged him to hope for the

* This Nobleman, Edward Harley, was only Son to Robert, Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain, who died May 21, 1724.

from Dr. S W I F T. 155

the same Favour again, by my Mediation, which I could not refuse. Although, for his own Profit, he is engaged in a Work that very much discontents me, yet I would rather have it fall into his Hands, than any others on this Side.

I AM just recovered, in some Degree, of two cruel Indispositions of Giddiness and Deafness, after seven Months. I have got my Hearing, but the other Evil hangs still about me, and I doubt will never quite leave me, until I leave it.

I HOPE your Lordship, and Lady Oxford* and Lady Margaret†, continue in perfect Health. I pray God preserve you all, for the Good of your Friends, and your Country.

I am, with entire Respect and Esteem,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And most obliged Servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER III.

Mr. Faulkner,

I Desire Mrs. Pilkington will deliver you the Papers relating to *Gulliver*, which I left with her Husband. For, since you intend to print

U 2

* Lady *Henrietta Cavendish Holles*, only Daughter and Heir of his Grace *John Holles*, Duke of *Newcastle*, was married to his Lordship the 31st of October, 1713.

† This Lady was married to *William Bentinck*, Duke of *Portland*, July 11, 1734.

print a new Edition of that Book, I must tell you, that the *English* Printer made several Alterations which I much disapprove of, and cannot set them Right without those Papers.

If I am not mistaken, Mr. *Pilkington* hath an Edition of *Gulliver*, where the true original Copy is interleaved in Manuscript; I desire I may also see that Book.

I am,

Your humble Servant,

June 29, 1733.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER IV.

To his Grace the Lord Archbishop of *Cashell**.

Dublin, August 14, 1735.

My Lord,

THE Bearer, Mr. *Faulkner*, our famous Printer, goes in an Hour to see *Kilkenny*, and *Cashell*, to gather up his Country Debts: Ten to one your Grace may owe him a Dozen Shillings, and your Town Coffee-house (if you have one) a Dozen more. But, his Pretences to me for writing, are, the Honour of being admitted to your Grace by a Line in my Hand. I am not in Fear of his shaming me as others have done; however, I would not have you leave your Manuscripts scattered about your Room, for he would be terribly tempted to beg them, and return them back
next

from Dr. S W I F T. 157

next Winter in four Volumes, as he served me; although I never let him touch or see one. He has the Name of an honest Man, and hath good Sense and Behaviour. I have ordered him to mark narrowly whatever you are doing, as a Prelate, an Architect, a Country Gentleman, a Politician, and an Improver; and to bring me a faithful Account when he returns; but chiefly about your Health; and what Exercise you make Use of to encrease or preserve it. But he is in Haste to be gone, and I am forced to conclude.

I am, with the greatest Respect,
my Lord, your Grace's
most obedient humble Servant,
J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R V.

To the Right Honourable Lord *Howth*.

Dublin, August 14, 1735.

My Lord,

THE Bearer, Mr. *Faulkner*, came to me just an Hour before he was taking a Journey to *Kilkenny* and *Cashell*, and desired I would write by him to your Lordship, and the Archbishop, only to let your Lordship know, that he is an honest Man, and the chief Printer, and that I know him and treat him with Indulgence, because I cannot help it. For although he printed, what I never would have

done, yet he got the Consent of my Friends, and so I shall get nothing by being angry with him. He hopeth, as a Citizen, to be admitted to you Lords and Ladies in the Country, and I am contented you shall make him welcome; but take Care you put no Manuscripts in his Hands; otherwise, perhaps there will be the Works of the Right Hon. &c. and of my Lady and the Giant*, neatly bound, next Winter. My Lady *Acheson* hath not been well since she left the Town; but, her Mother is almost perfectly cured, except the Loss of her Eye. I owe my Lady *Howth* a Letter, I believe. I desire my most humble Service to her and the Giant. I have Time to say no more, but, that I am,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER VI.

Mr. Faulkner,

I AM answering a Letter I had from Mr. *Pape*, when I was at *Cavan*. My Absence and Sickneſs, ſince I retired, have hindered me from writing to him. He complains of his Unluckineſs that you could never find him at Home, which he ſays, ſince his Mother's Death, he is often abſent from. I here will transcribe

* A very tall young Lady, nearly related to Lord *Howth*.

transcribe a Paragraph which relates to you, and I desire you will return an Answer to it, Time enough for me to send a Letter To-night, and I will insert the Sum of it.

"As to his (Mr. *Faulkner*) Design about my Works, I beg you will desire him to postpone it, until he sees the Duodecimo Edition of them here, with the first Volume, published by *Lintot*: For, that joined to the rest by *Gilliver**, will make the compleatest hitherto extant, and is revised by me. I guess they will be out about *Christmas*."

PRAY let me know what Answer I shall make to Mr. *Pope*: Write it down and send it by any Messenger, the sooner the better, for I am an ill Writer at Night.

I am, yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

Jan. 8, 1735-6.

I think you may send your Answer by the Bearer, for it need not take above two Lines.

U 4

LET-

* *Lawson Gilliver*, a Bookseller.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. *Benjamin Motte*, Bookseller, in *London*.

Dublin, May 25, 1736.

S I R,

ILATELY received a long Letter from Mr. *Faulkner*, grievously complaining upon several Articles of the ill *Treatment he hath met with from you, and of the many advantageous Offers he hath made you, with none of which you thought fit to comply. I am not qualified to judge in the Fact, having heard but one Side; only one Thing I know, that the cruel Oppressions of this Kingdom by *England* are not to be borne. You send what Books you please hither, and the Booksellers here can send nothing to you that is written here. As this is absolute Oppression, if I were a Bookseller in this Town, I would use all the safe Means to reprint *London* Books, and run them to any Town in *England* that I could, because, whoever neither offends the Laws of God, or the Country he liveth in, committeth no Sin. It was the Fault of you and other Booksellers, who printed any Thing supposed to be mine, that you did not agree with each other to print them together, if you thought they would

† *Motte* filed a Bill in Chancery in *England*, against *Faulkner* for printing *Swift's* Works, to stop the Sale of them there, which made the Author write this Letter.

would sell to any Advantage. I believe I told you long ago, that Mr. *Faulkner* came to me and told me his Intention to print every Thing that my Friends told him they thought to be mine, and that I was discontented at it; but when he urged, that some other Bookseller would do it, and that he would take the Advice of my Friends, and leave out what I pleased to order him, I said no more, but that I was sorry it should be done here.——But, I am so incensed against the Oppressions from *England*, and have so little Regard to the Laws they make, that I do as a Clergyman encourage the Merchants both to export Wool and Woollen Manufactures to any Country in *Europe*, or any where else; and conceal it from the Custom-house Officers, as I would hide my Purse from a Highwayman, if he came to rob me on the Road, although *England* hath made a Law to the contrary: And, so I would encourage our Booksellers here to sell your Authors Books printed here, and send them to all the Towns in *England*, if I could do it with Safety, and Profit; because (I repeat it) it is no Offence against God or the Laws of the Country I live in. Mr. *Faulkner* hath dealt so fairly with me, that I have a great Opinion of his Honesty, although I never dealt with him as a Printer or a Bookseller, but, since my Friends told me, those Things, called mine, would certainly be printed by some Hedge-Bookseller, I was forced to be
passive

passive in the Matter. I have some Things * which I shall leave my Executors to publish after my Decease, and have directed that they shall be printed in *London*. For, except small Papers, and some Treatises writ for the Use of this Kingdom, I always had those of Importance to be published in *London*, as you well know. For my own Part, although, I have no Power any where, I will do the best Offices I can to countenance Mr. *Faulkner*. For, although I was not at all pleased to have that Collection printed here, yet none of my Friends advised me to be angry with him, although if they had been printed in *London* by you and your Partners, perhaps, I might have pretended to some little Profit. Whoever may have the Hazard or Advantage of what I shall leave to be printed in *London* after my Decease, I will leave no other Copies of them here, but Mr. if *Faulkner* should get the first printed Copy, and reprint it here, and send his Copies to *England*, I think he would do as right as your *London* Booksellers who load us with yours. If I live but a few Years, I believe I shall publish some Things that I think are important; but, they shall be printed in *London*, altho' Mr. *Faulkner* were my Brother. I have been very tedious in telling you my Thoughts on this Matter, and so I remain, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

LET-

* Directions to Servants; and the History of the last Session of Queen *Anne*, and the Peace of *Utrecht*, both since printed by G. *Faulkner*.

from Dr. S W I F T.

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L E T T E R VIII.

To the Right Worshipful the Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Common-Council of the City of *Corke*.

Deanry-House, Dublin, August 15, 1737.

Gentlemen,

I Received from you some Weeks ago, the Honour of my Freedom in a Silver Box, by the Hands of Mr. *Stannard**; but, it was not delivered to me in as many Weeks more; because I supposed he was too full of more important Business. Since that Time, I have been wholly confined by Sickness, so that I was not able to return you my Acknowledgement; and it is with much Difficulty I do it now, my Head continuing in great Disorder. Mr. *Faulkner* will be the Bearer of my Letter, who sets out this Morning for *Corke*.

I COULD have wished as I am a private Man, that in the Instrument of my Freedom, you had pleased to assign your Reasons for making Choice of me. I know it is a usual Compliment to bestow the Freedom of a City on an Arch-Bishop or Lord Chancellor, and other Persons of great Titles, merely upon Account of their Stations or Power: But, a private

* *Eaton Stannard*, Esq; then Recorder of *Dublin*, and afterwards made his Majesty's Prime Serjeant at Law, in the Room of *Anthony Malone*, Esq; since promoted to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

private Man, and a perfect Stranger, without Power or Grandeur, may justly expect to find the Motives assigned in the Instrument of his Freedom, on what Account he is thus distinguished. And, yet I cannot discover in the whole Parchment Scrip any one Reason offered. Next, as to the Silver *Box, there is not so much as my Name upon it, or any one Syllable to shew it was a Present from your City. Therefore, I have, by the Advice of Friends, agreeing with my own Opinion, sent back the Box, and Instrument of Freedom by Mr. *Faulkner*, to be returned to you; leaving to your Choice, whether to insert the Reasons for which you were pleased to give me my Freedom, or bestow the Box upon some more worthy Person, whom you may have an Intention to Honour, because it will equally fit every Body.

I am, with true Esteem

And Gratitude, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient, and

Obliged Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

L E T -

* In Consequence of this Letter, there was an Inscription, and the City Arms of *Corke*, engraved on the Box, and Reasons in the Parchment Scrip for presenting him with the Freedom of that City.

from Dr. S W I F T. 165

L E T T E R IX.

A Letter to the Printer from Dr. *Swift*, Dean of St. *Patrick's*, recommending the following Treatise on Tillage.

Deanry-House, Dec. 15, 1737.

Mr. Faulkner,

THE short Treatise that I here send you inclosed, was put into my Hands by a very worthy Person*, of much antient Learning, as well as Knowledge in the Laws of both Kingdoms. He is likewise a most loyal Subject to King *George*, and wholly attached to the *Hanover* Family; and, is a Gentleman of as many Virtues, as I have any where met. However, it seems, he cannot be blind or unconcerned at the mistaken Conduct of his Country in a Point of the highest Importance to its Welfare. He hath learnedly shewn from the Practice of all wise Nations in past and latter Ages, that Tillage was the great Principle and Foundation of their Wealth, and recommends the Practice of it to this Kingdom with the most weighty Reasons. He mentions the prodigious Sums sent out yearly for importing all Sorts of Corn, in the miserable moneyless Condition we now are in, To which I cannot but add, that in reading the Resolutions of this last Session, I have observed in several Papers that the Honourable
House

† *Alexander M' Aulley, Esq.*

House of Commons seem to be of the same Sentiment, although the Encrease of Tillage may be of Advantage to the Clergy, whom I conceive to be as loyal a Body of Men to the present King and Family as any in the Nation : And, by the great Providence of God, it is so ordered, that if the Clergy be fairly dealt with, whatever increaseth their Maintainance, will more largely increase the Estates of the landed Men, and the Profits of their Farmers.

I DESIRE you, Mr. *Faulkner*, to print the following Treatise in a fair Letter, and a good Paper.

I am your faithful Friend
And Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

LETTER X.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

Deanry-House, Dublin, January 6, 1737-8.

S I R,

I HAVE often mentioned to you an earnest Desire I had, and still have, to record the Merit and Services of the Lord-Mayor, *Humphrey French*, whom I have often desired, after his Mayoralty, to give me an Account of many Passages that happened in his Mayoralty, and which he hath often put off on the Pretence of his Forgetfulness, but in Reality of his Modesty:

from Dr. S W I F T.

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deſty: I take him to be a Hero in his Kind, and that he ought to be imitated by all his Succeſſors, as far as their Genius can reach; I deſire you therefore to enquire among all his Friends, whom you are acquainted with, to preſs them to give you the Particulars of what they can remember, not only during the general Conduct of his Life, wherever he had any Power or Authority in the City; but, particularly, from Mr. *Maple*, who was his intimate Friend, who knew him beſt, and could give the moſt juſt Character of himſelf and his Actions.

WHEN I ſhall have got a ſufficient Information of all theſe Particulars, I will, although I am oppreſſed with Age and Infirmities, ſtir up all the little Spirit I can raiſe, to give the Public an Account of that great Patriot; and propoſe him as an Example to all future Magiſtrates in order to recommend his Virtues to this miſerable Kingdom.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

LETTER XI.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

March 8, 1737-8.

SIR,

SOME of my Friends wonder very much at your delaying to publiſh that Treatiſe of *Polite Converſation*, &c. when you ſo often deſired

desired that I should hasten to correct the several Copies you sent me, which, as ill as I have been, and am still, I dispatched as fast as I got them. I expect you will finish it immediately, and send it to me: I hope you have observed all the Corrections. I hear you have not above four or five Pages remaining: I find, People think you are too negligent, and if you delay longer, what you fear may come to pass, that the *English* Edition may come over before you have your own ready.

I am your humble Servant,
JON. SWIFT.

LETTER XII.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

August 31, 1738.

SIR,

I BELIEVE you know that I had a Treatise, called, *Advice to Servants*, in two Volumes. The first was lost, but, this Minute Mrs. *Ridgeway*, brought it to me, having found it in some Papers in her Room; and truly, when I went to look for the second, I could not tell where to find it; if you happen to have it, I shall be glad; if not, the Messenger shall go to Mrs. *Whiteway*.

I am your humble Servant,
JON. SWIFT.
L E T-

Mrs. *Cæsar*, Wife of *Charles Cæsar*, Esq; Member of Parliament for the Borough of *Hertford*, who was committed to the Tower of *London*, Dec. 19, 1705, for some Reflections in the House of *Commons*, on the Earl of *Godolphin*, then Lord High-Treasurer of *England*. In *June*, 1711, Mr. *Cæsar* was appointed Treasurer of the Navy, in the Room of *Robert Walpole*, Esq; afterwards a Knight of the Garter, who was created Earl of *Orford* in *February* 9, 1741. This Lady was also Mother to *Julius Cæsar*, a brave Soldier, now a General in the Service of his Britannick Majesty in *Germany*, *April*, 1762. The Dean corresponded with this Lady, who was remarkable for her good Sense, Friendship and Politeness, and much esteemed by the Nobility and Gentry, and all People of Taste, Genius and Learning, and therefore we imagine the following Letters will be acceptable.

LETTER XIII.

To Mrs. CÆSAR.

MADAM,

A MONG a few little Vexations, such as Beggary, Slavery, Corruption, Ignorance, Want of Friends, Faction, Oppression, and some other Trifles of the like Nature, that we Philosophers ought to despise; two or three Ladies of long Acquaintance, and at a great Distance, are still so kind as to remember me, and I was always proud and pleased to a great Degree, that you happened to be one, since Constancy is, I think, at least as seldom found in Friendship as in Love. Mrs. Barber when I see her, is always telling me Wonders of the continual Favours you have conferred on her and that without your Interposition, the Success of her Errand would have hardly been worth the Journey; and I must bear the Load of this Obligation without the least Possibility of ever returning it, otherwise than by my best Wishes for the Prosperity and Health of you and your Family: For, in Spight of all your good Words, I am the most insignificant Man of this most insignificant Country. I have been tied by the Leg (without being married) for ten Months past, by an unlucky Sprain, which prevented the Honour and Happiness I proposed to myself of waiting on you oftener during this last Summer; and another Year at my Period of Life is like an Inch in a Man's

from Dr. S W I F T. 171

Man's Nose; yet, I flatter myself, that next Spring I may take one Voyage more, when you will see me altered in every Disposition of Body and Mind, except in my Respects for you and all that belong to you. There is one Part of Mr. *Pope's* Compliment which I cannot make you, for I could not with the strictest Search find one Letter too many in any of your Words, although I found a thousand Words too few in your Letter; therefore, I accepted and understood it only as a Billet just writ while Mrs. *Barber's* stood by in her Hood and Scarf just ready to take her Leave and begin her Journey; and, what is worse, I suspect that she was forced to solicit you long, because she wanted a Certificate under your Hand, to convince me that she was not an Impostor.

I WILL not say one Word in Mrs. *Barber's* Behalf, for she will always continue to deserve your Protection, and therefore she may be sure you will always continue to give it her.

I HOPE Mr. *Cæsar* is in good Health, and desire he will accept the Offer of my most humble Service, with my hearty Wishes for your whole Family.

I am, with true Respect,
Madam,

Your most obedient, and
Most humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

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L E T-

LETTER XIV.

Dublin, July 30, 1733.

To Mrs. CÆSAR,

Madam,

I COULD not let Mrs. *Barber* leave us for Good-and-all, without honouring her with the Carriage of a Letter from your old humble Servant and constant Lover: She hath been afflicted with so many Repetitions of the Gout, that her Limbs are much weakened, and her Spirits sunk; neither can I well blame her, considering her grand Affair of Subscriptions must needs have slackened in her Absence. Neither could she be in much Disposition to increase her Volumes, for Health and Good-humour are two Ingredients absolutely necessary, in the poetical Trade; but, I hope, your Countenance and Protection will recover her Spirits, and her Hopes, and her Genius. I imagine she looks on you as her chief Patroness; because, although she be abundantly grateful to all her Protectors, yet, I observe your Name most often in her Mouth. I wish it were in my Power to take the same Journey; but, neither my Health, nor the bad State of my private Affairs will give me Power or Leave: I cannot make Shift, nor bear Fatigues as I used to do. To live in *England*, half as tolerably as I do here, would ruin me. I must have two Servants, and three Horses, and dare drink nothing but Wine; and, my
ragged

ragged Church Rents would never be paid in my Absence. My Lord *Bolingbroke* and Mr. *Pope* press me with kind Invitations, but, the former is too much a Philosopher; he dines at Six in the Evening, after studying all the Morning until Afternoon; and, when he hath dined, to his Studies again. Mr. *Pope* can neither eat nor drink, loves to be alone, and hath always some poetical Scheme in his Head. Thus, the two best Companions and Friends I ever had, have utterly disqualified themselves for my Conversation, and my Way of Living. Mr. *Pope* who had often promised to pass a Summer Season with me here, if he out-lived his Mother, soon after her Death waved the fairest Opportunity of performing his Promise two Months ago, of coming over with Ease, and in Company of Dean *Cotterel** and his Sister; he said we should kill him with eating and drinking. I had a very convenient Apartment for him in the *Deanry-House*: He would have had all the Civilities of this Town; and, Mrs. *Barber* will tell you that we never want a Dozen or more of very valuable Persons, and of both Sexes, with whom to converse; I chid him soundly in my last Letter for his Want of Friendship or Resolution. You see, Madam, I am full of Talk; but, you are to blame, for I imagine myself in your Company, which is indeed no great Compliment; and, upon second Thoughts it is not true, for I should be much better pleased to be your Hearer. However, I should certainly ask you

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a thou-

* Afterwards Bishop of *Leighlin* and *Ferns*.

a thousand Questions concerning yourself, and Mrs. *Cæsar*, and your whole Family. I have received so much Friendship and so many Civilities from you both, that I shall ever own my Obligations; which are much increased by Mrs. *Barber*'s feeding my Vanity, with telling me, that you did not receive her worse for her being recommended by me; yet, I confess, her Expressions were in some what stronger Terms. Pray God bless you, and your whole Family, I desire you will present my most humble Service to Mr. *Cæsar*.

I am, with the greatest Respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient, and

Most obliged, humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

The

The following Letter to the Provost and Fellows of the University of *Dublin*, plainly shews the Author's Friendship to Gentlemen of Genius and Learning, although unacquainted with them; but, soon after this, Mr. *Dunkin* was introduced to the Dean, who did him further Services, by recommending him to Dr. *Bolton*, Bishop of *Cashell*, who ordained him for Holy Orders.

L E T T E R X V .

To the Provost and Senior Fellows of Trinity-College, *Dublin*.

July 5, 1736.

Rev. and worthy Sirs,

AS I had the Honour of receiving some Part of my Education in your University, and the good Fortune to be of some Service to it, while I had a Share of Credit at Court, as well as since, when I had very little or none, I may hope to be excused for laying a Case before you, and offering my Opinion upon it,

MR. DUNKIN, whom you all know, sent me some Time ago, a Memorial intended to be laid before you, which, perhaps, he hath already done. His Request is, that you will be pleased to enlarge his Annuity at present, and that he may have the same Right in his Turn, to the first Church Preferment vacant, in your Gift, as if he had been made a Fellow,

according to the Scheme in his Aunt's Will; because the Absurdity of the Condition in it, ought to be imputed to the old Woman's Ignorance, although her Intention be very manifest, and the Intention of the Testator in all Wills, is chiefly regarded by the Law. What, I would therefore humbly propose, is this, that you would increase his Pension to One hundred Pounds a Year, and make him a firm Promise of the first Church Living in your Disposal, to the Value of Two hundred Pounds a Year, or somewhat more. This I take to be a reasonable Medium between what he hath proposed in his Memorial, and what you allow him at present.

I AM almost a perfect Stranger to Mr. *Dunkin*, having never seen him but twice, and then in mixed Company, nor should I now know his Person if I met him in the Streets. But now I know he is a Man of Wit and Parts; which, if applied properly, to the Business of his Function, instead of Poetry; (wherein it must be owned he sometimes excels) might be of great Use and Service to him.

I HOPE you will please to remember, that since your Body hath received no inconsiderable Benefaction from the Aunt, it will much increase your Reputation, rather to err on the generous Side, towards the Nephew.

THESE are my Thoughts after frequently reflecting on the Case under all its Circumstances,

from Dr. S W I F T. 177

stances, and so I leave it to your wiser Judgements.

I am, with true Respect and Esteem,
Reverend and worthy SIRs,
Your most obedient, and
Most humble Servant,

*Deanry-House,
July 5, 1736.*

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R XVI.

To Mr. FAULKNER.

December 4, 1739.

SIR,

I CANNOT find a Manuscript I wrote, called, *Directions for Servants*, which I thought was very useful, as well as humorous. I believe, you have both seen and read it; I wish you could give me some Intelligence of it, because, my Memory is quite gone; therefore, let me know all you can conjecture about it.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

JON. SWIFT.

For the purpose of the present
investigation, I have been
obliged to visit the
various parts of the
country, and to
make a general
survey of the
state of the
population, and
the condition of
the land.

LETTER R. XII.

I have been
obliged to visit the
various parts of the
country, and to
make a general
survey of the
state of the
population, and
the condition of
the land.

Yours humble servant

OTIS



THE
L I F E
Of the REVEREND
Jonathan Swift, D. D.

Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

*Hated by Fools, and Fools to hate,
Be that my Motto, and my Fate.*

Printed in the YEAR, 1762;



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This Account of the Life of Dr. SWIFT, hath,
for the most Part, been compiled, from the
Authors mentioned therein, by the ingenious
Dr. HAWKESWORTH ; but some of the
Writers being mistaken in particular Facts,
they are now set right in different Places in
the Text, as well as by historical and ex-
planatory Notes.

©

A N
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
L I F E, &c.

TO gratify that Curiosity, which great Eminence always exciteth, many Accounts have been published of the LIFE of Dr. *Jonathan Swift*. These have mutually reflected Light upon each other; ascertained controverted Facts, and rectified Mistakes, which, if they had still been traditional and oral, would still have been believed. Several little Incidents, which shewed the Peculiarities of his Conversation and Domestic Life, were related by Mrs. *Pilkington* in her Memoirs; although, these could be believed only in Proportion as they verified themselves. Lord *Orrery's* Letters contained many of the principal Events, intermingled with many Characteristic Incidents, supported in general upon better Authority; but, sometimes founded upon wrong Information. Some of these Mistakes

takes were set right by a Volume of Letters signed *J. R.* * in which were also some new Materials; and the Account since published by Mr. *Swift*, with an imperfect Sketch by the Dean himself, hath furnished yet more. From a Comparison of all these with each other this Account is compiled. It is not thought necessary to relate every trifling Particular that hath been recorded, but only to select such as will sufficiently distinguish the Peculiarities of his Character and Manners, and transmit a Knowledge of him to Posterity; of the same Kind, if not in the same Degree, as was obtained by those among his Contemporaries, who were admitted to his Conversation and Friendship.

FOR the History of his Works the Reader is referred to them, and to the Notes and Remarks that are now added.

DOCTOR *Jonathan Swift* was descended from a younger Branch of an antient Family of that Name in *Yorkshire*. *Bernan Swift*, Esq; who in the Reign of King *James* the First, possessed the paternal Estate, was on the 20th of *March*, 1627, by King *Charles* the First, created a Peer of *Ireland*, with the Title of Viscount *Carlingford*; although, it is said he never went into that Kingdom. He died without Male Issue,

* These Letters are entitled, *Observations upon Lord Orrery's Remarks on the Life and Writings of Doctor Jonathan Swift*; containing, several singular Anecdotes relative to the Character and Conduct of that great Genius, and the most deservedly celebrated *Stella* in a Series of Letters to his Lordship. Wrote by the Rev. Dr. *Delany*, Dean of *Downe*.

Issue, and the Family Inheritance descended to his Daughters, one of whom married *Robert Fielding*, Esq; commonly called, *Handsome Fielding*, and the other the Earl of *Eglington*. *Fielding* soon dissipated his Wife's Patrimony; and, that of her Sister being transferred to the Family of Lord *Eglington*, the principal Estate of the *Swifts* was divided from the Name for ever. One of the younger Branches from the same Stem, was Sir *Edward Swift*, who distinguished himself by his Attachment to the Royal Cause, in the great Rebellion of 1641, from whom there is no Descendant of the Name.

ANOTHER of the younger Branches was the Reverend *Thomas Swift*, Vicar of *Goodrich*, in *Herefordshire*, with which he also held another Ecclesiastical Living.

HIS Father *William Swift*, Rector of St. *Andrew's* in *Canterbury*, married the Heiress of *Philpot*, who contrived to keep her Estate, which was very considerable, in her own Hands: She is said to have been extremely capricious and ill-natured, and to have disinherited her Son *Thomas*, an only Child, merely for robbing an Orchard when he was a Boy; but however this be, it is certain, that except a Church or Chapter Lease which was not renewed, *Thomas* never possessed more than one hundred Pounds a Year: This little Estate which lay at *Goodrich*, he mortgaged for three hundred Broad Pieces, and having quilted them into his Waistcoat, he set out for *Ragland Castle*, whither his Majesty

jesty King *Charles the First* had retired after the Battle of *Naseby*. The Governor, who knew him well, asked, what was his Errand? 'I come, said *Swift*, to give his Majesty my 'Coat,' at the same Time pulling it off and presenting it: The Governor told him pleasantly, that his Coat was worth little; 'why then,' said *Swift*, take my Waistcoat.' This was soon found to be a useful Garment by its Weight; and it is remarked by Lord *Clarendon*, * that the King received no Supply more seasonable or more acceptable than these three hundred Broad Pieces during the whole War, his Distress being then very great, and his Resources cut off. The Zeal and Activity of this Gentleman for the Royal Cause, exposed him to much Danger and many Sufferings; he was plundered more than thirty Times by the Parliament's Army; he was ejected from his Church Livings, his Estate was sequestered, and he was himself thrown into Prison. His Estate, however, was afterwards recovered, and Part of it sold to pay the Money due on the Mortgage, and some other Debts; the Remainder, being about one Half, descended to his Heir, and is now possessed by his Great-Grandson, *Deane Swift*, Esq; †.

THIS Mr. *Thomas Swift* married Mrs. *Elizabeth Dryden*, of an antient Family in *Huntingdonshire*, Sister to the Father of *John Dryden*

* Sketch.

† The Grandmother of this Gentleman, one of the Wives of *Godwin Swift*, was Heiress to Admiral *Deane*, which became a Christian Name in the Family.

den the Poet, by whom he had ten Sons and four Daughters; of the Sons six survived him, *Godwin, Thomas, Dryden, William, Jonathan,* and *Adam*.

Thomas was bred at *Oxford*, and took Orders; he married the eldest Daughter of Sir *William D'Avenant*, but died young, and left only one Son, whose Name also was *Thomas*, * and who died in 1752, Rector of *Puttenham* in *Surry*, a Benefice which he had possessed threescore Years.

Godwin was a Barrister of *Gray's-Inn*, and *William, Dryden, Jonathan,* and *Adam* were Attornies.

Godwin having married a Relation of the old Marchioness of *Ormond*, the old Duke of *Ormond* made him his Attorney-General in the Palatinate of *Tipperary*, in *Ireland*, which was at that Time almost without Lawyers, the Rebellion having made almost every Man of whatsoever Condition, a Soldier. *Godwin* therefore determined to attempt the Acquisition of a Fortune in that Kingdom, and the same Motives induced his four Brothers to go with him. *Godwin* soon became wealthy, and the rest obtained something more than a genteel Competence, although *Dryden* and *Jonathan*, who died soon after their Arrival, had little to bequeath.

Jonathan at the Age of about three and twenty, and before he went to *Ireland*, married Mrs. *Abigail Erick* of *Leicestershire*; the Family of this Lady was descended from *Erick*

the Forester, who raised an Army to oppose *William the Conqueror*, by whom he was vanquished, and afterwards made Commander of his Forces: But, whatever was the Honour of her Lineage, her Fortune was small, and about two Years after her Marriage, she was left a Widow with one Child, a Daughter, and pregnant with another, having no Means of Subsistence but an Annuity of twenty Pounds, which her Husband had purchased for her in *England* immediately after his Marriage.

IN this Distress she was taken with her Daughter into the Family of *Godwin*, her Husband's eldest Brother, and on the 30th of *November*, 1667, about seven Months after her Husband's Death, she was delivered of a Son, whom she called *Jonathan*, in Remembrance of his Father, and who was afterwards the celebrated Dean of *St. Patrick's, Dublin*.

OF all the Brothers of Mrs. *Swift's* Husband, *Godwin* only had Sons; and by these Sons she was subsisted in her Old Age, as she had been before by their Father and their Uncles, with such Liberality, that she declared herself not only Happy but Rich.

IT happened, by whatever Accident, that *Jonathan* was not suckled by his Mother, but by a Nurse who was a Native of *Whitehaven*; and when he was about a Year old, her Affection for him was become so strong, that finding it necessary to visit a Relation who was dangerously sick, and from whom she expected a Legacy, she found Means to convey the Child

on

on Shipboard, without the Knowledge of his Mother or his Uncle, and carried him with her to *Whitehaven*. At this Place he continued near three Years; for, when the Matter was discovered, his Mother sent Orders not to hazard a second Voyage until he should be better able to bear it. The Nurse, however, gave other Testimonies of her Affection to *Jonathan*, for during his Stay at *Whitehaven* she taught him to spell, and when he was five Years old, he was able to read any Chapter in the Bible.

MRS. *Swift* about two Years after her Husband's Death, quitted the Family of Mr. *Godwin Swift*, in *Ireland*, and retired to *Leicester*, the Place of her Nativity; but her Son was again carried to *Ireland* by his Nurse, and replaced under the Protection of his Uncle *Godwin*.

It hath been generally believed that *Swift* was born in *England*, a Mistake to which many Incidents besides this, have contributed; he had been frequently heard to say, when the People of *Ireland* displeased him, 'I am not of this vile Country, I am an *Englishman*.' Mr. *Pope* also, in one of his Letters to him, mentions *England* as his native Country; but this Account of his Birth is taken from that which he left behind him in his own Handwriting; and while he lived he was so far from seriously denying or concealing his being a Native of *Ireland*, that he often mentioned, and

even pointed out the * House in which he was born.

HE hath also been thought by some to have been a natural Son of Sir *William Temple*, a Mistake which was probably founded upon another; for, until the Publication of his Letter to Lord † *Palmerston*, among his posthumous Works, he was thought to have received such Favours from Sir *William*, as he could not be supposed to bestow upon a Person to whom he was not related; however, such a Relation between Sir *William* and the *Dean*, appears beyond Contradiction to have been impossible; for, Sir *William Temple* was Resident abroad in a public Character from the Year 1665 to 1670, as may be proved by his Letters to the Earl of *Arlington* and the rest of the Ministry. *Swift* was born in *November 30, 1667*, ‡ and his Mother was never out of the *British Dominions*.

AT § about the Age of six Years, he was sent to the School of *Kilkenny*, and having continued there eight Years, he was at the Age of fourteen admitted into the University of *Dublin*, ¶ and became a Student in *Trinity-College*. There he lived in perfect Regularity, and obeyed the Statutes with the utmost Exactness; but, he was so much §§ depressed by the Disadvantages of his Situation, deriving his present Subsistence merely from the precarious Bounty of an Uncle, and having no other Object of Hope but

* HOEY'S Court near St. *Werburg's* Church, *Dublin*.

† See *Vol. 8*, p. 98.

‡ *Orrery*, p. 5.

§ 1673.

¶ 1681.

§§ Sketch.

but the Continuance of it, that he could not resist the Temptation to neglect many necessary Objects of Academic Study, to which he was not by Nature much inclined, and apply himself wholly to Books of History and Poetry, by which he could, without intellectual Labour, fill his Mind with pleasing Images, and for a while suspend the Sense of his Condition. The Sacrifice of the future to the present, whether it be a Folly or a Fault, is seldom unpunished; and, *Swift* even found himself in the Situation of a Man who had burned his Bed to warm his Hands, for at the End of four Years he was refused his Degree of Bachelor of Arts for Insufficiency*, and was at last admitted *Speciali Gratia*, which is there considered as the highest Degree of Reproach and Dishonour.

BUT, upon *Swift*, this Punishment was not ineffectual, he dreaded the Repetition of such Disgrace as the worst Evil that could befall him, therefore immediately set about to prevent it, as the principal Business of his Life. During seven Years, from that Time †, he studied eight Hours a Day; and, by such an Effort of such a Mind so long continued, great Knowledge must necessarily have been acquired. He commenced these Studies at the University in *Dublin* ‡, where he continued them three Years, and, during this Time, he also drew the first Sketch of his *Tale of a Tub* §.

Y 3

IN

* 1685.

† J. R. 50.

‡ 1688.

§ *Wassendra Warren*, Esq; a Gentleman of Fortune near *Belfast*, in the North of *Ireland*, who was Chamber-

fel-

IN the Year 1688, when he was about twenty-one, and had been seven Years at College, his Uncle *Godwin* was seized with a Lethargy, and soon after totally deprived both of his Speech and his Memory: As by this Accident *Swift* was left without Support, he took a Journey to *Leicester*, that he might consult with his Mother what Course of Life to pursue. At this Time Sir *William Temple* was in high Reputation, and honoured with the Confidence and Familiarity of King *William**. His Father, Sir *John Temple*, had been Master of the Rolls in *Ireland*, and contracted an intimate Friendship with *Godwin Swift*, which continued until his Death; and Sir *William*, who inherited his Title and Estate, had married a Lady to whom Mrs. *Swift* was related; she therefore advised her Son to communicate his Situation to Sir *William*, and solicit his Direction what to do; this Advice, which perhaps only confirmed a Resolution that *Swift* had secretly taken before he left *Ireland*, he immediately resolved to pursue.

SIR *William* received him with great Kindness, and *Swift*'s first Visit continued about two Years †. Sir *William* had been Ambassador and Mediator of a general Peace at *Nimeguen* before the Revolution; in this Character he be-

fellow with Dr. *Swift*, declared that he then saw a Copy of the *Tale of a Tub* in *Swift*'s own Hand-writing. *Dean Swift*, p. 31.

* D. S. p. 33, 34.

† 1690.

became known to the Prince of *Orange*, who frequently visited him at *Sheen* in *Surry*, after his Arrival in *England*, and took his Advice in Affairs of the utmost Importance. Sir *William* being then lame with the Gout, *Swift* used to attend his Majesty in his Walks about the Garden, who admitted him to such Familiarity, that he shewed him how to cut Asparagus after the *Dutch* Manner, and once offered to make him a Captain of Horse*. *Swift* appears to have fixed his Mind upon an Ecclesiastical Life; and, upon declining this Offer, he obtained a Promise of Preferment in the Church; for, in a Letter to his Uncle *William*, dated 1692, he says, 'I am not to take Orders until the King gives me a Prebend†.'

SIR *William* becoming still more infirm, and wishing to retire farther from *London*, bought an Estate at *Farnham* in *Surry*, called *Moorpark*, whither he was accompanied by *Swift*‡. About this Time a Bill was brought into the

Y 4

House

* D. S. 108.

† D. S. 56.

‡ There is some Difficulty in reconciling the first and last Paragraphs of Sect. 23, in the Dean's Sketch of his own Life where *Moorpark* is mentioned; in the first it is said, that *Swift*, after having been some Months with his Mother at *Leicester*, was received by Sir *William*, who was now retired to *Moorpark*; and, in the last, that Sir *William*, tired of being near *London*, bought an Estate near *Farnham* in *Surry*, where Mr. *Swift* accompanied him. The Sense of the last, which seems to imply, that *Swift* lived with Sir *William* at *Sheen* before he went to *Moorpark*, is adopted upon the Credit of Mr. *Deane Swift*, who says, that *Swift* was there, familiar with King *William*; and the King does not appear to have continued his Visits after the Removal to *Moorpark*. D. S. 108.

House for Triennial Parliaments*, against which the King, who was a Stranger to our Constitution, was very averse, by the Advice of some weak People, who persuaded the Earl of *Portland*, that *Charles* the First lost his Crown and Life by consenting to such a Bill. Upon this Occasion the Earl was dispatched to *Moorpark* by the King for Sir *William*'s Advice, who said much to shew him the Mistake, but without Effect, and therefore he soon after dispatched *Swift* to *Kenington*, with the whole Account in Writing, to convince the King and the Earl how ill they were informed. *Swift*, although he was then very young, was yet well acquainted with the *English* History, and gave the King a compendious Account of the Matter, which he amplified to the Earl; but the Measure was at last rejected, and thus ended *Swift*'s first Embassy to Court, so much to his Dissatisfaction, that he then declared it was the first Incident † that helped to cure him of Vanity. Soon after ‡ this Transaction he was seized with the Return of a Disorder, which he had contracted in *Ireland* by eating a great Quantity of Fruit, and upon this Occasion returned thither by the Advice of his Physicians, who hoped

* Sketch, Sect 23 and 24 Beginning.

† Sketch, Sect. 24.

‡ It must have been after, although it is first related in the Sketch; for it is said, Sect. 23, that he went to *Ireland* after he had been two Years at *Moorpark*; and in Sect. 24, that his Expedition to Court was soon after the Removal from *Sheen*.

hoped that his native Air would contribute to the Recovery of his Health; but from this Journey he received no Benefit, and therefore, in a short Time, returned to Sir *William* ||, being ever afterwards subject to that Giddiness, which gradually increased, although with irregular Intermissions, until it terminated in total Debility of Body and Mind.

BUT he was still indefatigable in his Studies; and, to prevent the Loss of Health in the Acquisition of Knowledge, by the want of bodily Exercise, it was his constant Practice to run up an Hill that was near the House, and back again every two Hours; the Distance backwards and forwards was about half a Mile, and he used to run it in about six Minutes*. By what Books or Studies he was principally directed, cannot certainly be known; but, several copious Extracts from *Cyprian*, *Irenæus*, *Sleidan's Commentaries*, and *Padre Paolo's History of the Council of Trent*, were found among his Papers, which appear by Memorandums in his own Hand-writing †, to have been made while he lived with Sir *William Temple*.

ABOUT a Year after his Return from *Ireland*, he thought it expedient to take his Degree of Master of Arts at *Oxford*; with this View he appears to have written to his Uncle *William Swift*, to procure and send him the Testimonium of his Batchelor's Degree.—With this
Testi-

|| Sketch, Sect. 23. * D. S. 276. † D. S. 276.

Testimonium, which is dated the 3d of *May* 1692, he went to *Oxford*, where, having received many Civilities, he was admitted *ad eundem* on the 14th of *June*, and took his Master's Degree on the 5th of *July* following.

It hath been said, that the Civilities which he received at *Oxford*, proceeded from a Misunderstanding of the Phrase *Speciali Gratia*, which was there supposed to be a Compliment paid to uncommon Merit.

BUT these Words are not inserted in that Copy of the Testimonium which is entered in the Congregation Book of *Oxford* †; and not to have inserted them there, when they were thought a Compliment, would have been an Affront; it is therefore probable, that by the Influence of *Swift's* Uncle they were omitted in the Copy which he procured and sent, especially, as some such Favour seems to be intimated in *Swift's* Letter to him after he had received it: 'I am still, says he, to thank you for your Care in my Testimonium, and it was to very good Purpose *', for I was never more satisfied than in the Behaviour of the University.' The Civilities which he received at *Oxford* might indeed proceed from his known Connection with Sir *William Temple*; but he might reasonably impute them also to the Suppression of a Reproach, against which there was good Reason to fear this Connection would
not

† D. S. p. 39, 44. Orrery, p. 8.

* Orrery, p. 11. D. S. p. 56.

not have supported him : Nor is it strange that *Swift*, after his Reputation was established, should, while he was sporting with this Incident in the Gaiety of his Heart, pretend a Mistake which never happened, or that what he meant as a Jest upon the University, should be seriously remembered as an Event of his Life.

IT has also been said, that upon his Disgrace at *Dublin*, he resolved to pursue his Studies at *Oxford*, where he almost constantly resided during three Years, and was avowedly supported by Sir *William Temple*; || but the contrary is incontestably true, for there are not quite two Months between the Testimonium and his taking his Master's Degree. Besides, in the Letter to his Uncle just mentioned, he says, ' I am ashamed to be more obliged in a few Weeks to Strangers, than in seven Years to *Dublin College* *.'

FROM *Oxford* he returned again to *Moorpark*, where he assisted Sir *William Temple* to revise his

|| *Orrery*, p. 8, 9.

* He went to College at the Age of fourteen, in 1681; continued there seven Years, as appears by his Letter, so that he did not leave *Ireland* until 1688; he was some Months with his Mother before he went to Sir *William*, and two Years with him before he went to *Ireland* for his Health, which must therefore be in 1691: He returned from *Ireland*, and continued some Time longer with Sir *William* before he went to *Oxford*, which must therefore be 1692; and in that very Year he took his Degree. The Fact, therefore, which Lord *Orrery* says, was immediately construed to favour an Opinion that *Swift* was Sir *William's* natural Son, appears never to have happened. See *Swift's* Sketch of his own Life.

his Works, corrected and improved his *Tale of a Tub*, and added the Digressions. From the Conversation of Sir *William*, who was minutely acquainted with all the Intricacies of Party, and the Secrets of State, during the Reigns of King *Charles* and King *James* the Second, *Swift* greatly increased his political Knowledge; but, having long suspected Sir *William* of neglecting to provide for him, merely that he might keep him in his Family, he at length resented it so warmly, that in the Year 1694, a Quarrel ensued, and they parted.

It is probable, that *Swift* did not leave Sir *William* for such a Reason, without severe Expostulation, not only because *Swift* was no Respecter of Persons, but because it appears * that Sir *William*, although he was extremely angry, admitted his Claim to some Provision, by offering to make him his Deputy as Master of the Rolls in *Ireland*; this Offer however *Swift* did not accept †, but replied, that since he had now an Opportunity of living without being driven into the Church for Support, (a Scruple which had hitherto kept him out of it) he was determined to go into *Ireland*, and take Orders.

SWIFT, during his Residence with Sir *William*, had never failed to ‡ visit his Mother at *Leicester* once a Year, and his Manner of travelling was very extraordinary: He always went on Foot, except the Weather was very bad, and then he would sometimes take Shelter in a Waggon;

| * D. S. 52.

† Sketch, Sect. 25 and Note.

‡ D. S. 99. Orrery 22.

Waggon; he chose to dine at obscure Ale-houses, among Pedlars and Hostlers, and to lie where he saw written over the Door, *Lodgings for a Penny*; but he used to bribe the Maid with a Tester for a single Bed and clean Sheets. In this Manner he went down to his Mother, upon his leaving Sir *William*; and from *Leicester* he wrote a Letter, dated *June, 1694*, to his Cousin *Deane Swift*, then at *Lisbon*, in which he relateth his Quarrel with Sir *William*, and declareth his Purpose *to take Orders in the *September* following, wishing he could procure for him a Chaplainship of the Factory. What was the Effect of this Letter is not known; but, *Swift* soon after obtained a Recommendation to Lord *Capel*, then Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, who gave him the Prebend of *Kilroot*, in the Diocese of *Connor*, a Northern District, † worth about one hundred Pounds *per Annum*: But, Sir *William*, who had been used to the Conversation of *Swift*, soon found that he could not be content to live without him; he therefore urged him to resign his Prebend in Favour of a Friend ‖, and promised to obtain Preferment for him in *England* if he would return. ‡ *Swift* consented, and Sir *William* was so much pleased with this

* D. S. 51.

† Sketch, Sect. 25.

‖ Rev. Mr. *Windor*, his Curate.

‡ This appears by a Letter from *Swift's* Sister, then in *Ireland*, to her Cousin *Deane* in *Portugal*: Sir *William Temple*, says she, was so fond of him, that he made him give up his Living in this Country, and promised to get him one in *England*. D. S. 66.

this Act of Kindness, * that during the Remainder of his Life, which was about four Years, his Behaviour was such as produced the utmost Harmony between them: *Swift* as a Testimony of his Friendship and Esteem wrote the *Battle of the Books*, of which Sir *William* is the Hero; and, Sir *William*, when he died, left him a pecuniary Legacy, and his posthumous Works.

WHAT other Favours he received from Sir *William*, cannot certainly be known. *Swift* acknowledged none but his ineffectual Recommendation to King *William*, and he is known to have received frequent Remittances from his Uncle *William* and his Cousin *Willoughby Swift*; so that Sir *William* does not seem to have treated him with Liberality for which it is difficult to account.

UPON the Death of Sir *William Temple*, *Swift* applied by Petition to King *William* for the first vacant Prebend of *Canterbury or Westminster*, for which the Royal Promise had been obtained by his late Patron, whose posthumous Works he † dedicated to his Majesty, to facilitate the Success of this Application. But, it doth not appear that after the Death of Sir *William*, the King took the least Notice of Mr. *Swift*; his Petition and Dedication were equally neglected, and after a fruitless Attendance at Court, which probably encreased the Austerity of his Temper, he accepted an Invitation,

* D. S. 66.

† See Vol. X. p. 214.

visitation of the Earl of *Berkeley*, who had been appointed one of the Lords Justices of *Ireland*, to attend him as Chaplain and private Secretary. It might reasonably have been hoped, that although he had been disappointed of the Preferment for which he solicited, yet the Employment to which he was invited, would have been secure; but, it happened, that after he had acted as Secretary during the whole Journey to *Dublin*, one *Bush**, found Means to insinuate to Lord *Berkeley*, that the Post of Secretary was not fit for a Clergyman, and his Lordship suffered himself to be so easily convinced of this Impropriety, that after making some Apology to Mr. *Swift*, he appointed *Bush* Secretary in his Stead.

THIS Disappointment was soon after followed by another; it happened that the Deanry of *Derry* became vacant, and it was the Earl of *Berkeley*'s Turn to dispose of it; yet, whatever Atonement was due to *Swift*, for his Lordship's late Breach of Engagement, the Secretary having received a Bribe, the Deanry was given to another, † upon Pretence that *Swift*, who was then more than thirty Years old, was too young, and he received instead of it, the two Livings of *Laracor* and *Rathbeggan*, in the Diocese of *Meath*, which together did not

* See the Problem solved. Vol. II. p. 330.

† Dr. Bolton.

not amount to half the Value of the Deanry*.

As *Swift* had refused a Commission under King *William*, and a secular Employment under Sir *William Temple*; it appears that his Attachment to a † religious Life, however early and however strong, was not the Effect of temporal Views, but of Zeal for the Success of the great Work in which he was about to engage, and a Consciousness of his own Ability to acquit himself with Advantage. ‡ That religious Purposes were at this Time predominant in his Mind, he used frequently to declare; he hoped, he said, that by diligent and constant Application he should so far excel, that the Sexton might sometimes be asked on a *Sunday* Morning, "Pray does the Doctor " preach To-Day?" And, when after having taken Possession of his Livings he went to reside at *Laracor*, he gave public Notice that he would read Prayers every *Wednesday* and *Friday*, a Labour which he would not have brought upon himself, if he had been principally concerned about the Value of his Dues, which had been long before customarily paid for much less Service.

THE Duties of the Church which he thus rendered more frequent, he performed with the utmost Punctuality and the most rational Devo-

* As *Swift* did not receive these Livings 'till after the Deanry was given to another, his Non-residence could not, as Lord Orrery supposes, be the Reason why it was not given to him.

† Sketch, Sect. 27.

‡ J. R. 40, 41.

Devotion; he was indeed devout, not only in his publick and solemn Addresses to God, but in that transient Act of Adoration, which is called saying Grace, and which generally consisteth only in a Mutter and a Bow, in which the Speaker seems to compliment the Company, and the Company each other; *Swift* always used the fewest Words that could be uttered on the Occasion, but he pronounced them with an Emphasis and Fervor which every one around him saw and felt, with his Hands clasped in each other and lifted up to his Breast; and it is hoped, that those who can no otherwise emulate the Character of *Swift*, will attempt it in this Act of religious Decorum, and no longer affect either to be Wits or fine Gentlemen, by a Conduct directly contrary to so great an Example.

BUT, *Swift* with all this Piety in his Heart, could not resist the Temptation to indulge the Peculiarity of his Humour when an Opportunity offered, whatever might be the Impropriety of Time and Place.

ON the first *Wednesday* after he had summoned his Congregation to *Laracor*, he ascended his Desk, and having sat some Time with no other Auditor than his Clerk, *Roger*, he rose up, with a composure and Gravity, that upon this Occasion was irresistibly ridiculous, he began, "Dearly beloved *Roger*,
" the Scriptrue moveth you and me in sundry
" Places," and so proceeded to the End of the Service.

DURING *Swift's* Residence at *Laracor*, he invited a Lady to *Ireland* whom he hath celebrated by the Name of *Stella**. With this Lady he became acquainted while he lived with Sir *William Temple*; she was the Daughter of his Steward, whose name was *Johnson*, and Sir *William*, when he died, left her One Thousand Pounds, in Consideration of her Father's Services†; at the Death of Sir *William* which happened in 1699, she was in the sixteenth Year of her Age‡, and it was about two Years afterwards that at *Swift's* Invitation she left *England*, accompanied by Mrs. *Dingley*, a Lady who was fifteen Years older, and whose whole Fortune||, although she was related to Sir *William*, was no more than an Annuity of twenty-seven Pounds. Whether *Swift* at this Time desired the Company of *Stella* as a Wife or Friend, is not certain, but the Reason which she and her Companion then gave for their leaving *England*, was, that in *Ireland* the Interest of Money was high, and Provisions were cheap.

It appears however, that other Reasons were suspected in the Neighbourhood of *Moorpark*; for Mr. *Thomas Swift*, the Rector of *Puttenham*, in a Letter which he wrote a few

* D. S. 86. 90.

† D. S. 85.

‡ Mr. *Deane Swift* says eighteen, but it appears by the Poem on her Birth-day in 1718, that she was then but thirty-four; the Dean says she was in *Ireland* from eighteen in his Introduction to *Bons Mots de Stella*, Vol. X. p. 225.

|| D. S. 86.

few Years afterwards, enquires, whether *Jonathan* was married, or whether he had been able to resist the Charms of both these Gentlewomen, who marched from *Moorpark* to *Dublin**, with a Resolution to engage him? It appears too that *Swift*, if he did not address her himself, contrived to break off the Treaty of Marriage with another, by persuading her to insist upon the Terms with which the Gentleman could not comply. But whatever was *Swift's* Attachment to Mrs. *Johnson*†, every possible Precaution was taken to prevent Scandal; they never lived in the same House; when *Swift* was absent, Mrs. *Johnson* and her Friend resided at the Parsonage; when he returned, they removed either to the House of Dr. *Raymond*, Vicar of *Trim*‡, a Gentleman of great Hospitality, and *Swift's* intimate Friend, or to a Lodging provided for them in the Neighbourhood; neither were they ever known to meet but in the Presence of a third Person. *Swift* made frequent Excursions to *Dublin* and some to *London*, but Mrs. *Johnson* was buried in Solitude and Obscurity; she was known only to a few of *Swift's* most intimate Acquaintance, and had no female Companion except Mrs. *Dingley*.

IN 1701, *Swift* took his Doctor's Degree, and in 1702, soon after the Death of King *William*, he went to *England* for the first Time

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after

* D. S. 86, 87.

† D. S. 89.

‡ D. S. 90.

after his Settlement at *Laracor*, a Journey which he frequently repeated during the Reign of *Queen Anne*. Mrs. *Johnson* was once also in *England* in 1705, but returned in a few Months§, and never afterwards crossed the Channel.

HE soon became eminent as a Writer, and in that Character, at least, was known to the great Men in both the Factions, which were distinguished by the Names of Whig* and Tory. He had been educated among the Whigs, but he at length attached himself to the Tories, because, as he said, the Whigs had renounced the old Principles and received others, which their Forefathers held in utter Abhorrence†; he did not, however, write any particular Pamphlet from the Year 1701, to the Year 1708.

BUT, though by his frequent Excursions to *England*, and a long Absence from his Cures, he appears to have delayed the Execution of his Purpose to excel as a Preacher, yet he used to declare, that he did not renounce it until his Acquaintance with *Harley*‡, nor did he ever mention his subsequent Attachment to Politics without indubitable Signs of Penitence and Regret. It is probable, that he hoped to exert himself more effectually in the Church by acquiring some other Preferment, and that with this View he was solicitous to be near the Court;

§ D. S. 90.

† D. S. 148.

* *Orrery* 27.

‡ J. R. 41, 42, 266.

Court; for, before his Acquaintance with Lord *Oxford* a Bishoprick was intended for him by the Queen, but Archbishop *Sharpe* and a certain great Lady§, having misrepresented his Principles and Character, her Majesty gave it to another||. Of this Injury however the Archbishop was afterwards truly sensible, expressed great Sorrow for it, and desired his Forgiveness.

AFTER this Disappointment it was not long before a new Scene opened before him, for in 1710, being then in *England*, he was impowered by his Grace the Lord * Primate of *Ireland* to solicit the Queen† to exonerate the Clergy of *Ireland* from paying the twentieth Parts and First Fruits, and upon this Occasion his Acquaintance with *Harley* commenced.

As soon as he had received the Bishop's Letters, Instructions and Authority, he resolved to apply to Mr. *Harley*, not only because he was a principal Person in the Queen's Ministry, but because by his Interest the same Favour had been granted to the Clergy of *England*. That he might not wait upon Mr. *Harley*, to whom his Name was well known, wholly without Recommendation, he got himself represented as a Person who had been extremely ill used by the last Ministry‡, because he

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would

§ The Dutches of *Somerset*. See the Author on himself, Vol. II. page 56. * J. R. 277.

† Dr. *Marsh*, who built and endowed the fine Library of St. *Sepulchre's* near St. *Patrick's* Cathedral.

‡ See Letters Vol. VIII.

would not go certain Lengths which they would have had him, this being in some Sort Mr. *Harley's* own Case.

MR. *Harley* received him with the utmost Kindness and Respect; he sat with him two Hours in Company, and two Hours he was with him alone; he not only engaged in the Doctor's immediate Business with the utmost Zeal, and soon after accomplished it, but told him he must bring him acquainted with Mr. *St. John*, invited him to dine with him, charged him to come often, and when the Doctor proposed attending at his Levee, told him that was no Place for Friends. The Doctor soon after became personally acquainted with the rest of the Ministers, who appear to have courted and caressed him with uncommon Affiduity. He dined every *Saturday* at Mr. *Harley's*, with the Lord Keeper, Mr. Secretary *St. John*, and Lord *Rivers*; on that Day no other Person was for some Time admitted; but, this select Company was at length enlarged to sixteen, all Men of the first Class, *Swift* included*; they dined once a Week at the Houses of each other, by Rotation, and went under the Denomination of Brothers.

FROM this Time the Doctor supported the Interest of his new Friends with all his Power, in Pamphlets, Poems and periodical Papers; his Intimacy with them was so remarkable, that he was thought not only to defend, but
in

* D. S. 227, 317.

in some Degree to direct their Measures ; and such was his Importance in the Opinion of the opposite Party, that many Speeches * were made against him in both Houses of Parliament ; a Reward was also offered for discovering the Author of the *Publick Spirit of the Whigs*†.

WHATEVER Excellence we possess, or whatever Honours we obtain, the Pleasure which they produce is all relative to some particular Favourite with whom we are tenderly connected, either by Friendship or Love ; or, at most, it terminates like Rays collected by a Burning-Glass, in a very small Circle which is scarce more than a Point, and like Light becometh sensible only by Reflection. Thus *Swift*, while he was courted and caressed by those whom others were making Interest to approach, seems to have enjoyed his Distinction only in Proportion as it was participated with *Stella* ; for, amidst all the Business, and all the Honours that crowded upon him, he wrote every Day an Account of whatever occurred, and sent her a Journal regularly, dated every Fortnight, during the whole Time of his Connection with Queen *Anne's* Ministry. From these unrestrained Effusions of his Heart many Particulars are known no other Way, and by these it appears incontestably, that he was not employed, but trusted ; and, that *Harley*, who

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* See Vol. 9. p. 1. and Note.

† See Vol. V. p. 385.

is universally allowed to have been one of the most reserved and mysterious of all Politicians, was to him in Affairs of the utmost Moment open and explicit. The Result of one of their Conferences, so early as the Year 1710, was to this Effect, That the Kingdom was as certainly ruined, as a Bankrupt Merchant; that a Peace, whether bad or good, was absolutely necessary*; that the Confederacy must soon break, and Factions increase; and, that the Ministry was upon too narrow a Bottom, and stood like an Isthmus, between the Whigs on one Side, and the violent Tories on the other, a Situation in which they could not subsist. These violent Tories were formed into a Society, called, *The October Club*†, of whom *Swift* says, "They are about an hundred Parliament Men of the Country, who drink " *October* Beer at Home, and meet every " Evening at a Tavern near the Parliament " House‡, to drive on to Extremes against " the Whigs, to call the old Ministry to an " Account, and get off five or six Heads."

BUT if *Swift* thought this Party too precipitant, it is certain he thought Lord *Oxford* too slow; and he once told him so in a Manner that shewed both his Integrity and the Freedom of his Conversation with those who have a prescriptive Right to Servility and Adulation. He had received a present of a fine Tortoiseshell Snuff-box lined with Gold, and painted on

§ D. S. 318.

† See Vol. V. p. 257.

‡ D. S. 319, 320.

on the Inside of the Lid with a View of *Venice*. This Present he shewed one Day to *Harley*, who having admired the Painting and the Workmanship, at last spied a Figure studied on the Outside of the Bottom, which he thought resembled a Goose, upon which turning to the Doctor, ‘*Jonathan*, says he, I think “they have made a Goose of thee.” “Yes, “my Lord, says the Doctor; but, if you “look a little further, you will see that I am “driving a Snail before me;” which indeed happened to be the Device*. To this the Earl coolly replied, “That is severe enough, “*Jonathan*, but I deserve it.”

It is equally true and equally evident, that *Swift* had no Expectations of Advantage from his Connection with these Persons, that he knew they could not long preserve their Power, that he did not honour it while it lasted, and that he disdained pecuniary Obligations.

‘I use the Ministry, says he, like Dogs †, “because I expect they will use me so——I “never knew a Ministry to do any Thing for “those whom they make Companions of their “Pleasures, but I care not.”

IN the Summer of 1711, he foresaw the Ruin of the Ministry, by those Misunderstandings ‡ among themselves, which at length effected it; and it was not only his Opinion, but their own, that if they could not carry a Peace,

* D. S. 146.

† D. S. 322. Letters to *Stella*.

‡ D. S. 331.

Peace, they would not be able to keep themselves out of the *Tower*, even though they should agree.—— In order therefore to facilitate this great Event, *Swift* wrote *The Conduct of the Allies* †, a Piece which he confessed cost him much Pains, and which succeeded even beyond his Expectation. It was published on the 27th of *November*, 1711 *, just ten Days before the Parliament met, and, before the 28th of *January*, above eleven thousand were sold, seven Editions having been printed in *England*, and three in *Ireland*. The Tory Members in both Houses who spoke, drew all their Arguments from it, and the Resolutions † which were printed in the Votes, and which would never have passed but for *The Conduct of the Allies*, were little more than Quotations from it.

FROM this Time until the Year 1713, he continued to exert §§ himself with unwearied Diligence in the Service of the Ministry; and while he was at *Windsor*, just at the Conclusion of the Peace of *Utrecht*, he drew the first Sketch of, *The History of the last Session of Parliament*, and the Peace of *Utrecht*. || The Work would have been published soon after, if his Friends in the Ministry had not disagreed about it; and after the Queen's Death he spent much

† See Vol. V. p. 272.

* D. S. 335.

† D. S. 337. Letter to *Stella*.

§§ D. S. 156.

|| D. S. 340. Letter to P. 10th of *January* 1721.

much Time in improving and correcting it; but it was not published until *April 1758*, by *George Faulkner*, who printed it from the Manuscript prepared and corrected by the Author for the Press.

DURING all this Time he received no Gratitude or Reward until the Year 1713, and then he accepted the Deanry of *St. Patrick's, Dublin*.

IT may, perhaps, be thought strange, that his Friends did not rather, procure him a Bishoprick in *England*, and place him in the House of Lords, where his political Eloquence might have been employed with great Advantage; but this was not in their Power, * and they might be willing to secure to him such Advantage as they could, knowing their own Instability, and foreseeing their Fall.

BUT, with whatever View, or from whatever Cause the Deanry of *St. Patrick's* was given him, he received it with less Pleasure than he would have done a Settlement with much less Power and Profit in *England*.

HE immediately crossed the Channel to take Possession of his new Dignity, but did not stay in *Ireland* more than a Fortnight, being urged by an hundred Letters to hasten back, and reconcile Lord *Oxford* and Lord *Bolingbroke*, the Consequences of whose Misunderstanding were justly dreaded by their Friends.

WHEN he returned he found their Quarrels and Coldness encreased, and having predicted
their

* D. S. 343. Letter to Lord *Oxford*.

their Ruin from this very Cause, he laboured to bring about a Reconciliation, as that upon which the whole Interest of their Party depended.

WITH this View he contrived to bring them to Lord *Masbam's* at St. *James's*, and Lord and Lady *Masbam* being acquainted with his Purpose, left him alone with them; he then expostulated with them both, but to little Effect, being able only to engage them to go to *Windsor* the next Day, still hoping, that if he could keep them together, they would come to some Agreement, well knowing that in Absence the Mind perpetually revolves the recent Offences of a Friend, and heightens them by every possible Aggravation; but, that when the Offended and the Offender meet, the dying Sparks of Esteem or Kindness often brighten into a Flame, the Remembrance of past Pleasure and Confidence returns, and mutually inclines them to secure by an Accommodation, that which they feel they cannot lose without Regret.

SWIFT soon after followed them, but was told by Lord *Bolingbroke*, that his Scheme had come to Nothing; and, he had the Mortification to observe that they grew more cold to each other every Day. In the mean Time Lord *Oxford's* Credit grew less and less, and the Queen's Health visibly declined.

SWIFT, however, contrived yet once more to meet them at Lord *Masbam's*, and was
again

again left alone with them; this was the last Time they ever met, and he spoke to them both with great Freedom; but, at length despairing of his Purpose, he told them he would retire, for that all was gone; *Bolingbroke* whispered him that he was right, but *Oxford* said all would do well.

SWIFT still adhered to his Opinion, and therefore went in a Day or two to *Oxford* by the Coach, and thence to the House of a Friend in *Berkshire*, where he continued until the Queen's Death, which happened in about ten Weeks.

WHILE he was at this Place, his Mind was still busy for his Friends, and he wrote a Discourse, called, * *Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs*, which he thought might be useful at that Juncture, and sent it up to *London*; but some Difference of Opinion happening between him and Lord *Bolingbroke* concerning it, the Publication was delayed until the Queen's Death, and then he recalled his Copy, † which was afterwards deposited with the late Alderman *Barber* ‡, and having been since published will be found in *Vol. 3. p. 351.*

A FEW

* See Vol. IX. p. 209.

† Let. to *Pope*, 10th of January, 1721.

* *George Faulkner*, the Printer and Publisher of *Swift's* genuine Works, had a Letter from the Author to the Alderman, to give him what Manuscripts he had of his, amongst which was, *Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs*; which *Barber* told *Faulkner* was ready for the Press when the Queen dyed: But Messengers being sent to search his Printing-Office, he and his Journeyman

A FEW Weeks after the Death of the Queen, he went back to his Station in *Ireland*, all his Connections with the Court being broken, and all his Expectations disappointed.

BUT, it would be an Injury to *Swift* not to stop a Moment here, and before we descend with him into the Vale of private Life, look back, as from an Eminence, upon the Country we have passed.

FEW of those who have been permitted to associate with Persons greatly superior in Rank and Fortune, who have climbed in the Retinue of Power, and been distinguished by reflected Greatness, and have been able to sustain the native Dignity of their own Character, without stooping as they ascended the Hill, or being blinded by the Light that made them conspicuous to others.

LET it therefore be recorded to the Honour of Dr. *Swift*, and to animate others by his Example and Reward, that during his Connection with those who were in the highest Rank, and who in every Rank would have been great, he would never suffer himself to be treated but as an Equal, and repulsed every Attempt to hold him in Dependence, or keep him at a Distance, with the utmost Resentment and Indignation.

IT happened upon some Occasion, that *Harley* sent him a Bank Bill of Fifty Pounds
by

broke the Forms to Pieces before the State Messengers got Admittance.

by his private Secretary, Mr. *Lewis*, which *Swift* instantly returned, with a Letter of Expostulation and Complaint; *Harley* invited him to dine, but he refused; he wrote to Mr. *Lewis** to mediate between them, desiring him to be reconciled, but *Swift* sent Word that he expected farther Satisfaction. *Harley* replied, if he would but come and see him, he would make him easy; but *Swift*, insisted that he should apologize by Message, and declared, that, otherwise, *he would cast him off*.

It is possible that this Favour might have been rejected as not worth his Acceptance; but, it is certain, that if it had been of greater Value, it would not have attoned for any Indecorum in the Offer, or have induced *Swift*, to suffer an Obligation from those whom he did not esteem, for he refused the Place of Historiographer with Disdain, because it was in the Disposal of a Person † whom he regarded with Disgust and Contempt.

He would not suffer even negative Incivilities from those who, if by their Station they had not been his Superiors, would have been his Equals by Learning and Parts. It happened that having one Day dined with Mr. *St. John*, who was then Secretary of State, and remarked that he appeared to be much out of Temper, he took the first Opportunity to see him alone, and warned him never to behave
to

* D. S. 324-5. Letter to Stella.

† The Duke of *Kent*. See his Letter to *Pope*, dated 10th of *Jan.* 1721. Vol. VII.

to him with silent Reserve, for that he would not be treated like a School-boy. ‡ I expect says he, that if you hear or see any Thing to my Disadvantage you would let me know it in plain Words, and not put me in Pain to guess by the Change or Coldness of your Countenance or Behaviour; for, it is what I would hardly bear from a crowned Head, and I think no Subject's Favour is worth it.

THE Secretary received the Reproof like a Friend, as it was given, and apologized for his Behaviour by saying, that Business had kept him up several whole Nights, and drinking one more; and to make up Matters, he pressed the Doctor to stay to Dinner, which however he declined, as well because he would not encourage a second Offence by too easily passing over the first, as because he was engaged with another Friend.

If, in this Representation of his Behaviour, as it is in many Particulars taken from his Letters to *Stella*, he should be suspected of having somewhat exaggerated to gratify his Vanity, he may be abundantly justified by a Letter still extant, which he wrote to Lord *Oxford* after the Connection between them was broken.

‘ When I was with you, says he, I have said
 ‘ more than once, that I would never allow
 ‘ Quality or Station to make any Difference
 ‘ between Men.—I loved you just so much
 ‘ the worse for your Station—In your public
 ‘ Capacity you have often *angered* me to the
 ‘ Heart,

‡ D. S. 327. Letter to *Stella*.

‘ Heart, but as a private Man never.—I was
‘ too proud to be vain of the Honour you did
‘ me. I was never afraid of offending you,
‘ nor am I now in any Pain for the Manner I
‘ write to you in.

NEITHER was this Conduct the Effect of Pride and Self-sufficiency, but of true Dignity of Mind, for he exacted nothing which, in his Turn, he did not pay, nor asked more for himself than for others, whose Pretensions or Circumstances were the same.

WHEN he was desired by Lord *Oxford* to introduce Doctor *Parnell* to his Acquaintance, he refused upon this Principle, that a Man of Genius was a Character superior to that of a Lord in a high Station: He therefore obliged his Lordship to walk with his Treasurer’s Staff from Room to Room through his own Levee, enquiring which was Doctor *Parnell*, in order to introduce himself, and beg the Honour of his Acquaintance.

IT was known by an Accident, after his Memory failed, that he allowed an Annuity of fifty Guineas to Mrs. *Dingley*; but, instead of doing this with the Parade of a Benefactor, or gratifying his Pride by making her feel her Dependance, he always pretended that he acted only as her Agent, and that the Money he paid her, was the Produce of a certain Sum, that she had in the Funds; and, the better to save Appearances, he always took her Receipt,

and sometimes would pretend, with great seeming Vexation, that she drew upon him before he had received her Money from *London*.

As to his political Principles, if his own Account of them is to be believed, he abhorred Whiggism only in those who made it consist in damning the Church, reviling the Clergy, abetting the Dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed Religion. He always declared himself against a Popish Successor to the Crown, whatever Title he might have by Proximity of Blood; nor did he regard the right Line upon any other Account, than as it was established by Law, and had much Weight in the Opinions of the People; he was of Opinion, that when the Grievances suffered under the present Government, became greater than those which might probably be expected from changing it by Violence, a Revolution was justifiable, and this he believed to have been the Case in that which was brought about by the Prince of *Orange*. He had a mortal Antipathy against * standing Armies in Times of Peace, and was of Opinion, that our Liberty could never be placed upon a firm Foundation until the antient Law should be revived, by which our Parliaments were made annual; he abominated the political Scheme of setting up a monied Interest in Opposition to the Landed, and was an Enemy to temporary Suspensions of the *Habeas Corpus Act*. If some

Aspe-

* See his Letter to Mr. Pope, Jan. 10, 1721, Vol. VII. p. 21.

Asperities that cannot be justified have escaped his Pen, in Papers which were hastily written in the first Ardour of his Zeal, and often after great Provocation from those who wrote against him, surely they may without the Exertion of Angelic Benevolence be forgiven.

THAT he was not at any Time a Bigot to Party, and that he did not indiscriminately transfer his Resentments from Principles to Persons, was so evident by his Conduct, that it was a usual Subject of Raillery towards him, among the Ministers, that he never came to them *without a Whig in his Sleeve*; and, although he doth not appear to have asked any Thing for himself, yet he often pressed Lord Oxford in Favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steele, with whom, except Mr. Steele, he frequently conversed, during all Lord Oxford's Ministry, chusing his Friends by their personal Merit, without examining how far their Notions agreed with the Politicks then in Vogue; and, in particular, his Friendship with * Mr. Addison continued inviolable, and with as much Kindness as when they used to meet at Lord Halifax's or Lord Sommers's, who were Leaders of the opposite Party.

AMONG other Persons with whom he was intimately acquainted during this gay Part of his Life†, was Mrs. Vanhomrigh. She was a

A a 2

Lady

* Letter to Pope, Vol. IV. p. 21.

† D. S. 258, and following. Orrery 71, and following.

Lady of good Family, the Daughter of Mr. Stone, the Commissioner, and Niece to the Accomptant General of *Ireland*.

SHE was the Widow of Mr. *Bartholomew Vanhomrigh*, first a Merchant of *Amsterdam*, and afterwards of *Dublin*, who was appointed Commissary of the Stores by K. *Wm.* upon his Expedition into *Ireland*; a Place, which, during the War, was computed to be worth 6000 *l.* per Ann. After the Affairs of *Ireland* were settled, he was appointed Muster-Master-General, and a Commissioner of the Revenue, and laid out about 12,000 *l.* in the Purchase of forfeited Estates: But, although he received the Produce of this Estate, and enjoyed his Appointments thirteen Years, yet when he died, in 1703, his Expences had been so nearly equal to his Revenue, that his whole Fortune, the Value of his Estate included, amounted only to 16,000 *l.* This Sum he directed, by his Will, to be divided equally between his Wife and four Children, of which, two were Sons and two were Daughters. The Sons died soon after their Father, and their Share of his Fortune fell to the Daughters.

IN 1709, the Widow and the two young Ladies came to *England*, where they were visited by Persons of the first Quality, and *Swift* lodging within a few Doors of their House in *Bury-street*, St. *James's*, used to be much there, coming and going without Ceremony, as if he had been one of the Family: During this Familiarity

milliarity he became insensibly a Kind of Preceptor to the young Ladies, particularly the eldest, who was then about twenty Years old, was much addicted to Reading, and a great Admirer of Poetry. In a Person of this Disposition, it was natural for such a Character as that of *Swift* to excite Admiration; a Passion, which by frequent Converse, was softened into Complacency, and Complacency was at length improved into Love.

Love itself, perhaps, was in this Case complicated with Vanity, which would have been highly gratified by an Alliance with the first Wit of the Age; and, thus what neither could have effected alone, was done by the joint Efforts of both, and she ventured to make the Doctor a Proposal of Marriage. It is probable, that his Connections with Mrs. *Johnson* at this Time were such, that he could not with Honour accept this Proposal, whatever Pleasure or Advantage it might promise; however it is certain, he declined it, although without assigning any other Engagement as the Reason.

He appears first to have affected to believe her in Jest, then to have raillied her on so whimsical a Choice, and at last to have put her off without an absolute Refusal, perhaps, partly because he was unwilling to give her Pain, and partly because he could not refuse her with a good Grace, otherwise than by discovering some Particulars, which he was willing to conceal. While he was in this Situation,

on, he wrote the Poem called * *Cadenus* and *Vanessa*, the principal View of which seems to have been at once to compliment and to rally her, to apologize for his Conduct, and soften a tacit Denial by leaving the Event undetermined.

THIS Poem appears to have been written about the Year 1713, a short Time before he left *Vanessa* and the rest of his Friends in *England*, and returned to the Place of his Exile, which he so called, and always mentioned with Regret.

IN the Year 1714 Mrs. *Vanbomrigh* died, and having lived at an Expence much greater than her Fortune would bear, she left some Debts unpaid.

HER two Daughters, whose Fortunes she had also lessened, she appointed joint Executrices of her Will, an Office which however troublesome, the Situation of their Affairs obliged them to accept; it appears too, that they had contracted some Debts in their own Right, which it was not in their Power immediately to pay, and therefore to avoid any Trouble they followed the Dean into *Ireland*.

UPON his Arrival to take Possession of his Deanry, and his Return after the Queen's Death, he was received, according to the Account of Lord *Orrery* and Mr. *Deane Swift*, with every possible Mark of Contempt and Indignation, especially by the Populace, who
not

* See Vol. II, p. 63.

not only reviled and cursed him, but pelted him with Stones and Dirt as he passed along the Streets. The Author of the Observations*, on the contrary, affirms, that he was received by all Ranks of Men, not only with Kindness, but Honour, the Tories being then in full Power, as well in *Ireland*, as in *England*, and *Swift's* Service to the Church, and Credit at Court being well known. This indeed was true, when he went to take Possession, which was in the Reign of *Queen Anne*; but when he returned to his Deanry, in the Reign of *George I.* the Power of the Tories and the Dean's Credit at Court were at an End; Circumstances which might well cause the Rabble at least to forget his Services to the Church. It is certain that great Clamour was then raised by the new Men against the late Ministry, with whom *Swift* had been closely connected; they were charged with a Design to bring in the Pretender, and the same Design was consequently imputed to *Swift*, whom it was therefore considered by some as a Qualification for Preferment to revile and oppose. Which Party the Rabble took, whose Fault it has never been to coincide implicitly with a Court, Posterity might judge for themselves; but, it seems probable, that these Accounts, however contradictory, may both be true, as that *Swift* at this Time might be the *Sacheverel* of *Ireland*, followed by the Mob of one Faction with Ex-

ecra-

ecrations, and by the other with Shouts of Applause.

IT is however agreed that the * Archbishop of *Dublin*, and some of his old Friends in the Chapter, set themselves against his Measures, with all their Force, and laboured to disappoint him in the Exercise of his Power by every Art of Opposition and Delay. But, whatever Prejudice they had conceived against him was soon removed, by the disinterested Integrity of his Conduct, which was so apparent and striking, that they soon regarded him with Respect and Veneration, and almost implicitly acquiesced in whatever he proposed.

THIS Removal from *England* to *Ireland* was the great Event which determined the Colour of his Life, bounded his Views, and shewed him at once what he might possess, and for what he might hope.

THERE is a Time when every Man is struck with a Sense of his Mortality, and feels the Force of a Truth to which he hath consented merely from Custom, without considering its Certainty or Importance. This Time seldom happens in the chearful Simplicity of Infancy, or in the first Impatience of Youth, when the World is all before us, when every Object has the Force of Novelty, and every Desire of Pleasure receiveth auxiliar Strength from Curiosity; but, after the first Heat of the Race, when we stop to recover from our Fatigue, we naturally consider the Ground before
us,

* Dr. KING.

us, and then perceive that at the End of the Course are Clouds and Darknefs, that the Grave will soon intercept our Pursuit of temporal Felicity; and, that, if we cannot stretch to the Goal that is beyond it, we run in vain, and spend our Strength for Nought. Great Disappointments which change our general Plan, and make it necessary to enter the World, as it were, a second Time, seldom fail to alarm us with the Brevity of Life, and repress our Alacrity by precluding our Hopes.

THE Dean, whether by the Vigour and Activity of his Imagination, the Multitude of his Ideas, or the Ardour of his Pursuits, escaped the Force of this Thought until his Retreat to *Ireland* on the * Death of the Queen; and, then indeed it came upon him with such Influence, that after fifteen Years it constantly recurred when he first awaked in the Morning, and was not dismissed until he again began to sleep†.

As soon as he was settled at *Dublin*, Mrs. *Johnson* removed from the Country to be near him, but they still lived in separate Houses; his Residence was at the Deanry, and her's in Lodgings on the *North* Side of the River *Liffey*.

THE Dean kept two publick Days every Week; and although the Circle of his Visitors

* *August 1, 1714.*

† See his Letter to *Bolingbroke*, in *Pope's Works*, printed by *George Faulkner*, Vol. IX. p. 95.

tors * is said at first to have been small, yet it soon increased, and always consisted of the best Company.

THOSE who were more particularly the Companions of his Choice, were such as would have done Honour to any Character; they were the *Grattans*, seven Brothers, the Sons of Doctor *Grattan*, a venerable and hospitable Clergyman, who gave them all a liberal Education. The eldest was a Justice of Peace, and lived reputably on his Patrimony in the Country; another was a Physician, and another a † Merchant, both eminent in their Professions; three others were Clergymen, who had a competent Provision in the Church, and the youngest was Fellow of *Trinity-College, Dublin*, and Master of the great Free-School at *Enniskilling*. They were all Persons of great Merit, as generally acquainted and as much beloved, as any in the Kingdom. The *Jacksons*, a Family of which both Men and Women were genteel, agreeable and well-bred, such Companions as no wise Man ever wanted, if they could be had. *George Rochfort* and *Peter Ludlow*, Men of Fortune, Learning, Wit, Humour and Virtue; and, *Mr. Matthew Ford*, deemed the best Lay-Scholar of his Time: These, with the Fellows of the *College*, Doctor *Walmsley*, Doctor *Helsham*, Doctor *Delany*, Doctor *Stopford*, now
Bishop

* D. S. 108.

† Sir *James Grattan*, Lord-Mayor of *Dublin*, in the Year 1736.

Bishop of Cloyne*, and Doctor *Sheridan*, Lady *Eustace*, Mrs. *Moore*, Lady *Betty Rochfort*, and Mrs. *Ludlow*, with Mrs. *Johnson*, and her Friends, were the Persons with whom *Swift* spent his Leisure Hours, from the Year 1714 to the Year 1720, a Period in which it has been erroneously said that his Choice of Companions shewed him of a depraved Taste. There was indeed among his Companions one Person who could derive no Honour from his Lineage, a Foundling, whom *Swift* therefore used to call *Melchisedeck*, because *Melchisedeck* is said to have had neither Father nor Mother; this Gentleman's Name was *Worral*, he was a Clergyman, a Bachelor of Divinity, a Reader, and a Vicar of his Cathedral, as well as of *Christ-Church*, and Master of the Song. He was nearly of the Dean's own Standing in the *College*, had good Sense, and much Humour. He was married to a Woman of great Sprightliness, Good-Nature, and Generosity, remarkably cleanly, and elegant in her Person, in her House, and at her Table: But, there is another particular in *Worral's* Character which greatly contributed to his Intimacy with the Dean; he was a good Walker. The Dean used this Exercise in an immoderate Degree, under the Notion of its being absolutely necessary, not to Health only, but to Cleanliness, by keeping the Pores of the Skin clear, and throwing off Impurities by

Per-

* Died —————, and succeeded by Doctor *Robert Johnson*.

Perſpiration. *Worral's* Situation in the Church naturally engaged his frequent Attendance upon the Dean; this Attendance commonly ended in a Walk, and the Walk in their dining together at *Worral's*, or at the Deanry; the Dean being a ſingle Man, was oftener a Guest to *Worral*, than *Worral* was a Guest to him, and this brought on an Agreement, that the Dean ſhould dine with him whenever he would, at a certain Rate, and invite as many Friends as he pleaſed upon the ſame Terms. This Gentleman * is lately dead, and left a large Sum of Money to be diſpoſed of to publick Charities, at the Diſcretion of his Executors, 500 *l.* of which was appropriated to the Dean's Hoſpital, 500 *l.* to *Steevens's*, 500 *l.* to the *Lying-in*, and conſiderable Sums to other Hoſpitals.

THE Dean when he firſt ſettled at *Dublin*, was in Debt, a Situation which ill ſuited his great Spirit, and determined him to a ſevere OEconomy, with which this Agreement with † *Worral* very well ſuited. On his publick Days, however, the Dignity of his Station was ſuſtained with the utmoſt Elegance and Decorum, under the Direction of Mrs. *Johnſon*, who yet appeared in the Circle, without any Character diſtinct from the reſt of the Company. She was, however, frequently invited with the Dean, whether to Entertainments or Parties of Pleaſure, although not ſo generally as if ſhe had been his Wife; ſhe
viſited

* D. S. 290. J. R. 92.

† J. R. 92.

visited and received Visits as far as the Practice is a meer Ritual of good Breeding*; her Friendships seem to have been still among the Men, but she was treated with great Politeness by the Ladies.

The Dean's Mind had been now so filled with Politicks, that he found it impracticable to excel as a Preacher, his first and most laudable Ambition; and, frequently declared that, 'although he sometimes attempted to exert himself in the Pulpit†, yet he could never rise higher than preaching Pamphlets.' He was, however, still a good Dean, and a good Priest; he applied himself to the Care of his Deanry, his Cathedral, its Regulations, its Income and OEconomy, with great Diligence; he renewed the primitive Practice of celebrating the Holy Communion every *Sunday*, and at this Sacrament he was not only constantly present, but he consecrated and administered it with his own Hands, in a Manner equally graceful and devout; he attended at Church every Morning, and generally preached in his Turn; he also constantly attended the Performance of the Anthem on a *Sunday Evening*, although he did not understand Musick, to see that the Choir did not neglect their Duty.

As to his Employment at Home, he seems to have had no Heart to apply himself to Study of any Kind, but to have resigned himself wholly

* D. S. 92.

† J. R. 42.

wholly to such Amusements as offered, that he might not think of his Situation, the Misfortune of his Friends, and the Disappointment of his Hope; such at least is the Account that he gives to Mr. *Gay*, in his Letter dated *January* the 8th 1722-3. ' I was three
' Years, says he, reconciling myself to the
' Scene and Business to which Fortune hath
' condemned me, and Stupidity was what I
' had Recourse to.

It has been suggested, that the Acquaintance he fell into with Men of Learning made it necessary for him about this Time to review his Greek and Latin; and to obtain some Acquaintance with Church History; but surely, he who had studied * eight Hours a Day for seven Years, or, according to Mr. *Deane Swift* †, ten Hours a Day for nine Years, he who had read and extracted the Fathers more than sixteen Years before, had little Occasion to review his Greek and Latin, or acquaint himself with Church-History, lest he should not sustain his Character among learned Men; for, except it be pretended that others were able to acquire more Knowledge in less Time and with less Labour, it must be allowed, that *Swift* was likely to be always the most knowing of his Company, Lord *Orrery* says, that he was little acquainted with the Mathematicks, and never considered that Science ‡, except

* J. R. 101.

† D. S. 271, 272, 276.

‡ *Orrery* 7, 101.

cept as an Object of Ridicule; but, the Author of the *Observations* affirms, on the contrary, that he had acquired considerable Mathematical Knowledge, and that he * had seen him more than once undertake to solve an Algebraic Problem by Arithmetick.

THE first remarkable Event of his Life that occurred after his Settlement at the Deanry, was his Marriage to Mrs. *Johnson*, after a most intimate Friendship of more than sixteen Years; this was in the Year 1716, and the Ceremony was performed by Dr. *Ash*, then Bishop of *Clogher*, to whom the Dean had been a Pupil in *Trinity-College, Dublin*.

BUT, whatever were the Motives of this Marriage, † the Dean and the Lady continued to live afterwards just in the same Manner they had lived before. Mrs. *Dingley* was still the inseparable Companion of *Stella*, wherever she went, and she never resided at the Deanry, except when the Dean was seized with violent Fits of Giddiness, which sometimes lasted near a Month.

UNTIL this Time he had continued his Visits to *Vanessa*, who, although she had suffered very great pecuniary Losses, had yet preserved her Reputation and her Friends; for, she was visited by many Persons of Rank, Character and Fortune, of both Sexes; particularly Mrs. *Conolly* ‡, a Lady of very high Reputation, the late

* J. R. 101.

† *Pope's Letters*, 4.

‡ Daughter to General *Gunningham*, and Wife to the Right

late most excellent Bishop of *Cloyne**, and the late Judge *Lindsay*, and the Lord Chief Justice *Marlay*.

THE Dean appears still to have the Character of her Preceptor, to have directed her Progress in Literature, and explained and illustrated the Authors she had read; but soon after his Marriage he visited her on another Account; he went as an Advocate for Mr. *Dean Winter*, whom he took with him, a Gentleman who was a professed Admirer of *Vanessa*, and had made her some Overtures of Marriage; but, although he had an Estate of near eight hundred Pounds a Year, besides, three hundred Pounds a Year Preferment, in the Church, yet *Vanessa* rejected the Proposal † in such Terms as that it never was repeated. She was also addressed by Dr. *Price*, who was afterwards Archbishop of *Cashel*, but without Success. From this Time the Dean's Visits were much less frequent. In the Year 1717, her Sister died, and the whole Remains of the Family Fortune being then centered in *Vanessa*, she retired to *Celbridge*, to a small House and Estate, near eight Miles distant from *Dublin*, which had been purchased by her Father.

FROM this Place she wrote frequently to the Dean, and he answered her Letters: In these Letters she still pressed him to marry her, and

Right Hon. *William Conolly*, Esq; Speaker of the House of Commons, one of the Lords Justices of *Ireland*, and a Commissioner of the Revenue.

* *Dr. Berkeley*.

† D. S. 264, 265.

and in his Answers he still rallied, and still avoided a positive Denial. At Length, however, she insisted, with great Ardour and great Tenderness upon his positive and immediate Acceptance or Refusal of her as a Wife. The Dean wrote an Answer and delivered it with his own Hand.

As this Letter of *Vanessa's*, which was written in 1723, is a Demonstration that she was then utterly ignorant of the Dean's Marriage with *Stella*, and as she appears to have known it almost immediately afterwards, it is probable that the Dean's Answer communicated the fatal Secret, which at once precluded all her Hopes, and accounted for his former Conduct*; it is probable too, that the Resentment which he felt at having it thus extorted from him, was the Cause of the Manner in which he delivered the Letter; for, having thrown it down upon her Table, he hasted back to his Horse, and returned immediately to *Dublin*.

THIS Letter the unhappy Lady did not survive many Weeks; however, she was sufficiently composed to cancel a Will that she had made in the Dean's Favour, and to make another, in which she left her Fortune, which long Retirement and Frugality had in a great Measure restored, to her two Executors Dr. *Berkeley*, Bishop of *Cloyne*, and Mr. *Marshall*†, one of the King's Serjeants at Law,

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Gen-

* *Deane Swift*, 264. *Orrery*, 78.

† *Robert Marshall*, Esq; afterwards a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Gentlemen whose Characters are excellent in the highest Degree.

IF *Vanessa*, by her Fondness for the Gaieties of Life, encouraged by the Example, and perhaps, influenced by the Authority of a Mother, lessened her Fortune at an Age when few have been discreet, it cannot be denied that she retrieved it by Prudence and OEconomy, at an Age when many have continued dissolute, and was frugal after the Habit of Expence had made Frugality difficult; if she could not subdue a Passion which has tyrannized over the strongest and purest Minds, she does not appear to have known that it was criminal, or to have desired that it might be unlawfully gratified. She pressed a Person whom she believed single to marry her, but it does not therefore follow, that she was his Concubine, much less that she desired to be reputed so, and was then sollicitous to incur the Infamy which hath since been thrown upon her. It cannot surely be believed that the shameless and reputed Concubine, even of *Swift*, would have been visited by Ladies of Credit and Fashion, or solicited in Marriage by two Clergymen of Eminence and Fortune, to whom her Story and Character must have been well known: Besides, Dr. *Berkeley*, after having carefully perused all the Letters that passed between them, which *Vanessa* directed to be published, with the Poem, found that they contained nothing that could bring the least Dis-

Disgrace upon the Dean; her's indeed were full of passionate Declarations of her Love; his contained only Compliments, Excuses, Apologies, and Thanks for trifling Presents. There was not in either the least Trace of a criminal Commerce, which if there had been any such, it would in so long an Intercourse, have been extremely difficult to avoid; and, if she desired to be reputed his Concubine, it cannot be supposed that she concealed any Letter which would have proved that she was so, especially as it would have gratified her Resentment against him for refusing to make her his Wife*.

If it appears therefore, that there was no criminal Commerce between them, and, that she did not desire the World should believe there had been any, it follows from her directing the Publication of the Poem, of which perhaps, she possessed the only Copy, that, in her Sense of the Verses, none of them implied a Fact which would dishonour her Memory, and this appears also to have been the Opinion of her Executors†, who, although they suppressed the Letters, because they contained nothing that could do her Honour, yet published the Poem, by which, it must therefore be supposed, they did not think she would be disgraced.

It has indeed been said, that *Vanessa*, from the Time she was deserted, devoted herself

B b 2

like

* J. R. 121, 122, 123.

† J. R. 123.

like *Ariadne*, to *Bacchus*, and perhaps it is true, that in the Anguish of disappointed Desire, she had Recourse to that dreadful Opiate, * which never fails to complicate Diseases with Trouble, to leave the Sufferer more wretched when its Operation is at an End, to divide Life into Frenzy and Despair, and at once to hasten the Approach, and encrease the Terrors of Death. But, it cannot be thought, that when she made her Will, she was either intoxicated or delirious, because the perfect Exercise of Reason is essential to the Validity of the Act. No Particular of her Distress, therefore, can weaken the Arguments drawn from the Direction in her Will, to publish the Poem and the Letters, of which the Gratification of her Vanity was so evidently the Motive, that it is difficult to conceive how it could be overlooked.

FROM 1716, to 1720, is a Chasm in the Dean's Life, which it has been found difficult to fill up. † That he had no Need to repeat his College Exercises, hath been shewn already; and that, in this Interval he went through a voluminous Course of Ecclesiastical History, seems farther improbable, by a Letter to Lord *Bolingbroke*, dated *April 5, 1729*, in which it appears, that he was then reading *Baronius*, and *Baronius* was the only Piece of Church-History that was found in his Library. Lord *Orrery* thinks, with great Reason, that he em-

* J. R. 123.

† J. R. 101.

employed this Time upon *Gulliver's Travels*.

THE Author of the *Observations*, indeed, supposes the Dean's Genius to be verging towards a Decline, in the Year 1723, and that *Gulliver's Travels* were written after that Time; but, in both these Suppositions, he is probably mistaken; although in the former he seems to be favoured by a Passage in a Letter written by the Dean himself to Mr. *Pope*, dated Sept. 20, 1723.

THAT his Genius was not declining in 1723, appears by the *Drapier's Letters*, which were not written until 1724, and of these the *Observer* himself says, 'his Genius never shone out in greater Strength than on that and the subsequent Occasions,' a Truth which is universally acknowledged. That *Gulliver's Travels* were written before that Time, is equally evident, for *Swift* went into the North of Ireland, early in the Spring of 1725, * and in a Letter to Dr. *Sheridan*, during his Residence there, he puts him in Mind of his Description of the *Yakooos*, so that *Sheridan* must have seen the Travels in Manuscript, at least, in the Year 1724. The Dean also in a Letter to Mr. *Pope*, dated September 29, 1725, says, 'Oh! if the World had but a Dozen *Arbutbnots* in it, I would burn my Travels.' It may reasonably be concluded, therefore, that his Travels were then all written, and that at

B b 3

this

* See Vol. VII.

this Time he was reviewing and retouching them for the Press, especially as they were published in the Year 1726; and as he was otherwise employed in 1724, they must have been written, at least, before 1723.

Upon the whole, perhaps, it is not an extravagant Conjecture, that having, according to his own Account, wholly neglected his Studies for the first three Years of his Residence at the Deanry, and indulged the Resentment which his Disappointment had produced, until it could be contained no longer, he conceived the first Notion of expressing it in such a Manner, as might correct the Enormities which he exposed; and with this View, immediately began his Travels, of which the first Copy was, probably, finished before the Year 1720.

ABOUT this Time the Dean, who had already acquired the Character of a Humourist and a Wit, was first regarded with general Kindness as the Patriot of *Ireland*. He wrote a Proposal for the universal Use of *Irish* Manufactures; a Tract, which as it was apparently calculated for the Service of *Ireland*, and zealously condemned a Sacrifice of Interest to *England*, made him very popular; but this Service would not, perhaps, have been so long and so zealously remembered, if a Prosecution had not been commenced against the Printer.*

As

* See Vol. IV. p. 19.

As soon as this Measure was taken, the Importance of the Work was estimated by the Diligence of the Government to suppress it, and the Zeal and Integrity of the Writer were measured by the Danger he had incurred. No publick Notice, however, was taken of the Dean on this Occasion, and *Waters*, the Printer, after having been long harassed and imprisoned, at length obtained a *Noli Prosequi*.

THE Dean did not again appear in his political Character until the Year 1724. A Patent having been iniquitously procured by one *Wood*, to coin 108,000*l.* in Copper, for the Use of *Ireland*, by which he would have acquired exorbitant Gain, and proportionably impoverished the Nation; the Dean, in the Character of a Drapier, wrote a Series of Letters to the People, urging them not to receive this Copper-Money. These Letters united the whole Nation in his Praise, filled every Street with his Effigies, and every Voice with Acclamations; and *Wood*, although he was long supported by those who prostituted the highest delegated Authority to the vilest Purposes, was at length compelled to withdraw his Patent, and his Money was totally suppressed.

UPON the Arrival of Lord *Carteret*, soon after the Publication of the fourth Letter, several Passages were selected as sufficient Ground for a Prosecution, and his Excellency
and

and Council published a * Proclamation, offering 300 *l.* Reward for a Discovery of the Author. This Proclamation gave the Dean a remarkable Opportunity to illustrate his Character. It happened that his Butler, whom he had employed as his Amanuensis, and who alone was trusted with the Secret, went out in the Afternoon of the Day of the Proclamation, without Leave, and stayed abroad the whole Night and Part of the next Day. There was great Reason to suspect that he had made an Information, and having received his Reward would never return. The Man, however, came Home in the Evening, and the Dean was advised by his Friends to take no Notice of his Fault, lest he should be provoked to a Breach of Trust, from the Dread of which his Return had just delivered them: But the Dean rejected this Council with the utmost Disdain, and commanding the Man into his Presence, ordered him immediately to strip off his Livery and leave the House. ‘You Villain,’ said he, ‘I know I am in your Power, and for that very Reason I will the less bear with your Insolence or Neglect.’

THE Man, in very submissive Terms, confessed that he had been drinking all Night, and intreated to be forgiven, but *Swift* was inexorable; he then begged that he might be confined in some Part of the House so long as the Proclamation could intitle him to any
Reward,

Reward, left when he was driven from his Service, and destitute of another, the Temptation might be too strong for his Virtue, and his Distress might involve him in a Crime which he most abhorred. *Swift*, however, was still inexorable, and the Man was dismissed. During all the Time of Danger, *Swift* obstinately refused to contribute one Farthing towards his Support, nor could he be persuaded to see his Face; but when the Time limited in the Proclamation was expired, he was permitted to return to his Service. Soon afterwards he was called hastily up by the Dean, who, without any Preface, again ordered him to strip off his Livery, put on his own Cloaths, and then come to him again. The poor Fellow, although he was greatly astonished at this Proceeding, knew *Swift* too well to expostulate, and therefore, with whatever Reluctance, did as he had been commanded; when he returned, the Dean ordered the other Servants to be called up, who immediately attended, expecting that the Butler was to be dismissed *in terrorem*, and that they should be warned in very severe Terms of his Offence. *Swift*, as soon as they had ranged themselves before him, ordered them to take Notice, that *Robert* was no longer his Servant; ‘he is now,’ said the Dean, Mr. *Blakeley*, the Verger of ‘*St. Patrick’s Cathedral*, a Place which I give ‘him as a Reward for his Fidelity.’ The Value of his Place is between thirty and forty Pounds

Pounds a Year ; * however, *Robert* would not quit his Master, but continued to be his Butler some Years afterwards. In this Instance the Dean exercised his Pride, his Fortitude, and his Equity, in a Manner peculiar to Himself ; and, although there are many who would equally have rewarded such Fidelity, there are few who would have ventured to wait the Issue of so severe and dangerous a Probation.

FROM this Time the Dean's Influence in *Ireland* was almost without Bounds ; he was consulted in whatever related to domestick Policy, and in particular to Trade. The Weavers always considered him as their Patron, and Legislator, after his Proposal for the Use of *Irish* Manufactures, and came frequently in a Body to receive his Advice in settling the Rates of their Stuffs, and the Wages of their Journey-men ; and, when Elections were depending for the City of *Dublin*, many Corporations refused to declare themselves, until they knew his Sentiments and Inclinations. Over the Populace he was the most absolute Monarch that ever governed Men, and he was regarded by Persons of every Rank with Veneration and Esteem.

It appears by many of his Writings, that he lived in great Friendship and Familiarity with Lord *Carteret* during his Lieutenancy, notwithstanding his Lordship had signed the Proclamation to discover him, as the Writer
of

of the *Drapier's Letters*. *Swift*, indeed, remonstrated against this Proceeding, and once asked his Lordship, How he could concur in the Prosecution of a poor honest Fellow, who had been guilty of no other Crime than that of Writing three or four Letters for the Instruction of his Neighbours, and the Good of his Country? To this Question his Excellency replied in the Words of *Virgil*,

—*Regni novitas me talia cogit
Moliri.*——

HE was equally diligent to recommend Friends to Lord *Carteret* as he had been to recommend them to Lord *Oxford**, and he did it with the same Dignity and Freedom. Pray, my Lord, said he one Day, have you the Honour to be acquainted with the *Grattans*? My Lord answered, he had not: Why then, pray my Lord, said *Swift*, † take Care to obtain it; it is of great Consequence: The *Grattans*, my Lord, can raise ten thousand Men. He obtained a Living for his Friend, Dr. *Sheridan*, and he recommended several others of whom he knew nothing but that they were good Men.

HE used also to remonstrate with great Freedom, against such Measures as he disapproved; and Lord *Carteret* having gained the Advantage of him in some Dispute concerning the Distresses of *Ireland*, he cried out in a Passion, *what the Vengeance brought you among us? Get*

you

* D. S. 270.

† J. R. 95.

you gone, get you gone; pray God Almighty send us our Boobies back again: * A Reply which shewed at once the Turn, the Strength, and the Virtue of his Mind, as it was a fine Compliment to the Force of Reason, by which he had been just foiled, and was expressed with all the Vehemence of his Temper, and all the Peculiarity of his Wit.

HE went twice to *England*, on Visits to his Friends, after his Settlement at the Deanry, in the Years 1726, and 1727.

THERE is a Passage in one of his Letters to Dr. *Sheridan*, during his Visit in 1726, by which it appears, that he then had such an Offer of a Settlement in the Midst of his Friends, within twelve Miles of *London*, as, if he had been ten Years younger, he would gladly have accepted: But, I am now, says he, too old for new Schemes, and [especially such as would bridle me in my Freedoms and Liberalities. He had also an Invitation from Lord *Bolingbroke*, to spend a Winter with him at his House on the Banks of the *Loire* in *France*. And this he would have accepted, but that he received an Account from *Ireland*, that Mrs. *Johnson* was dangerously ill.

MRS. *Johnson*'s Constitution was tender and delicate, and, as the Dean himself says, she had not the *Stamina Vitæ*: In the Year 1724, she began visibly to decay, and in the Year 1726, was thought to be dying†. The Dean re-

* J. R. 25,

† See Vol. VII. p. 300.

received the News with Agonies not to be felt, but by the tenderest and most ardent Friendship, nor conceived but by the most lively Imagination, and immediately hastened back into *Ireland*.

It happened, however, that Mrs. *Johnson*, contrary to the Opinion of her Physician, recovered a moderate Share of Health, and the Dean, probably to complete some Design, which in his Haste, he had left unfinished, returned again to *England*, in 1727.

FROM *England* he was once more about to set out for *France*, upon Lord *Bolingbroke's* Invitation, when News arrived of the King's Death *.

HE had attended the late Queen† while she was Princess, in his former Excursion to *England*, and he had seen her twice in one Week, by her Royal Highness's Command in this: She had always treated the Dean with great Civility, and the Dean had treated her with his usual and peculiar Frankness. The third Day after the News of the late King's Death, he attended at Court, and kissed the King and the Queen's Hand upon their Accession, and was blamed by his Friends for deferring it so long.

WHAT Prospect he had of a Change in public Affairs on this Event, or of any Advantage which such a Change might produce to himself or his Friends, doth not appear; but, he was earnestly entreated to delay his Journey;

* GEORGE I.

† CAROLINE, Consort of GEORGE II.

ney; and, when he had again determined to set out, he was upon some new Incidents again prevailed upon not to go, by the vehement Persuasion of some Persons, whom he says, he could not disobey. Many Schemes were proposed, in which he was eagerly solicited to engage, but he received them coldly; not as it appears, because he was determined no more to enter into publick Life, but because the Schemes themselves were such as he did not approve: However, in the same Letter, in which he says, that, if the King had lived ten Days longer, he should not have dated it from *London* but *Paris*; he says, that his Share in the Hurry of the Times would not be long, and that he should soon return.

HE was soon after seized with one of his Fits of Giddiness and Deafness, a Calamity which was greatly aggravated by the News that Mrs. *Johnson*, was again so ill, that the Physicians despaired of her Life. Upon this Occasion he relapsed into the Agonies of Mind, which he had felt the Year before; he expected by the next Post, to hear that she was dead, and intreated that he might be told no Particulars, but the Event in general, for that, his Age being then within three Months of Sixty, his Weakness and his Friendship would bear no more. As he despaired of seeing her alive, he determined not to return to *Ireland*, so soon as he intended, but to pass the Winter either near *Salisbury* Plain, or in *France*. That he might not be interrupted by Company,
and

and condemned to the Torment of suppressing his Sorrow; to preserve the Rules of good Breeding, he quitted the House of Mr. *Pope*, at *Twickenham*, and retired to a Village near *London*, with a Female Relation for his Nurse. The next Letter that he received, he kept an Hour in his Pocket, before he could sufficiently fortify himself against the Shock which he expected when he should open it; however, as *Stella's* Life ebbed by slow Degrees, and sometimes seemed at a Stand if not to flow, his Hope of a parting Interview revived, and he set out for *Ireland* as soon as he was able to travel.

HE found her alive, but after having languished about two Months longer, she expired on the 28th of *January*, 1727, in the 44th Year of her Age, regretted by the Dean, with such Excess of Affection and Esteem, as the keenest Sensibility only could feel, and the most excellent Character excite.

BEAUTY, which alone has been the Object of universal Admiration and Desire, which alone has elevated the Possessor, from the lowest to the highest Station, has given Dominion to Folly, and armed Caprice with the Power of Life and Death, was, in *Stella*, only the Ornament of intellectual Greatness; and Wit which has rendered Deformity lovely, and conferred Honour upon Vice, was in her only the Decoration of such Virtue, as without either Wit or Beauty, would have compelled Affection, Esteem, and Reverence.

HER

HER Stature was tall, her Hair and Eyes black, her Complexion fair and delicate, her Features regular, soft, and animated, her Shape easy and elegant, and her Manner Feminine, Polite, and Graceful; there was a natural Music in her Voice, and a pleasing Complacency in her Aspect when she spoke.

As to her Wit, it was confessed by all her Acquaintance, and particularly by the Dean, that she never failed to say the best Thing that was said whenever she was in Company, although her Companions were usually Persons of the best Understanding in the Kingdom.

BUT this dangerous Power was under the Direction of such Sweetness of Temper, such general Kindness, and Reluctance to give Pain, that she never indulged it at the Expence of another.

NEITHER was her Wit merely of the colloquial Kind; she had great Force of poetical Fancy, could range her Thoughts, in a regular Composition, and express them in correct and harmonious Verse; of her Wit in Conversation, some Instances will be found in Vol. VIII. under the Name of *Bons Mots*, and two Specimens of her Poetry are added as an Appendix to this Tract. Her Virtue was founded upon Humanity, and her Religion upon Reason; her Morals were uniform, but not rigid, and her Devotion was habitual, but not ostentatious.

HIS peculiar Connection with Mrs. *Johnson*, does indeed, appear to have been suspected, if
not

not known by his particular Acquaintance: One of whom had the Courage, indirectly, to blame his Conduct several Times, by setting before him the Example of a Clergman of distinguished Merit, who married nearly in the same Circumstances; but, instead of concealing his Marriage, retired into thrifty Lodgings, *until he had made a Provision for his Wife, and then returned to the World, and became eminent for his Hospitality and Charity.

THE Dean, whether by any other Motive, did at length earnestly desire that she might be publickly owned as his Wife; but, as her Health was then declining, and his Oeconomy become more severe, she said, it was *too late*, † and, insisted, that they should continue to live as they had lived before; to this, the Dean in his Turn, consented, and ‡ suffered her to dispose of her own Fortune, by her own Name, to a publick Charity when she died.

IT appears by several little Incidents, that *Stella*, regretted and disapproved the Dean's Conduct, and that she sometimes reproached him with Unkindness; for to such Regret and Reproach, he certainly alludes in the following Verses on her Birth-day, in 1726.

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C c

O THEN

* J. R. 63.

† J. R. 56.

‡ J. R. 288.

*O THEN, whatever Heav'n intends,
Take Pity on your pitying Friends;
Nor let your Ills affect your Mind,
To fancy they can be unkind;
Me, surely, me you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your Sufferings share.*

It seems, indeed, to be generally agreed, that *Stella* was destroyed by the Peculiarity of her Circumstances, and that the Fabrick, however weak by the Delicacy of its Composition, would not have fallen so soon, if the Foundation had not been injured by the slow Minings of Regret and Vexation.

BUT, it is also generally allowed, that in this Instance, as in every other, the Dean's Intention was upright, although his Judgment might be erroneous; and, whatever Censure his Behaviour to *Stella* may draw upon him, it must insure him some Praise, and secure him against Calumny; for, it is a Demonstration that he was an absolute Master of those Passions, by which the greatest have been enslaved, and the best sometimes corrupted; and, if he could abstain from gratifying those Passions with a Lady whom he most admired, after the Gratification was become lawful, he cannot with any Appearance of Reason, be supposed to have indulged the same Passion where there was less Beauty to attract, and less Affection to urge, where it would have been

been attended with Guilt and Infamy, where the Motives were less, and the Obstacles more.

FROM the Death of *Stella*, his Life became much more retired, and the Austerity of his Temper naturally increased; he could not join in the social Chearfulness of his publick Days, or bear such an Intrusion upon his own Melancholy, as the Chearfulness of others; these Entertainments therefore were discontinued, and he sometimes avoided the Company of his most intimate Friends. But when the lenient Hand of Time had allayed the Anguish of his Mind, he seems to have regretted the Effects of its first Violence, and to wish for the Return of those whom his Impatience had banished. In the Year 1732, he complains in a Letter to Mr. Gay, that he had a large House, and should hardly find one Visitor, if he was not able to hire them with a Bottle of Wine. I generally, says he, dine alone, and am thankful, if a Friend will pass the Evening with me. He complains in a Letter to Mr. Pope, that he was in Danger of dying poor and friendless, even his Female Friends having forsaken him; which, as he says, was what vexed him most. These Complaints were afterwards repeated in a Strain of yet greater Sensibility and Self-pity: All my Friends, says he, have forsaken me.

Vertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis.

Deaf, Giddy, Helpless, left alone,

To all my Friends a Burden grown.

YET he confesses that, though he was less patient in Solitude, he was harder to be pleased with Company*, so that even now perhaps his Behaviour did not much invite those whom before it had driven away.

HIS Complaint of being forsaken by his Female Friends, shews that at this Time his House was not a constant Seraglio of very virtuous Women, who attended him from Morning 'till Night, as some People have asserted; and, it seems to imply, that the Observator is also mistaken, when he says, that Females were rarely admitted into his House, and never came but upon very particular Invitations. The Absence of Persons whom he kept at such Distance, and so rarely admitted, could scarce be supposed to vex him most; nor is it easy to conceive in what Sense†, they could be said to forsake him, who never came but upon particular Invitation. However, as to the Seraglio, the Observator affirms in the most solemn Manner, and from frequent Intercourse with the Dean, and long Intimacy with his most intimate Friends, that Lord Orrery was grossly misinformed, and that no such ever subsisted;
Mrs.

* D. S. 309.

† J. R. 129.

Mrs. *Ridgeway*, Daughter of Mrs. *Brent*, his former Housekeeper, who came to live with him some Time after *Stella's* Death, being the only Female in his Family, except Servants.

As he lived much in Solitude, he frequently amused himself with Writing, as appears by the Dates of many of his Pieces which are subsequent to this Time; and, it is very remarkable, that although his Mind was certainly depressed, and his principal Enjoyment at an End, when Mrs. *Johnson* died, yet there is an Air of Trifling and Levity in some of the Pieces which he wrote afterwards, that is not to be found in any other; such in particular, are his Directions to Servants, and several of his Letters to Dr. *Sheridan*.

As he was undoubtedly much more tenderly and strictly connected with *Stella*, than with any other Woman, *so his Friendship seems to have been more intimate and unreserved with Dr. *Sheridan*, than with any other Man; his Letters to him are evidently the Effusions of his Heart, whether he was chearful or sad, and seem to imply a perfect Acquaintance with every Peculiarity of her Circumstances.

Dr. *Sheridan* was a Clergyman of considerable Parts and great Learning; he had in particular, an extensive and critical Knowledge of the Language and History of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which he taught with

C c 3

great

* See his Letters on *Stella's* Sickness, and from Sir *Arthur Acheson's*, Vol VIII. p. 299.

great Success in a Grammar School, of which he was Master; and, it was remarked that his Scholars brought to the University, not only much Learning, but good Morals. This Gentleman was by Nature suited to *Swift* as a Companion, in the highest Degree; he had a Vein of Humour that was a constant Occasion of Merriment, he had an Absence of Mind, which rendered him a perpetual Object of Raillery, and an indolent Good-nature, which made him unapt to take Offence; he was always disposed to be chearful, and therefore readily concurred in the Entertainment of *Swift's* Hours of Pleasantry; and could without much Pain or Displeasure, give Way to his Petulance, or his Coldness, in his Paroxysms of Fretfulness and Reserve; he also greatly contributed to *Swift's* Amusement, by little sprightly Pieces of the inferior Kind of Poetry, which he was always writing; and yet more to his Employment by Hints and Materials, which he was every Moment throwing out.

WITH this easy, negligent, contented Creature, *Swift* passed much of his Time, as well during Mrs. *Johnson's* Life, as afterwards; and, altho' there is in general, an Air of Superiority in his Letters, and might be sometimes in his Behaviour, a Want of that Complacency which no Familiarity should exclude; yet it appears that the Dean did not hold *Sheridan* cheap. *Sheridan* he loved for his own Merit, and

and was content to have deserved his Love by the Interest of another; "*Stella*, says he, loved you well, and a great Share of the little Merit I have with you is owing to her Solicitations."

IN the Year 1733, when an Attempt was made to repeal the Test Act in *Ireland*, the Dissenters often affected to call themselves * BROTHER PROTESTANTS and FELLOW CHRISTIANS, with the Members of the Established Church. Upon this Occasion the Dean wrote a short Copy of Verses, in which there is a Passage that so provoked one *B—fw—b*, a Lawyer, and Member of the ——— P———t, that he swore in the Hearing of many Persons to revenge himself, either by murdering or maiming the Author. And, for this Purpose he engaged his Footmen with two Ruffians to secure the Dean, wherever he could be found. As soon as this Oath and Attempt of *Bettesworth* were known, all the principal Inhabitants of *St. Patrick's* waited upon the Dean † in Form, and presented a Paper subscribed with their Names, in which they solemnly engaged, in Behalf of themselves and the rest of the Liberty, to defend his Person and Fortune, as the Friend and Benefactor of his Country.

SUCH was the Reverence and Affection, with which *Swift* was treated in his old Age, not by Domestics or Dependents, whom the Hope

• See Vol. II. p. 379.

† See Vol. X. p. 230.

Hope of some future Advantage might induce to dissemble, but by Persons of Rank and Fortune, with whom he had no Connection, but as a Benefactor to the Publick, and who, as they had nothing future to hope could be prompted only by Gratitude for the past, such Gratitude as was never yet excited but by Characters very different from Misanthrophy or sordid Selfishness.

WHEN this Paper was delivered, *Swift* was in Bed, giddy and deaf, having been some Time before seized with one of his Fits; but he dictated an Answer, in which there is all the Dignity of habitual Pre-eminence, and all the Resignation of humble Piety; though he acknowledged the Kindness of his Friends, yet he declared his Trust to be in God; he bewailed his Incapacity to receive and thank them, as in Justice and Gratitude he ought; and concluded with a short, but pathetic Prayer, for their Temporal and eternal Happiness.

THESE Fits of Giddiness and Deafness, which were the Effects of his Surfeit, before he was twenty Years old, became more frequent and more violent, in Proportion as he grew into Years. And, in 1736, while he was writing a Satire on the *Irish* Parliament, which he called the *Legion Club*, he was seized with one of these Fits, the Effect of which was so dreadful, that he left the Poem unfinished, and never afterwards attempted a Composition, either in Verse or Prose, and required a Course

of Thinking, or perhaps more than one sitting to finish.

FROM this Time his Memory was perceived gradually to decline, and his Passions to pervert his Understanding; a Calamity to which many Particulars seem to have concurred.

His Solitude which hath been already accounted for, prevented the Diversion of his Mind by Conversation, from brooding over his Disappointments, and aggravating every Injury that he had suffered, by all the Circumstances which an ingenious Resentment, if it does not find, is apt to create: A Resolution which he had taken, and to which he had obstinately adhered not to wear Spectacles, precluded the Entertainment which he might otherwise have found in Books, and his Giddiness, though it was a mere corporal Disorder, prevented the Employment of his Mind in Composition. In this Situation his Thoughts seem to have been confined to the Contemplation of his own Misery, which he felt to be great, and which in this World he knew to be hopeless; the Sense of his present Condition was necessarily complicated with Regret of the past, and with Resentment both against those by whom he had been banished, and those who had deserted him in his Exile. A fixed Attention to one Object long continued is known to destroy the Ballance of the Mind, and it is not therefore strange, that *Swift* should

should by Degrees become the Victim of outrageous Madneſs:

THAT he was weary of Life, appears by many Paſſages in his Letters and Expreſſions to his Friends. In 1739, three Years after his Memory firſt declined, he had been ſtanding with a Clergyman* under a very large heavy Pier-glaſs, which juſt as they moved to another Part of the Room, fell down and broke to Pieces; the Clergyman ſtruck with a Senſe of the Danger from which they had eſcaped, turned to *Swift* and cried out, what a Mercy it is that we moved the Moment we did; for, if we had not, we ſhould certainly have been killed; the Dean replied, that as to himſelf he was ſorry he had changed Ground, and wiſhed the Glaſs had fallen upon him.

UNTIL about the Time of this Accident, though his Memory was become very defective, and his Paſſions more violent, yet his Converſation was ſtill ſprightly and ſenſible, but mingled with more Satire, and that Satire was more bitter; he alſo continued to correſpond by Letter with his Friends in *England*, particularly Mr. *Pope*, with whom he had contracted an early Friendſhip, which continued until his Death*. It hath been ſaid that towards the End of their Lives it grew cold, but the Dean in a Letter to Lord *Orrery*, which he wrote a ſhort Time before his Incapacity, ſays, “ When

* Dr. *Francis Wiſſon*.

† Mr. *Pope* died in *May*, 1744.

“ When you see my dear Friend *Pope*, tell
“ him I will answer his Letter soon: I love
“ him above all the rest of Mankind.” He
has also called Mr. *Pope* his dearest Friend in
his Will, and Mr. *Pope*, in a Letter which was
written about the same Time, makes this Re-
quest: “ Assure him (the Dean) the World
“ has nothing in it I admire so much; nothing
“ the Loss of which I should regret so much
“ as his Genius and his Virtues.”

IN the Beginning of the Year 1741, his
Understanding was so much impaired, and his
Memory so much failed, that he was utterly
incapable of Conversation. Strangers were
not permitted to approach him, and his Friends
found it necessary to have Guardians appoint-
ed to take proper Care of his Person and
Estate*. Early in the Year 1742, his Reason
was wholly subverted, and became absolute
Lunacy. The last Person whom he knew
was Mrs. *Whiteway*†, and the Sight of her,
when he knew her no more, threw him into
Fits of Rage so violent and dreadful, that she
was forced to leave him, and the only Act of
Kindness that remained in her Power was to
call once or twice a Week at the Deanry, en-
quire after his Health, and see that proper
Care was taken of him; sometimes she would
steal a Look at him when his Back was to-
wards her, but did not dare to venture into his
Sight.

* *Orrery*, p. 98, 186.

† *Orrery*, p. 94, 106.

Sight. He would neither eat nor drink while the Servant who brought him his Provisions stayed in the Room; his Meat, which was served up ready cut, he would sometimes suffer to stand an Hour on the Table before he would touch it, and at last he would eat it walking; for, during this deplorable State of Mind, it was his constant Custom to walk ten Hours a Day.

In *October* 1742, after this Frenzy had continued several Months, his left Eye swelled to the Size of an Egg, and the Lid appeared to be so much inflamed and discoloured, that the Surgeon expected it to mortify; several large Boils also broke out on his Arms and Body. The extreme Pain of this Tumour kept him waking near a Month, and during one Week it was with Difficulty that five Persons kept him by mere Force from tearing out his own Eyes.

It has been observed, that corporal Pain, whether by forcing the Mind from that Object which has engrossed it, or by whatever Means, hath restored Lunatics to the Use of Reason, and this Effect, in a great Degree, it produced upon the Dean; for just before the Tumour perfectly subsided, and the Pain left him, he knew Mrs. *Whiteway*, took her by the Hand, and spoke to her with his former Kindness; that Day, and the following, he knew his Physician and Surgeon*, and all his Family,

* Dr. *Grattan*, and *John Nichols*, Esq; Surgeon-General.

Family, and appeared to have so far recovered his Understanding and Temper, that the Surgeon was not without Hopes he might once more enjoy Society, and be amused by the Company of his old Friends. This Hope, however, was but of a short Duration; for a few Days afterwards he sunk into a State of total Insensibility, slept much, and could not without great Difficulty be prevailed upon to cross the Room. This was the Effect of another bodily Disease, his Brain being loaded with Water. Mr. *David Stevens*, an ingenious Clergyman of *Delalossory*, in the Diocese of *Dublin*, pronouncing this to be the Case during his Illness, and upon opening his Head*, it appeared that he was not mistaken†, but, though he often entreated the Dean's Friends and Physicians that his Skull might be trepanned and the Water discharged, no Regard was paid to his Opinion or his Entreaty‡.

AFTER the Dean had continued silent a whole Year, in this State of helpless Idiocy, his Housekeeper went into his Room on the 30th of *November*, in the Morning, and told him that it was his Birth-Day, and that Bonfires and Illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as usual; to this he immediately replied, "It is all a Folly, they had better let it alone."

SOME

* *Orrery*, p. 94, 95, 96, 97, 98. † J. R. 149.

‡ When the Dean was dead, Mr. *Whiteway*, an eminent Surgeon, nearly related to him, opened the Skull, and found much Water in the Brain.

SOME other Instances of short Intervals of Sensibility and Reason, after his Madness had ended in Stupor, seemed to prove that his Disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended, the Powers of his Mind.

HE was sometimes visited by Mr. *Deane Swift*, a Relation; and about *Christmas* 1743, he seemed desirous to speak to him. Mr. *Swift* then told him he came to dine with him, on which Mrs. *Ridgeway*, the House-keeper, immediately said, "Won't you give Mr. *Swift* a Glass of Wine, Sir?" To this he made no Answer, but shewed that he understood the Question, by shrugging up his Shoulders, as he had been used to do, when he had a Mind a Friend should spend the Evening with him, and which, in his ironical Manner, was as much as to say, you will ruin me in Wine. Soon after he again endeavoured with a good deal of Pain to find Words, but at last after many Efforts, not being able, he fetched a deep Sigh, and was afterwards silent. A few Months afterwards, upon his House-keeper's removing a Knife, as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged up his Shoulders, and said, "I am what I am, I am what I am," and in about six Minutes repeated the same Words two or three Times.

IN the Year 1744, he now and then called his Servant by his Name, and once attempting to speak to him, but not being able to express his Meaning, he shewed Signs of much Uncea-

Uneasiness, and at last said, " I am a Fool." Once afterwards as his Servant was taking away his Watch, he said, " bring it here:" And when the Servant was breaking a large hard Coal, he said, " That is a Stone, you Block-head."

FROM this Time he was perfectly silent, until the 28th of *October*, 1745, and then died in very great Agony, having been in strong Convulsion Fits, for thirty-six Hours before, in the 78th Year of his Age.

By his Will, which is dated in *May* 1740, just before he ceased to be a reasonable Being, he left about 1200*l.* in specifick Legacies*, and the rest of his Fortune, which amounted to about 11000*l.* to erect and endow an Hospital for Idiots and Lunaticks.

He was buried in the Great Isle of *St. Patrick's* Cathedral, under a Stone of black Marble, inscribed with an Epitaph in *Latin*, written by himself.

FROM this Narrative of his Life and from his Works, the striking Peculiarities of his Character may be easily collected; but there are some Incidents which relate to his Conversation, and some which respect his Person, and private Oeconomy, which should by no Means be omitted.

IN Company he neither wrapped himself up in his own Importance, without deigning to communicate his Knowledge, or exert his Wit;

* See his Will, Vol. VIII.

Wit; nor did he engross the Conversation by perpetual and over-bearing Loquacity *. His Rule was never to speak more than a Minute at a Time, and then to wait, at least as long for others to take up the Conversation, after which he had a Right to speak again. His colloquial Stile, like that of his Writings, was clear, forceable, and concise. He greatly excelled in Punning, a Talent, which he said, no Man affected to despise, but those that were without it; and his Conversation would have furnished a more excellent Compendium of this Species of Wit, than was ever yet compiled, or perhaps ever will; some of these Sallies of his Imagination are still remembered, and among others, the following; which may serve for Examples.

He happened to be at the Castle in the Lieutenancy of the Earl of *Pembroke*, when a learned Physician was haranguing his Excellency upon the Nature and Qualities of Bees, which he was perpetually calling a Nation and Commonwealth: "Yes, my Lord, says *Swift*,
 " they are a Nation, and of great Antiquity;
 " you know, my Lord, *Moses* takes Notice of
 " them; he numbers the *Hivites* amongst
 " the Nations which *Joshua* was appointed to
 " conquer."

He was another Time in Company with a Lady, whose long Train happened to sweep down

* Dean Swift, 366. J. R. 203.

down a fine Fiddle, and break it, upon which he immediately cried out,

Mantua vae miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ.

BUT, his Conversation abounded with Turns of Wit of an higher Kind; being one Day at a Sheriff's Feast, who, after several other Toasts had been drank, called out to him, *Mr. Dean, The Trade of Ireland**. The Dean turned about, and immediately answered, *Sir, I drink no Memories†*.

HE greatly admired the Talents of *Philip* the late Duke of *Wharton‡*, and hearing him, one Day, recount many of his Frolicks||, 'Aye, my Lord, said he, you have had many 'Frolicks, but let me recommend one more 'to you, take a Frolick to be virtuous, I assure 'you, it will do you more Honour than all 'the rest.'

THE Dean also greatly excelled in telling a Story; and, although in the latter Part of his Life he was very apt to tell his Stories too often§, yet his Wit, as well as his Virtue, was always superior to the wretched Expedients of

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those

* J. R. 216.

† Dr. Brown, Bishop of Cork, had just then printed Pamphlets, and preached several Sermons, in which drinking to Memories was zealously condemned.

‡ See the Note in the *Connoisseur*, or in the History of the Peace of Utrecht.

|| J. R. 216.

§ J. R. 218.

those despicable Babblers, who are perpetually attempting to put off the Double-Entendre and Profaneness for Wit and Humour. His Conversation was in the highest Degree chaste, and wholly free from the least Tincture of Irreligion.

As he was zealous to preserve all the Delicacies of Conversation, he was best pleased when some of the Company were Ladies; and, in one of his Letters to Lord *Oxford*, he says, " Since Women have been left out of all
" our Meetings, except Parties of Play, or
" where worse Designs are carried on, our
" Conversation hath very much degenerated." And in this Instance*, his Example is a Re-proof to those Pedants, who suppose that Women are never in their proper Sphere, but in the Dressing-room, or the Nursery.

If the Conversation turned upon serious Subjects†, he was neither petulant in the Debate, nor negligent of the Issue; he would listen with great Attention to the Arguments of others, and whether he was, or was not engaged as a Disputant himself, he would recapitulate what had been said, state the Question with great Clearness and Precision, point out the controverted Particular, and appeal to the Opinion either of some neutral or of the Majority.

It is however true, that he kept his Friends in some Degree of Awe, and yet he was more open

* *Dean Swift*, 366.

† *Dean Swift*, 368.

open to Admonition than Flattery, if it was offered without Arrogance*, and and by Persons of whose Ability and Honesty he had no Doubt. In his Poem of *Baucis and Philemon*, which does not consist of quite two hundred Verses, Mr. *Addison* made him blot out four-score, add fourscore, and alter fourscore. It was customary with his Friends to make him some annual Present, on his Birth-day, something according to his own Definition of a Present, which was of no great Value, but which could not be bought; and, Dr. *Delany*, soon after he was admitted to some Degree of Intimacy, sent him, with such a Memorial of his Esteem, some Verses in which he upbraids him, though with great Delicacy, for misapplying his Talents, and admonishes him to turn the Force of Ridicule, of which he was so great a Master, upon those who had laboured to employ it against the sacred Doctrines of Christianity. The Dean as he had suffered *Addison's* Correction with Approbation, received this Admonition with Kindness; he sighed, and said, with great Appearances of Regret, that it was too late, and from that Day took all Occasions to distinguish *Delany* by the Name of Friend.

HE had indeed no Skill in Music, and so was not able to entertain his Company with a Song, to which some Men of great Dignity and great Parts have condescended; but his Power of Ridicule extended even to Music,

of which he gave an Instance too singular to be forgotten.

DR. *Pratt*, who was then Provost of the University of *Dublin*, had acquired much of the *Italian* Taste for Music in his Travels, and *Tom Rossengrave*, a celebrated Performer, being just returned from *Italy*, played a Voluntary at St. *Patrick's* Cathedral, where Dr. *Pratt* heard him, and *Swift* was also present: The Doctor happened to dine at the Deanry the same Day, and was so extravagant in his Encomiums on *Rossengrave's* Voluntary, that several of the Company said, they wished they had heard it: Do you, said *Swift*, then you shall hear it still, and immediately he sung out so lively, and yet so ridiculous an Imitation of it, that all the Company were kept in continual Laughter until it was over, except one old Gentleman, who sat with great Composure; and, although he listened, yet shewed neither Curiosity nor Approbation. After the Entertainment he was asked by some of the Company, how it happened that he had been no more affected by the Musick? To which he answered with great Gravity, that he had heard Mr. *Rossengrave* himself play it before.

SUCH was *Swift* as a Companion; as a Master he was not less remarkable or meritorious.

As he expected punctual, ready, and implicit Obedience, he always tried his Servants when he hired them, by some Test of their
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Humility. Among other Questions he always asked, whether they understood cleaning Shoes, because, said he, my Kitchen-Wench hath a Scullion that does her Drudgery, and one Part of the Business of my Groom and Footman is constantly to clean her Shoes by Turns: If they scrupled this, the Treaty. was at an End; if not, he gave them a farther Hearing.

HIS Kitchen-Wench however was his Cook, a Woman of a large Size, robust Constitution, and coarse Features, whose Face was very much seamed with the Small-Pox, and furrowed by Age; this Woman he always distinguished by the Name of *Sweet-heart*.

IT happened one Day that *Sweet-heart* greatly over-roasted the only Joint he had for Dinner, upon which he sent for her up, and with great Coolness and Gravity, *Sweet-heart*, says he, take this down into the Kitchen and do it less. She replied, that was impossible. Pray then, said he, if you had roasted it too little, could you have done it more? Yes, she said, she could easily have done that; why then, *Sweet-heart*, replied the Dean, let me advise you, if you must commit a Fault, commit a Fault that can be mended.

To the rest of the Servants, indeed he appeared to be churlish and austere, but, in Reality, was one of the best Masters in the World: He allowed them Board-Wages at the highest Rate then known; and, if he employed them about any Thing out of the ordinary Course of

their Service, he always paid them to the full Value of their Work, as he would have paid another: With these Emoluments, and the Fragments from his Table, he expected they should find themselves in Victuals, and all other Necessaries, except the Liveries, which he gave them; if, in this Situation their Expences were greater than their Income, it was judged a sufficient Reason to discharge them; but, on the contrary, as soon as they had saved a full Year's Wages, he constantly paid them legal Interest for it, and took great Pleasure in seeing it accumulated to a Sum which might settle them in some Employment if he should die, or if they found it adviseable to quit his Service, which seldom happened, and he with whom his Servants live long, has indubitable Witness that he is a good Master.

It is also certain, that notwithstanding the apparent Austerity of his Temper, he did not consider his Servants as poor Slaves, to whose Service he had a Right in Consideration merely of his Money, and owed them no reciprocal Obligation.

He had a Servant whom he used to call *Saunders*, that lived long with him, and at length fell sick and died. In his Sickness, which lasted many Months, *Swift* took Care that all possible Relief and Assistance should be afforded him, and when he died, he buried him in the South Isle of his Cathedral, and erected a small Piece of Statuary to his Memory, with this Inscription:

Here

Here lieth the Body of
Alexander Magee, Servant to Dr. *Swift*,
Dean of St. *Patrick's*.

His grateful Master caused this Monument to be erected in Memory of his Discretion, Fidelity, and Diligence in that humble Station.

Ob. Mar. 24, 1721, Ætat. 29.

IN the original Copy, which the Author of the *Observations* saw in the Dean's own Hand, the Expression was still stronger, and more to the Dean's Honour, thus:

His grateful Friend and Master :

But a Person of the Dean's Acquaintance, who, is much more distinguished for Vanity than Wisdom, prevailed upon him to leave out Friend, even in Opposition to his well known Maxim, that a faithful Servant should always be considered not as a poor Slave, but an humble Friend. Of this Person the Name is not told, but to conceal it, is rather Injustice than Mercy, for he ought, on this Occasion, to inherit a Disgrace, at least proportionate to the Honour which he found Means to with-hold from *Swift*.

As a Member of civil Society, he was a zealous Advocate for Liberty, the Detector of Fraud, and the Scourge of Oppression. In his private Capacity, he was not only charitable,

ble, but generous; and whatever Misanthropy may be found in his Writings, there doth not appear to have been any in his Life.

HIS Writings in Defence of the poor infatuated People of *Ireland*, are well known; and that he might not be wanting himself, while he pleaded their Cause with others, he constantly lent out a large Sum of Money, in small Portions to honest, diligent, and necessitous Tradesmen who paid it with a small Gratuity by Way of Interest, to the Person who kept the Account of the Disbursements and weekly Payments, for he received back these Loans, by a certain Sum, out of the weekly Profit of the Borrower's Trade*, in such Proportions, as that the whole should be repaid in a Year.

BESIDES this, he frequently gave away five and ten Pounds, when proper Objects offered, without any Parade. He was indeed diligent to relieve the Poor, and at the same Time to encourage Industry, even in the lowest Station, and used regularly to visit a great Number of Poor, chiefly Women, as well in the publick Streets as Bye-Allies, and under the Arches of *Dublin*: Some of these sold Plums, some Hobnails, others Tape, others Gingerbread; some knitted, and some darned Stockings, and others cobbled Shoes; these Women were most of them old, deformed, or crippled, and some were all three. He saluted them with great
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Kindness, asked how they throve, and what Stock they had? If the Ware of any of them was such as he could possibly use, he bought some, and paid for every Halfpenny worth Sixpence; if not, he always added something to their Stock*, and strictly charged them to be industrious, honest, and clean.

It must be confessed that these Acts of Bounty, did not appear to be the Effects of Compassion, for of the soft Sympathy of Distress, that sometimes sparkles in the Eye, and sometimes glows upon the Cheek, he shewed no Sign, and he therefore may be supposed to have wanted it; however, it is certain, that he was wholly free from ill Nature; for a Man can have no other Complacence in that Evil which he is continually busy to remove.

HIS Bounty had not indeed the indiscriminating Ardour of blind Instinct; and if it had, it would not have been the Instrument of equal Happiness: To feed Idleness is to propagate Misery, and discourage Virtue, but to insure the Reward of Industry, is to bestow a Benefit at once upon the Individual, and the Publick; it is to preserve from Despair, those who struggle with Difficulty and Disappointment; it is to supply Food and Rest to that Labour, which alone can make Food tasteful, and Rest sweet, and to invigorate the Community, by the full Use of those Mem-
bers,

bers, which would otherwise become not only useless, but hurtful, as a Limb in which the vital Fluid ceaseth to circulate, will not only wither, but corrupt. In this View then, the Bounty of *Swift* was like every other Christian Duty, a reasonable Service; and that he felt no secret Pleasure in the Calamities of others may be fairly concluded, not only from his general Practice, but from many particular Facts, in which he appears to have been watchful and zealous to alleviate Distress by unsolicited and unexpected Liberality.

It happened that a young Gentleman* of his Choir, being Abroad with his Gun, suffered irreparable Hurt, by its going off accidentally, and breaking his Thumb which was cut off. When the Dean heard of it, he expressed great Concern, and having paused a little, Well, said he, this will be a good Time to reward Merit, and alleviate Distress; I will make him a Vicar, which he did accordingly the same Hour.

THERE are some Infirmities to which the Mind as well as the Body, naturally becometh subject in the Decline of Life. The Desire of accumulating Wealth, almost encreaseth in Proportion, as it becomes more absurd; and those are most tenacious of Money, to whom Money can be of least Use. It hath been generally said, that this Weakness is the Effect
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* Mr. *James Baylis*, afterwards Parish Clerk of St. Mary's, Dublin.

of long Acquaintance with Mankind, who are found to deserve less Confidence and less Kindness, as they are more known; and indeed, though this Opinion should not hastily be admitted, it must yet be confessed that the first Article in which Men lessen their Expences, is generally the Money they have been used to give away, and that they gradually lose the Inclination to do Good, as they acquire the Power. But *Swift*, if he was not exempt from the Infirmary, was yet clear of the Vice. If his Oeconomy degenerated into Avarice, it must be confessed, that his Avarice did not contract his Bounty, and he suffers no Degradation in his immortal Character, who, when the Practice of any Virtue is become more difficult, is yet able to exert it in the same Degree.

Swift turned all the Evil of excessive Frugality upon himself. It induced him to walk, when he had been used to ride, and he would then say, he had earned a Shilling or Eighteen Pence, which he had a Right to do what he pleased with, and which he constantly applied to his usual Charities, which by this Expedient he could continue, and yet expend less, upon the whole than before; but, the Distribution, even of this Charity, was marked with the Peculiarity of his Character, for that he might proportion his Bounty to the Necessities and the Merit of various Objects, and yet give but one Piece of Money at a Time, he

he constantly kept different Pockets full of all Sorts of Coin, from a Silver Three-pence to a Crown-piece*.

BUT, as a Desire of immediate Gain, was not gratified at the Expence of the Poor, to whose Distress he was a Witness, neither was it gratified at the Expence of those whom it was impossible he should know, though he had many Opportunities of doing it.

HE once resolved never to renew a certain Lease belonging to the Deanry, without raising the Rent, thirty Pounds a Year. The Tenant had often solicited him, instead of raising the Rent, to take a larger Fine; and this Man, a very short Time before the Dean lost his Memory, urged him with a very large Sum, supposing that as raising the Rent could only enrich the Dean's Successor, and a Fine would come into his own Coffer, he should certainly succeed. The Dean, however, maintained his Integrity, refused the Offer with Indignation, and fulfilled his Purpose of raising the Rent. Although at this Time his Memory was so bad that the next Day he did not remember what he had done †.

As an Ecclesiastic, he was scrupulously exact in the Exercise of his Function, as well with Regard to spiritual, as temporal Things. As to his Cathedral, he expended more Money to support and adorn it, than had been applied to the same Use, in any Period since it was built,

* See Clancy's Memoirs.

† J. R. 208.

built. He was extremely conscientious, in promoting the Members of his Choir according to their Merit, and never advanced any Person to a Vicarage, who was not qualified in all Respects, and in the highest Degree, whatever their Interest, or however recommended; and he once refused a Vicarage to a Person for whom the Lady *Carteret* was very importunate although he declared to her Ladyship, that if it had been in his Power to have made the Gentleman a Dean, or a Bishop, he would have obliged her willingly, because he said Deanries and Bishopricks were Preferments, in which Merit had no Concern*, the Merit of his Vicars would be brought to the Test every Day. Nor would he suffer one Shilling of the Cathedral Money to be alienated from its proper Use, even for the Purpose of Charity: When any Person solicited such an Alienation, he used to tell them, that this Money was appropriated; but, says he, as you declare the Person to be relieved, is an Object of Christian Charity, I will give out of my private Purse, any Sum proportioned to my Revenue, if you will contribute a Sum in the same Proportion to yours; my Deanry is worth seven hundred Pounds, your Income is two; if you will give two Shillings I will give seven, or any larger Sum after the same Rate.

As to the Poor in the Liberty of his own Cathedral, they were better regulated than
any

* J. R. 192.

any other in the Kingdom; they were all badged, and were never found begging out of their District; for these he built and furnished a little Alms-house, being assisted by some voluntary Contributions*; and preserved among them uncommon Cleanliness and Decency, by constantly visiting them in Person.

It hath already been remarked, that, although he did not himself understand Music, yet he always attended at the Performance of the Anthem, that the Choir might do their Duty; but he had another Practice yet more singular, and more useful, as soon as the Preacher mounted the Pulpit, he pulled out a Pencil, and a Piece of Paper, and carefully noted whatever was wrong, both in the Expressions, and the Manner in which they were delivered, whether they were too scholastick, to be generally understood, or so coarse and vulgar, as to lose their Dignity; and he never failed to make these the Subject of an Admonition to the Preacher as soon as he came into the Chapter-house.

HE improved even his Living of *Laracor*, although he continued there but a short Time, and left both the House and Glebe, a convenient and agreeable Retreat to his Successor at a considerable Expence, for which he knew no Return would be made to his Executors; and, he determined to assert his Right of Absence against the Archbishop † of *Dublin*, at the Expence

* J. R. 8.

† Dr. KING. See his Letter, Vol. VIII.

pence of several hundred Pounds, at the Time that he did not believe he should ever more claim the Privilege for himself, because he would not endanger the Liberty of his Successor, by an injurious Precedent.

THERE is no Act of Virtue, which Men have so often substituted for the peculiar positive Duties of Christians, as Liberality to the Poor, nor any by which they have so often hoped to atone for the Breach of every other moral Obligation.

BUT the Dean, although he abounded in Charity, was not less diligent in the Practice of other Virtues or less devout and constant in the Solemnities of Religion. He was remarkably temperate, both in Eating and Drinking; he was not only just, but punctual in his Dealings, and he had an inviolable Regard for Truth. As he constantly attended divine Worship, when he was at Home, so he used always to go early to Church, when he was in *London*, and never to sleep without assembling his Family, in his own Chamber to Prayers.

IT has often been remarked, that Virtue in Excess becomes vicious, and not only precludes the Reward of the Possessor, but produceth rather Mischief than Good to others. An Abhorrence of Hypocrisy, was a striking Particular in *Swift's* Characters, but it is difficult to determine, whether it was more a Virtue than a Vice, for it brought upon him the Charge
of

of Irreligion, and encouraged others to be irreligious. In Proportion as he abhorred Hypocrisy, he dreaded the Imputation of it, and therefore concealed his Piety, with as much Diligence as others conceal those Vices, which Custom hath not made reputable. His constant Attendance at Church, when he was at the Deanry, he knew would be considered as the Duty of his Station; but whatever had the Appearance of voluntary Devotion, he always took Care to hide; when he went to Church in *London*, it was early in the Morning; so that, although he was constantly at Prayers, and at the Sacrament, yet he appeared to neglect both, as he was at Home when others were at Church; and when he went to Prayers in his Family, the Servants assembled at the appointed Hour, as it were by Stealth, without any Notice from a Bell, or any other Call, except the Striking of the Clock; so that Dr. *Delany* was six Months in his Family, before he suspected him of this unfashionable Practice. The same Principle, upon which he thus studiously avoided Appearances of Good, made him frequently incur Appearances of Evil, especially when an Opportunity offered, of indulging his peculiar Vein of Humour, and gratifying his natural Disposition. One Instance of this hath already been given, in his solemn Address to his Clerk from the Desk, by the Name of *Roger*, but there are others, which are less excuseable. Soon after he was made Dean

Dean of *St. Patrick's*, he had dined one *Sunday* with *Dr. Raymond*, Vicar of *Trim*, and when the Bell had rung, and the People were assembled to Evening Prayers at the Church, which was not distant more than two hundred Yards; *Raymond*, said he, I will lay you a Crown, that I begin Prayers before you this Afternoon; *Dr. Raymond* accepted the Wager, and immediately both ran as fast as they could, towards the Church. *Raymond* who was much nimbler than *Swift*, arrived first at the Door, and when he entered the Church, walked decently toward the reading Desk; *Swift*, never slackened his Pace, but, running up the Isle, left *Dr. Raymond* behind him, in the Middle of it, and, stepping into the Desk, without putting on a Surplice or opening the Book, began the Service in an audible Voice, and thus won his Wager*.

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IT

* One *Sunday* being at *Dontybrook* Church near *Dublin*, *Dr. Whittingham*, Archdeacon of the Diocese, not coming in Time, the Dean went into the Church, put on a Surplice, began the Service, and was reading the first Lesson when the Archdeacon entered, and, when he came into the Desk, the Dean took off the Surplice, gave it to him, and desired him to go on, shewing him the last Verse he had read, which he was obliged to comply with. This astonished the Congregation, but particularly the Archdeacon, who asked the Dean the Cause of such Behaviour? To which he answered, You should not keep so many People waiting for you, some of whom perhaps have several Miles to ride to Dinner, which may be spoiled by your Delay.

IT has been common among Pretenders to Wit, to affect great Contempt for every Kind of Regularity, to live or pretend to live, in a continual Diffipation, without Regard to the Return of those Seasons, which have been generally allotted to particular Purposes, without sleeping or waking, or eating or drinking, like the rest of Mankind. To recover these unhappy Wretches from a Condition so deplorable, as to suppress Indignation, and yet so contemptible as scarce to excite Pity, it is here recorded that the Life of *Swift*, was in the highest Degree Uniform and Regular, his Hours of Walking and Reading, of Exercise and Amusement, never varied; and that he might keep the Revolution of his Employments, with greater Exactness, his Watch was almost constantly either in his Hand, or on the Table before him.

As his Abhorrence of Hypocrisy, exempted him from Affectation, the natural Equity of his Mind secured him against Envy: Envy seems to be a Desire of Equality gratified by degrading others, as Emulation is a Desire of Equality gratified by advancing ourselves. It does not appear, that *Swift*, upon a Supposition that he had no Superior, was without Emulation, but by his ready Assistance, to advance the Reputation and Circumstances of others, he appears to have been free from Envy.

He cultivated Genius wherever he found it, and in whatever Degree, with great Zeal and

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Affiduity, and would chearfully spend much Time in correcting and improving any literary Composition, that had the least Appearance of Ingenuity; nor was this Kindness confined to those whose Parts could never come in Competition with his own. He started many Hints to Mr. *Gay*, which he pursued with great Success; and he recommended *Congreve*, *Addison*, *Parnel*, and many others, to those whose Favour was most likely to render them conspicuous.

AMONG his Singularities were his Resolution never to wear Spectacles, and his obstinate Perseverance in the Use of too much Exercise. His Want of Spectacles made it difficult to read, and his immoderate Exercise wasted his Flesh, and produced a Poorness in his Blood, as he was often told by his Friends and Physicians, Dr. *Helfham* and Dr. *Grattan*, and as afterwards appeared by Experiment; for when he was reduced to a State of Idiotism, and ceased from Walking, he recovered his Flesh in a short Time.

He was cleanly even to Superstition, his Nails were always pared to the Quick to prevent the least gathering of Dirt under them, and he never dressed without a Basin of Water by him, with which he carefully cleansed his Feet. In his Person he was robust and masculine, his Deportment was commanding, and his Walk erect. His Voice was sharp and high toned, especially when he read Prayers,

but not Effeminate*, and there was a natural Severity in his Aspect, which even his Smiles could scarce soften, or his utmost Gaiety relax.

HIS Manner was without Ceremony, but not Rustick; for he had a perfect Knowledge of all the Modes and Variations of Politeness and Complaisance which he practised in a Manner peculiar to himself†; and the Respect that was due to him by these Rules, he took Care to exact without the least Abatement.

It will readily be admitted, that every Man hath some Appetite, Affection, or Disposition, which either in Kind or Degree, is irregular, and which it is the Province of Reason to order and restrain. As it will always happen, that in some Instances, Passion will predominate, as Reason will in others; it follows, that there must be some Dissimilitude in every Character, from which *Swift's* could not therefore be exempt; but, upon the Whole, it will be found uncommonly steady and uniform, although some to screen their own scattered and inconsistent Representations of it from Censure, have pretended that it was capricious, various, and contradictory.

Swift appears to have been naturally Temperate and Chaste, it was therefore easy for him to be frugal; but he was also naturally high spirited, and therefore, as Wealth is the Pledge of

* *Orrery*, 78.

† *D. S.* 360, 365.

of Independance, it is not strange, his Frugality should verge towards Excess. However, as he acted upon Principles, not only of general Virtue, but of the noblest moral System of Christianity, he did not deliver himself up to natural Propensities, when they were contrary to his Duty, and therefore his Love of Money did not contract his Charity to the Poor, or defraud his Successors, to enrich himself. The same Spirit which secured his Integrity by disdaining the Meanness of a Lye, produced that Dread of Hypocrisy, which concealed his Piety, and betrayed him into Appearances of Evil; and the same Want of natural Tenderneſs, which made him obdurate and austere, transferred the Distribution of his Librality from Instinct to Religion, and made that, which in others is an Exercise of Self-love, in him an Act of Obedience to God.

SUCH was Dr. *Jonathan Swift*, whose Writings either stimulate Mankind, to sustain their Dignity, as rational and moral Beings, by shewing how low they stand in mere animal Nature, or fright them from Indecency, by holding up its native Deformity; And whose Life, with all the Advantages of Genius and Learning, was a Scale of Infelicity, gradually ascending, until Pain and Anguish destroyed the Faculties, by which they were felt; while he was viewed at a Distance with Envy, he became a Burthen to himself, he was forsak-

en by his Friends, and his Memory hath been loaded with unmerited Reproach : His Life therefore does not afford less Instruction, than his Writings, since to the Wise it may teach Humility, and to the Simple Content.

SOME

SOME
PARTICULARS

Concerning

DR. SWIFT.

Taken from Mrs. PILKINGTON's Memoirs.

MRS. *Pilkington's* Acquaintance with Dr. *Swift* commenced from sending him some Verses on his Birth-day. These the Dean received very kindly, and said, he would see her whenever she pleased.

A FEW Days after, she was introduced to the Dean in Dr. *Delany's* Garden at *Delville*, by a Gentlewoman*. He saluted her, and
asked

* Mrs. *Barber*, an ingenious Lady, who published a Volume of Poems.

asked the Lady, if she was her Daughter? The Lady smiled, and said, she was Mrs. *Pilkington*. 'What,' says he, 'this poor little Child married! married! God help her, she is very early engaged in Trouble.' The Dean engaging Mr. *Pilkington* to preach for him at the Cathedral next Sunday in St. *Patrick's* Church, Mrs. *Pilkington* was charmed to see with what a becoming Piety the Dean performed that Holy Service, which he had so much at Heart, that he wanted not the Assistance of the Liturgy, but went quite through it, without ever looking in the Book. He bowed at the Table; which Behaviour was censured, as favouring of Popery. But this Circumstance may vindicate him from the wicked Aspersions of being deemed an Unbeliever, since it is plain he had the utmost Reverence for the Eucharist. Service being ended, the Dean was surrounded at the Church-door, by a Crowd of Poor; to all of whom he gave Charity, except an old Woman, who held out a very dirty Hand to him. He told her very gravely, That though she was a Beggar, Water was not so scarce but you might have washed your Hands. When they came to the Deanry, the Dean very kindly saluted Mrs. *Pilkington*, and without allowing her Time to sit down, bad her come and see his Library; but merrily told Mr. *Pilkington*, who was following them, that he did not desire his Company. 'Well,' said he to her, 'I have brought

' brought you here to shew you all the Money
' I got when I was in the Ministry; but don't
' steal any of it.' ' I will not indeed, Sir,'
said she. So opening a Cabinet, he shewed
her a Parcel of empty Drawers: ' Bless me,'
says he, ' the Money is flown.' He then open-
ed his Bureau, wherein he had a great Num-
ber of curious Trinkets of various Kinds, some
of which were presented to him by the Earl
and Countess of *Oxford*, Lady *Masbam*, and
Lady *Betty Germain*. At last coming to a
Drawer filled with Medals, he bad her chuse
two for herself; but he could not help smiling,
when she began to poize them in her Hands,
chusing them by Weight rather than Antiqui-
ty.

AT Dinner the Dean's Behaviour was very
humorous. He placed himself at the Head
of his Table, opposite to a great Pier Glass,
so that he could see in the Glass whatever the
Servants did behind him. He was served en-
tirely in Plate, with great Elegance, but the
Beef being over-roasted, put the Company all
in Confusion. The Dean called for the Cook-
maid, and ordered her to take the Beef down
Stairs and do it less. She answered very in-
nocently, that she could not. ' Why, what
' Sort of a Creature are you,' says he, ' to
' commit a Fault which cannot be amended?'
And turning to Mrs. *Pilkington*, he said very
gravely, ' That he hoped, as the Cook was a
' Woman of Genius, he should, by this
' Manner

‘ Manner of arguing, be able, in about a
 ‘ Year’s Time, to convince her she had better
 ‘ send up the Meat too little than too much
 ‘ done;’ charging the Men-Servants, when-
 ever they imagined the Meat was ready, they
 should take it Spit and all, and bring it up by
 Force, promising to aid them in Case the Cook
 resisted. Then turning his Eye on the Looking-
 Glass he espied the Butler opening a Bottle of
 Ale; and helping himself to the first Glass, he
 very kindly jumbled the rest together, that his
 Master and Guests might all fare alike. ‘ Ha!
 ‘ Friend,’ said the Dean, ‘ Sharp’s the Word,
 ‘ I find; you drank my Ale, for which I stop
 ‘ two Shillings of your Board Wages this Week;
 ‘ for I scorn to be out done in any Thing,
 ‘ even in Cheating.’

DINNER being ended, the Dean thanked
 Mr. *Pilkington* for his Sermon: ‘ I never,’
 said he, ‘ preached but twice, in my Life;
 ‘ and they were not Sermons but Pamphlets.’
 Mrs. *Pilkington* asked him, what might be the
 Subject of them? He told her they were
 against *Wood’s* Halfpence. Having asked Mr.
 and Mrs. *Pilkington* if they could smoke? and
 being answered, that they did not; ‘ It is a
 ‘ Sign,’ said he, ‘ you were neither of you
 ‘ bred in the University of *Oxford*; for Drink-
 ‘ ing and Smoking are the first Rudiments of
 ‘ Learning taught there; and in those two
 ‘ Arts no University in *Europe* can outdo
 ‘ them.’ Having asked Mrs. *Pilkington* if
 she

she had any Faults? 'Pray, Mr. Dean,' said Dr. *Delany*, 'why will you be so unpolite as to suppose Mrs. *Pilkington* hath any Faults?' 'I'll tell you,' replied the Dean, 'whenever I see a Number of agreeable Qualities in any Person, I am always sure they have bad ones sufficient to poize the Scale.' Mrs. *Pilkington* bowed, and told him, he did her great Honour; in that copying Bishop *Berkeley*, whom she had frequently heard declare, that when any Speech was made to him, which might be construed either into a Compliment or an Affront, or that had two Handles, he always took hold of the best.

THE Dean then asked Mrs. *Pilkington*, if she were a Queen, what she would chuse to have after Dinner? She answered, 'your Conversation, Sir.' 'Pooh,' said he, 'I mean, what Regale.' 'A Dish of Coffee, Sir,' answered she. 'Why then,' said he, 'I will so far make you as happy as a Queen; you shall have some in Perfection: For, when I was Chaplain to the Earl of *Berkeley*, who was in the Government here, I was so poor, I was obliged to keep a Coffee-house, and all the Nobility resorted to it to talk 'Treason.' The Dean then set about making the Coffee: But the Fire scorching his Hand, he called to Mrs. *Pilkington* to reach him his Glove; and changing the Coffee-pot to his Left-hand, held out his Right one, ordering her to put the Glove on it; which accordingly she did; when taking up Part of his Gown

Gown to fan himself with, and acting in the Character of a prudish Lady, he said, 'Well, ' I don't know what to think; Women may ' be honest that do such Things; but, for ' my Part, I never could bear to touch any ' Man's Flesh—except my Husband's; whom, ' perhaps,' (said he,) she wished at the Devil.'

' MR. *Pilkington*,' said he, 'you would ' not tell me your Wife's Faults; but I have ' found her to be a d—n'd, insolent, proud, ' unmannerly Slut.' 'What hath she done ' now?' said Mr. *Pilkington*, 'Done,' said the Dean; 'why nothing, but sat there quietly, and never once offered to interrupt me ' in making the Coffee; whereas a Lady of ' modern good Breeding would have struggled ' with me for the Coffee-pot, until she had ' made me scald myself and her, and made me ' throw the Coffee in the Fire, or perhaps at ' her Head, rather than permit me to take so ' much Trouble for her.'

MRS. *Pilkington* staid at Home with the Dean during the Time of the Afternoon's Service; and he made her read his History of the last Session of Parliament and the Peace of *Utrecht*, written at *Windsor* in 1713*, asking her at the Conclusion of every Period, whether she understood it? 'for, I would,' said he, 'have it intelligible to the meanest Capacity; city;

* See Vol. 9. p. 1.

‘city; and, if you comprehend it, it is possible every Body may.’

SHE accompanied the Dean to Evening Prayer; and on their Return to the Deanry, he told Mr. and Mrs. *Pilkington*, that he gave them Leave to stay to Supper; which from him was a sufficient Invitation. The Dean then decanted a Bottle of Wine; and the last Glass being muddy, he called to Mr. *Pilkington* to drink it; ‘for, said he, I always keep some poor Parson to drink the foul Wine for me.’ Mr. *Pilkington* entering into his Humour, thanked him, and told him, he did know the Difference, but was glad to get a Glass at any Rate. ‘Why then,’ said the Dean, ‘you shall not; for I’ll drink it myself. Why P—x take you, you are wiser than a paltry Curate whom I asked to dine with me a few Days ago; for, upon my making the same Speech to him, he told me he did not understand such Usage; and so walked off without his Dinner. By the same Token, I told the Gentlemen who recommended him to me, that the Fellow was a Blockhead, and I had done with him.’

THE Dean then missing his golden Bottle-Screw, told Mrs. *Pilkington* very sternly, he was sure she had stolen it; she affirmed very seriously, she had not. Upon which he looked for it, and found it where he himself had laid it: ‘It is well for you,’ said he, ‘that I have got it, or I would have charged you with Theft.’ ‘Why, pray, Sir,’ said she, ‘should

‘ should I be suspected more than any other
 ‘ Person in the Company?’ ‘ For a very good
 ‘ Reason,’ said he, ‘ because you are the
 ‘ poorest.’

AT their going away, the Dean handed
 Mrs. *Pilkington* down all the Steps to the Coach,
 thanking them for the Honour of their Com-
 pany, at the same Time slipping into her Hand
 as much Money as Mr. *Pilkington* and
 she had given at the Offering in the
 Morning, and Coach-hire also; which she
 durst not refuse, lest she should have been
 deemed as great a Blockhead as the Parson
 who refused the thick Wine.

IN one of the Dean’s periodical Fits of
 Deafness, he sent for Mrs. *Pilkington*; who
 having come, he brought out a large Book,
 finely bound in Turkey Leather, and hand-
 somely gilt: ‘ This,’ said he, ‘ is the Tran-
 ‘ slation of the Epistles of *Horace*, a Present to
 ‘ me from the Author; it is a special good
 ‘ Cover; but I have a Mind there should be
 ‘ something valuable within Side of it.’ So
 taking out his Pen-knife, he cut out all the
 Leaves close to the inner Margin. ‘ Now,’
 said he, ‘ I will give these what they greatly
 ‘ want; and put them all into the Fire. ‘ Your
 ‘ Task, Madam, is to paste in these Letters,
 ‘ in this Cover, in the Order I shall give them
 ‘ to you: I intended to do it myself, but that
 ‘ I thought it might be a pretty Amusement
 ‘ for a Child; so I sent for you.’ She told him
 she

she was extremely proud to be honoured with his Commands; but requested to have Leave to read the Letters as she went on. 'Why,' said the Dean, 'provided you will acknowledge yourself amply rewarded for your Trouble, I do not much care if I indulge you so far.'

IN reading the Letters, she could not avoid remarking to the Dean, that notwithstanding the Friendship Mr. *Pope* professed for Mr. *Gay*, he could not forbear a great many satirical, or, if she might be allowed to say so, envious Remarks on the Success of the *Beggar's Opera*. The Dean very frankly owned, he did not think Mr. *Pope* was so candid to the Merit of other Writers as he ought to be. She then ventured to ask the Dean, whether he thought the Lines Mr. *Pope* addressed him with in the Beginning of the *Dunciad*, were any Compliment to him? viz.

O thou! whatever Title please thine Ear.

'I BELIEVE,' said he, 'they were meant as such, but they are very stiff.' 'Indeed, Sir, said she, he is so perfectly a Master of harmonious Numbers, that had his Heart been the least affected with the Subject, he must have writ better. How cold, how forced, are his Lines to you, compared with yours to him!

Hail,

Hail, happy Pope! whose gen'rous Mind, &c.

Vol. VI. p. 325.

‘ Here we see the masterly Poet, and the
 ‘ warm, sincere, generous Friend ; while he,
 ‘ according to the Character he gives of Mr.
 ‘ *Addison, damns with faint Praise.*—Well,
 replied the Dean, ‘ I’ll shew you a late Letter
 ‘ of his.’ He did so ; and Mrs. *Pilkington*
 was surprised to find it filled with low and un-
 Gentleman-like Reflections, both on Mr. *Gay*,
 and the two noble Persons* who honoured
 him with their Patronage after their Disappoint-
 ment at Court. ‘ Well, Madam,’ said the
 Dean, ‘ what do you think of that Letter?’
 (seeing she had gone quite through it.) ‘ In-
 ‘ deed, Sir,’ replied she, ‘ I am sorry I have
 ‘ read it ; for it gives me Reason to think there
 ‘ is no such Thing as a sincere Friend to be
 ‘ met with in the World.’—‘ Why,’ replied
 he, ‘ Authors are as jealous of their Preroga-
 ‘ tive as Kings ; and can no more bear a Rival
 ‘ in the Empire of Wit, than a Monarch
 ‘ could.

* Mr. *Gay* after he had the Offer of being made Gentleman Usher to the Duke of *Cumberland*, which he refused, wrote the second Part of the *Beggar’s Opera*, entitled, *Polly*, which was prohibited from being acted at any of the Theatres, by *Charles*, Duke of *Grafton*, then Lord Chamberlain of the Household ; upon which their Graces the Duke and Dutches of *Queensberry* made Mr. *Gay* their Steward. See the Poem, Vol. II. p. 331.

‘ could in his Dominions.’ Mrs. *Pilkington* then observing a *Latin* Sentence writ in *Italics*, desired the Dean to explain it. ‘ No,’ replied he, smiling, ‘ I’ll leave that for your Husband to do. I’ll send for him to dine with us, and in the mean Time we’ll go and take a Walk in *Naboth’s* Vineyard.’—‘ Where may that be, Sir?’ said she. ‘ Why, a Garden,’ said the Dean, ‘ I cheated one of my Neighbours out of.’ When they entered the Garden, or rather the Field, which was square, and inclosed with a Stone Wall, the Dean asked her how she liked it? ‘ Why, pray, Sir,’ said she, ‘ where is the Garden?’ ‘ Look behind you,’ said he. She did so; and observed the South Wall was lined with Brick, and a great Number of Fruit Trees planted against it, which being then in Blossom, looked very beautiful. ‘ What are you so intent on?’ said the Dean. ‘ The opening Bloom,’ replied she; which brought *Waller’s* Lines to her Remembrance,

Hope waits upon the flow’ry Prime.

‘ Oh! replied he, ‘ you are in a poetical Vein; I thought you had been taking Notice of my Wall. It is the best in *Ireland*. When the Mafons were building it, (as most Tradesmen are Rogues,) I watched them very close, and as often as they could, they put in a rotten Stone; of which however I took

‘ no Notice, until they had built three or four
 ‘ Perches beyond it. Now, as I am an abso-
 ‘ lute Monach in the Liberties, and King of
 ‘ the Rabble, my Way with them was, to
 ‘ have the Wall thrown down to the Place
 ‘ where I observed the rotten Stone; and, by
 ‘ doing so five or six Times, the Workmen
 ‘ were at last convinced it was their Interest to
 ‘ be honest:—’ or else, Sir, said Mrs. *Pil-*
 ‘ *kington*, ‘ your Wall would have been as
 ‘ tedious a Piece of Work as *Penelope’s* Web,
 ‘ if all that was done in the Day was to be
 ‘ undone at Night.’ ‘ Well,’ answered the
 Dean, ‘ I find you have Poetry for every Oc-
 ‘ casion; but as you cannot keep Pace with
 ‘ me in walking, I would have you sit down
 ‘ on that little Bank, ’till you are rested, or
 ‘ I tired, to put us more upon a Par.’

SHE seated herself, and away the Dean
 walked or rather trotted as hard as ever he
 could drive. She could not help smiling at his
 odd Gait; for she thought to herself, he had
 written so much in Praise of Horses, that he
 was resolved to imitate them as nearly as he
 could. As she was indulging this Fancy the
 Dean returned to her, and gave her a strong
 Confirmation of his Partiality to those Ani-
 mals. ‘ I have been considering, Madam, as
 ‘ I walked,’ said he, what a Fool Mr. *Pilking-*
 ‘ *ton* was to marry you; for he could have af-
 ‘ farded to keep a Horse for less Money than
 ‘ you cost him; and that you must confess,
 ‘ would

‘ would have given him better Exercise and
 ‘ more Pleasure than a Wife——Why, you
 ‘ laugh, and don’t answer me——is it not
 ‘ Truth?’——‘ I must answer you, Sir,’ re-
 plied she, ‘ with another Question: Pray how
 ‘ can a Bachelor judge of this Matter?’ ‘ I
 ‘ find,’ said he, ‘ you are vain enough to give
 ‘ yourself the Preference.’ ‘ I do, Sir,’ re-
 plied she, ‘ to that Species here; to a Houyh-
 ‘ nhm I would as becomes me give Prefer-
 ‘ ence. But, Sir, it is going to Rain.’——‘ I
 ‘ hope not,’ said he, ‘ for that will cost me
 ‘ Sixpence for a Coach for you,’ (the Garden
 being at some Distance from the House.)
 ‘ Come, haste; O how the Tester trembles
 ‘ in my Pocket!’ She obeyed; and they got
 Home just Time enough to escape a heavy
 Shower. ‘ Thank God,’ said the Dean, ‘ I
 ‘ have saved my Money. Here, you Fellow,
 ‘ (to the Servant) carry this Sixpence to the
 ‘ lame old Man that sells Gingerbread at the
 ‘ Corner, because he tries to do something,
 ‘ and does not beg.’

Mrs. *Pilkington* was shewed into a little
 Street-Parlour, in which was Mrs. *Brent*, his
 House-keeper. ‘ Here,’ says he, ‘ Mrs. *Brent*,
 ‘ take Care of this Child, while I take my
 ‘ Walk out within Doors.’ The Dean then
 ran up the great Stairs, down one Pair of
 Back-Stairs, up another, in so violent a Man-
 ner, that Mrs. *Pilkington* could not help ex-
 pressing her Uneasiness to Mrs. *Brent*, lest he

should fall, and be hurted. Mrs. *Brent* said, it was a customary Exercise with him, when the Weather did not permit him to walk Abroad.

Mrs. *Brent* then told Mrs. *Pilkington* of the Dean's Charity; of his giving about half of his yearly Income in private Pensions to decayed Families; and keeping 500 *l.* in the constant Service of industrious Poor, which he lent out 5 *l.* at a Time, and took the Payment back at 2 *s.* a Week; which she observed, did more Service than if he gave it to them entirely, as it obliged them to Work, and at the same Time kept up this charitable Fund for the Assistance of many. You cannot imagine, said she, what Numbers of poor Tradesmen, who have even wanted proper Tools to carry on their Work, have by this small Loan, been put into a prosperous Way, and brought up their Families in Credit. The Dean, added she, hath found out a new Method of being charitable, in which, however, I believe, he will have but few Followers, which is, to debar himself of what he calls Superfluities of Life, in order to administer to the Necessities of the Distressed. You just now saw an Instance of it; the Money a Coach would have cost him, he gave a poor Man unable to walk. When he dines alone, he drinks a Pint of Beer, and gives away the Price of a Pint of Wine. And thus he acts in numberless Instances.

THE

THE Dean came to dine with Mr. and Mrs. *Pilkington* at their *Lilliputian* Palace, as he called it; and who could have thought it? He just looked into the Parlour, and ran up into the Garret, then into Mrs. *Pilkington's* Bed-chamber and Library, and from thence down to the Kitchen; and the House being very clean, he complimented her upon it, and told her that was his Custom; and that it was from the Cleanliness of the Garret and Kitchen, he judged of the good Housewifery of the Mistress of the House; for no Doubt but a Slut may have the Room clean where the Guests are to be entertained.

HE was sometimes very free, even to his Superiors; of which the following Story, related to Mrs. *Pilkington* by himself, may serve as one Instance amongst a thousand others.

THE last Time he was in *London*, he went to dine with the Earl of *Burlington*, who was then but newly married. The Earl being willing, 'tis supposed, to have some Diversion, did not introduce him to his Lady, nor mention his Name. After Dinner, said the Dean, 'Lady *Burlington*, I hear you can sing; sing me a Song.' The Lady looked on this unceremonious Manner of asking a Favour with Distaste, and positively refused him. He said, she should sing, or he would make her. 'Why, Madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor *English* Hedge Parson; sing when I bid you.' As the Earl did no-

thing but laugh at this Freedom, the Lady was so vexed, that she burst into Tears, and retired.

His first Compliment to her when he saw her again, was, ' Pray, Madam, are you as proud and as ill-natured now, as when I saw you last?' To which she answered with great good Humour, ' No, Mr. Dean; I'll sing for you if you please.' From which Time he conceived great Esteem for her. But who that knew him would take Offence at his Bluntness?

MRS. Pilkington could not recollect that ever she saw the Dean laugh; perhaps he thought it beneath him; for, when any Pleasantry passed which might have excited it, he used to suck his Cheeks to avoid Risibility. He used frequently to put her in Mind of *Shakespear's* Description of *Cassius*.

*He is a great Discerner, and he looks
Quite through the Deeds of Men—
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a Sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his Spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at any Thing.*

JUL. CÆSAR.

MRS. Pilkington believed the Dean's early Youth did not promise that Day of Wit, which hath since enlightened the learned World. Whilst he was at the University of *Dublin*, he
was

was so far from being distinguished for any Superiority of Parts or Learning, that he was stopped of his Degree as a Dunce. When she heard the Dean relate this Circumstance, she told him, she supposed he had been idle; but he affirmed to the contrary, assuring her he was really dull; which if true, is very surprising.

‘ I HAVE,’ says she, ‘ often been led to look
‘ on the World as a Garden, and the human
‘ Mind as so many Plants, set by the Hand of
‘ the great Creator for Utility and Ornament.
‘ Thus some, we see, early produce beautiful
‘ Blossoms, and as soon fade away; others,
‘ whose Gems are more slow in unfolding, but
‘ more permanent when blown; and others
‘ again, who, though longer in arriving at
‘ Perfection, not only bless us then with Shade
‘ and Odour, but also with delicious wholesome
‘ Fruit.’

HE was a perpetual Friend to Merit and Learning; and utterly incapable of Envy; for in true genuine Wit he could fear no Rival.

It has been often observed, that where great Talents are bestowed, there the strongest Passions are likewise given. This great Man sometimes let them have Dominion over him, and that on trifling Occasions, especially at Meal-Times: However, when the Cloth was taken away, he made his Guests rich Amends for any Pain he had given them. For then,

Was truly mingled in the friendly Bowl,
 The Feast of Reason, and the Flow of Soul.
Pope.

Yet he preserved strict Temperance: For, he never drank above half a Pint of Wine, in every Glass of which he mixed Water and Sugar: Yet, if he liked his Company, would sit many Hours over it, unlocking all the Springs of Policy, Learning, true Humour, and inimitable Wit.

THE following Story the Dean told to Mrs. *Pilkington*.

A Clergyman*, who was a most learned fine Gentleman, but, under the softest and politest Appearance, concealed the most turbulent Ambition, having made his Merit as a Preacher too eminent to be overlooked, had it early rewarded with a Mitre. Dr. *Swift* went to congratulate him on it; but told him he hoped, as his Lordship was a Native of *Ireland*, and had now a Seat in the House of Peers, he would employ his powerful Elocution in the Service of his distressed Country. The Prelate told him, the Bishoprick was but a very small one, and he could not hope for a better, if he did not oblige the Court. ‘Very well,’ says *Swift*, ‘then it is to be hoped, when

* Dr. *Theophilus Bolton*, promoted to the Bishoprick of *Clonsfert*, translated from thence to *Elphin*, and afterwards to the Archbishoprick of *Cashell*.

‘ when you have a better, you will become
‘ an honest Man.’ ‘ Ay, that I will, Mr. Dean,’
says he. ‘ ’Till then, my Lord, farewell,’
answered *Swift*. This Prelate was twice translated to richer Sees; and, on every Translation, Dr. *Swift* waited on him to remind him of his Promise; but to no Purpose; there was now an Archbishoprick in View, and ’till that was obtained nothing could be done. Having in a short Time likewise got this, he then sent for the Dean, and told him, ‘ I am now at
‘ the Top of my Preferment; for I well know
‘ that no *Irishman* will ever be made Primate;
‘ therefore as I can rise no higher in Fortune
‘ or Station, I will zealously promote the
‘ Good of my Country.’ And from that Time became a most zealous Patriot.

Some

Some FURTHER ACCOUNT
OF
Doctor S W I F T,
IN A
L E T T E R
TO THE
Earl of C———.

A
L E T T E R
TO THE

Earl of C———,

MY LORD,

HAVING been often solicited by you and many other Persons of Learning and Consequence, to write some Anecdotes of Dr. *Swift*, I always told you my Incapacity for such a Task, that I had not Leisure, from my own Business, and that, as there were many Authors who had already published his Life, I could say very little after them; however, in Compliance with your Commands, I send you some few Particulars of that great and good Man.

Some

Some further Account, &c.

IN his very early Days, he was fond of knowing Variety of Life, in all Shapes whatever, from the Beggar to the Prince. When he was a Child, he left his Mother to go stroling with some vagrant Gypsies, who treated him very ill, because he would not steal Poultry and Linen for them, on which he left them at the End of three Days, and made what Haste he could Home.

At other Times he was a Waggoner's Boy, a Boot Catcher, an Ostler, a Waiter at a Tavern; would sometimes dress himself like a Weaver, a Shoe-maker and other Journeymen in *London*, to get into the Knowledge of their Professions. But, his greatest Desire was to be Footman to a Lady, for which Purpose he would hire Livery Cloaths, enquire for Service at their Houses or Lodgings; but, on Examination for his Character and Discharges, and Enquiry into his Behaviour, at the Places he said he had lived, he was always disappointed, which gave him great Concern.

He

HE took a Frolick when he was a young Man to borrow a Beggar's Cloaths, in which Disguise he went to a neighbouring Farmer's in *Gloucestershire*, when all the Family were at Work in the Fields at Harvest Time, excepting the Wife, to whom he applied for Alms, pretending to be very lame and helpless; but, instead of meeting with Relief, she abused him, calling him Thief, Rogue, and Robber, and made a hideous Noise, which alarmed the Husband and the Servants so much, that they all ran to the House; but, before they got thither, *Swift* took to his Heels and escaped; after which he never again attempted to beg; and often said, that young Beggars got very little by their stroling Trade in *England*.

WHEN Lord *Berkely*, one of the Lords Justices of *Ireland*, was in that Kingdom, to whom Dr. *Swift* was Chaplain, Lady *Betty Berkely* his Daughter, was very fond of reading the great Mr. *Boyle's* Meditations, and frequently desired Mr. *Swift* to read to her; but, being one Time interrupted by Company, he stopped, and my Lady desired him to fold down the Leaf where he left off: Next Day her Ladyship requested him to read to her again, when he began with the Meditation on a Broomstick, which pleased her so extremely well, that she ran on in the highest Raptures on Mr. *Boyle*, who could write so religiously on a Broomstick. But, Lady *Betty* opening the Book some Time after, found the Meditation on the

the Broomstick, in Mr. *Swift's* Hand Writing, and stuck in at the Place where he had been reading. This had the desired Effect, as Mr. *Swift* never was called upon again to read to her Ladyship.

WHEN the Dean was in *London*, he agreed with Mr. *Pope* and Mr. *Gay*, to take a Journey into the Country, for about a Fortnight, and ordered his Servants (who were on board Wages) to prepare themselves; but one of them, who was a Stranger in *England*, did not come to his Master's Lodgings until he had set out, which threw the poor Man into the greatest Agonies, being entirely destitute of Money and Friends; upon which, he hired himself to a Farmer at *Islington*, to make Hay, and when he expected the Dean in Town, he enquired for him at his Lodgings; when his Master asked him, how he dared to be absent, and not to attend him into the Country? The poor Fellow answered, he had overslept himself, and was distracted when he heard he was gone to the Country, as he had no Money or Friends in *London*; owed for the Rent of his Lodgings, which he could not pay, and was afraid of being taken up for an *Irish* Robber; which Story so pleased and moved the Dean, that he took him again into his Favour, gave him double Board Wages for the Time he was absent, and made him a Present of three Guineas for his great Industry.

SOME Time after Dr. *Swift* came to the Deanry of St. *Patrick's*, taking his Rounds through the Liberty of his Precincts, he saw a Naylor and his Wife at work, very early in the Morning, and stopping to talk with them, asked, how much they earned in a Week, what Children they had, and, how much Money to carry on Trade? They answered, they had five Children, no Stock, nor any Money to carry on Business, nor could they ever have a Penny at the Week's End, being obliged to pay very dear for what Iron they had from the Monger, who employed them to make Nails, which he had very cheap from them, and made them pay the highest Price for the Rod-Iron, as he gave them Credit, and took it out in Work; and, what with the Expence of Rent, Coals, and Maintenance of their Children, they could never have one Halfpenny beforehand. The Dean then asked the Man, how much Money would be sufficient to buy him Rod-Iron and Coals, and to sell his Nails to another Iron-Monger, and to dispose of some in his own Shop? The Nailer answered, thirty Shillings, which would make him very happy. The Dean replied, suppose I should lend you that Money, how do you propose to pay it? The Naylor answered, by a Shilling a Week. Then said the Dean, I will advance you three Guineas, to be paid me by a Shilling every Week; I insist upon your being punctual in the Payment, very honest and very industrious, which is the surest

surest Way to thrive. The Dean, although he often passed by the Shop, which was in *New-street*, near the Dean's Liberty, seeing the Nailer still continue his Industry, did not call to him in three Years; then asked him, how his Wife and Children were? What Stock in Trade he had by him? And, whether he could pay him the Money he lent him? The Nailer immediately shewed him his Wife and Children, who were very clean and decently dressed; told him how much his Trade and Stock were increased; that he had the Money ready to pay him; for which, he, his Wife and Children, were most thankful, as in Duty bound, for their extreme Happiness from so generous and good a Benefactor; and that after paying the Dean, he had thirteen Guineas, and odd Money, and was out of Debt. This Debt the Dean refused, and made the Nailer a Present of five Guineas more, for his great Industry and OEconomy. This, it is reported, was the first Cause of the Dean's lending small Sums to poor industrious Tradesmen.

No Man was ever more liberal to his Friends, or to worthy People in Distress. When he came to the Deanry of St, *Patrick's*, it was then worth 700*l.* a Year, and he had two other Livings in Commendam with that, which made his Income near 1000*l.* per Annum, which he endeavoured to divide into three Parts, for the following Purposes; first, to live

upon one Third of it. Secondly, to give another Third in Pensions and Charities, according to the Manner in which the People who received them, had lived; and the other Third, he laid by to build *St. Patrick's Hospital*, for the Reception of Idiots and Lunatics: But, he did not strictly adhere to these Rules; for, being a most regular and temperate Man, and keeping no more than three Saddle Horses, two Servants in Livery, a Housekeeper, and Maid, who were all at Board Wages, he did not spend one Quarter of his Income upon Himself, Servants, and Horses; and therefore he must have given more than Half his Income in Pensions and charitable Uses during his Life; which is confirmed by the Fortune he left behind him, which did not amount to 11,000 *l.* although he laid by Money every Year; which, at common Interest, and according to the above-mentioned Scheme of OEconomy, would have amounted to more than double that Sum; and what is remarkable in this generous Man, that when he lent Money, upon Bond or Mortgage, he would not take the legal Interest, but one *per Cent.* below it.

HE could not be charged with Prodigality or Extravagance, but in one Instance; and that was, in having a compleat Service of Silver Plate, which might have cost 1000 Pounds, and made him often say, *I am the poorest Man in Ireland, that hath a Service of Plate; and the richest dignified Gentleman who doth not keep a Coach or a Chariot.*

IN the Year 1715, when *James Butler*, Duke of *Ormond*, who went from *England* to *France*, to avoid the Persecution of Party, was afterwards degraded from all his Honours and Titles, to the Degree of a Yeoman; his Pictures and Coat of Arms were taken down and cut in Pieces, in the most ignominious Manner, in all publick Places where he had Titles or Employments, and particularly in the Universities of *Oxford* and *Dublin*, of which Places he was Chancellor; and when Mr. *Hawkins*, Ulster King of Arms, in *Ireland*, came to the Cathedral Church of St. *Patrick's*, *Dublin*, attended by proper Officers, to take down the Arms of the *Ormond* Family, which were then in that Church, and where they still continue, the Dean would not permit him to touch them, or suffer so great an Indignity to be offered to that Family, or to Himself, or his Chapter; which was the only Instance of Opposition in the King's Dominions; in which he acted with unparalleled Friendship to that great, but unhappy Nobleman, as well as in preserving the Rights and Dignity of Himself, and the Independency of his Chapter.

Dr. *Swift* always lived in the strictest Friendship with People of Genius and Learning, and seldom broke with them on Account of Party Principles. I have seen the most friendly and affectionate Letters between him and Mr. *Addison*, and shall give you the following:

To the Reverend Dr. *Swift*.

Dublin, June 3, 1710.

DEAR SIR,

I AM just now come from *Finglas*, where I have been drinking your Health, and talking of you with one who loves and admires you better than any Man in the World, except your humble Servant. We both agree in a Request, that you will set out for *Dublin* as soon as possible. To tell you truly, I find the Place disagreeable, and cannot imagine, why it should appear so now, more than it did last Year. You know, I look upon every Thing that is like a Compliment as a Breach of Friendship; and therefore, shall only tell you, that I long to see you, without assuring you, that I love your Company and value your Conversation more than any Man's, or that I am, with the most inviolable Sincerity and Esteem,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful,

Most humble, and

Most obedient Servant,

J. ADDISON.

MR.

MR. *Addison*, was one of the Few, who were sincere in their Friendship to Dr. *Swift*, of which he gave a noble Instance. Early in the Reign of King *George I.* His Majesty appointed the Earl of *Sunderland*, Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*, and recommended Mr. *Addison* to him for his Secretary; for which, Mr. *Addison* was very thankful. But then, said my Lord, there are some People in *Ireland*, who are not agreeable to me, with whom, I hope, you will not converse, when you go thither. Mr. *Addison* answered, he was much obliged to his Majesty for the Honour intended him; but, that he could not comply with his Excellency's Request; as he would not sacrifice his Friendship for Dr. *Swift* to be made Chief Governor of that Kingdom.

ON the 5th of *November 1709*, Dr. *Sacheverel* preached a Sermon suited to the Day, at *St. Paul's Cathedral, London*, before the Lord-Mayor and Court of Aldermen, which Sermon was printed and censured by the House of Commons for a malicious, scandalous and seditious Libel, highly reflecting on her Majesty Queen *Anne*, her Government, the late happy Revolution, and the Protestant Succession. On *December 15*, Dr. *Sacheverel* was impeached for high Crimes and Misdemeanors, taken into Custody of the Serjeant at Arms,

and impeached at the Bar of the House of Lords, in the Name of the Commons of *Great-Britain*, for high Crimes and Misdemeanors, and delivered into Custody of the Deputy Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod; was tried before the Lords, and found guilty on the 20th of *March* following. The Doctor, by Order of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, was silenced for three Years from Preaching; and that Sermon and another, to be burned by the Hands of the common Hangman, before the Royal Exchange in *London*, which was accordingly executed. When this Affair was over, the Ministry took very little Notice of him, and treated him with great Indifference: But, upon the the Rectory of St. *Andrew's, Holborn*, being vacant, the Doctor applied to them for that Living, but they had no Regard to his Sollicitation; upon which he wrote to Doctor *Swift*, with whom he had but a slender Acquaintance, to request his Interest with the Government for that Parish; and set forth, how much he had suffered for them and their Cause. Dr. *Swift* immediately carried this Letter to Lord *Bolingbroke*, then Secretary of State, who railed much at *Sacheverel*, calling him a busy, intermeddling Fellow, a Prig and an Incendiary, who had set the Kingdom in a Flame, which could not be extinguished, and therefore deserved Censure instead of a Reward. To which *Swift* replied, true, my Lord, but let me tell you a short Story: "In
" a Sea Fight in the Reign of *Charles II.*
" there

“ there was a very bloody Engagement between the *English* and *Dutch* Fleets, in the Heat of which, a *Scotch* Seaman was very severely bit by a Louse on his Neck, which he caught, and stooping down to crack it between his Nails, many of the Sailors near him, had their Heads taken off by a Chain Shot from the Enemy, which dashed their Blood and Brains about him; on which, he had Compassion upon the poor Louse, returned him to his Place, and bid him live there at Discretion; for, as he had saved his Life, he was bound in Gratitude, to save his.” The Recital of this, put my Lord *Bolingbroke* into a Fit of Laughter, who, when it was over, said, “ The Louse shall have the Living for your Story.” And, soon after, *Sacheverel* was presented to it.

A YOUNG Clergyman, the Son of a Bishop in *Ireland*, having married without the Knowledge of his Friends, it gave Umbrage to his Family, who, on that Account were very angry, and his Father would not see him. Dr. *Swift* being in Company with him some Time after, said, “ That when he was a School Boy at *Kilkenny*, he longed very much to have a Horse of his own to ride on; that one Day he saw a poor Man leading a very mangy, lean Horse out of the Town to kill him for the Skin and the Shoes. *Swift* being much moved, asked the Man, if he would sell him? The Bargain was very soon made, and *Swift* gave him all the Money he had, which

" which was about eighteen Pence: The Pur-
 " chaſer immediately got on him, to the very
 " great Envy of ſome or his School-Fellows,
 " and to the Ridicule of others, and rode
 " him about the Town; but the Horſe very
 " ſoon tired, and lay down; *Swift* who had
 " no Stable for him, nor any Money to pay
 " for his Grazing, Hay, or Oats, began to
 " cry, and wept for the Money: But, the
 " Horſe died immediately, which gave the
 " Owner great Relief." To this the young
 Clergyman answered, " Sir, your Story is very
 " good, and applicable to me. I own I de-
 " ſerve it," and then burſt into a Flood of
 Tears. The Dean made no Reply, but went
 the next Day to the Lord-Lieutenant, prevail-
 ed on him to give the young Gentleman a
 ſmall Pariſh which was then vacant, to ſupport
 him and his Wife, and ſoon after made a Re-
 conciliation between the Father and the Son.

BEING in Company one Day with Dr. *Bolton*,
 Archbiſhop of *Caſhel*, and Doctor *Edward Synge*,
 Biſhop of *Elphin*, and other Truſtees of the
 Linen Manufacture; he aſked them, why that
 Board did not elect him a Truſtee, that he might
 have it in his Power to ſerve his Country? The
 Archbiſhop answered, *That he was too ſharp*
a Razor and would cut them all. To which the
 Dean made no Reply.

HE could never prevail on Lord *Carteret*
 to make him a Truſtee of the Linen Board, or,
 to recommend him to be a Juſtice of the Peace,
 although he was in the greateſt Intimacy and
 Friend-

Friendship with his Excellency, who said, I am sure, Mr. Dean, you despise both these Feathers, and would not accept of them; the Dean reply'd, No, my Lord, I do not, as I might be serviceable to the Public in both Capacities; but, as I would not be governed by your Excellency, nor jobb at that Board, or suffer Abuses to pass there, or at Quarter Sessions or Assizes, I know, you will not indulge me for the Good of this unhappy Nation: But, if I were a worthless Member of Parliament, or a Bishop, would vote for the Court, and betray my Country, then you would readily grant my Request: To which his Excellency rejoined with great Freedom and Politeness; what you say is literally true, and therefore you must excuse me.

THE Dean took much Pains to be well informed in all Affairs relating to *Wood's* Halfpence and the Constitutions and Laws of *England* and *Ireland*, relating to the Prerogative of the Crown, and the Liberties of the People; which made him take more Time in writing the *Drapier's* Letters, than any other Part of his Works; the shortest of which Letters, took up at least ten Days Time to finish and to write them according to Law, and to the Level and Understanding of the most illiterate of the common People.

HE was held in such Veneration and Honour by all the Members of his Chapter, that they unanimously voted him 20 Pounds a Year out

out of their OEconomy to keep the Deanry House in Repair; and, as a further Mark of their Esteem, they had his Picture painted at full Length, by Mr. *Bindon*, the most eminent Painter of *Ireland*, who had several Poems wrote to him in *Latin* and *English*, upon his fine Performance; which Picture, is the Property of all succeeding Deans and Chapters, and placed in the large Parlour of the Deanry House, with a large fine carved *Irish* Oak Frame round it.

AT a Commencement in *Trinity College, Dublin*, some Time about the Year 1734, Dr. *Swift* came into the Regent House, where the Vice Chancellor, Doctors, and Masters were sitting: On his Entrance, the Masters, nearest the Door, rose up, and so on in Succession, until he advanced towards the Head of the Room, where the Vice Chancellor, Doctor *Sterne*, Bishop of *Clogher*, and Doctor *Baldwin*, Provost, sat as Presidents; and, notwithstanding all the Discouragements of the Vice Chancellor, and others, at that End of the Room, almost every one found themselves in a Disposition to rise up. The same happened to *Virgil* in the Senate of *Rome*.

ALDERMAN *Barber*, who was Lord Mayor of *London* in the Year 1733, and had printed several political Pieces for Dr. *Swift*, made a Present of the Dean's Picture to the University of *Oxford*, with the following Inscription:

JONATH.

JONATH. SWIFT, S. T. P.

Decan. S. Patr. Dubl.

Effigiem Viri Musis amicissimi,

Ingenio prorsus Sibi proprio celeberrimi;

Ut Ipsum suis Oxoniensibus aliquatenus redonaret,

Parietem habere voluit Bodleianum

1739

JOHANNES BARBER, Armiger, Aldermanus

Nec ita pridem Prætor Londinensis.

THE Rev. Mr. *Hart*, an eminent Poet, and Author of the Life of *Gustavus Adolphus*, hath informed some of his Friends, that he had read eleven Sermons of the Dean's, which he had lent to Mr. *Pope*, who assured Mr. *Hart*, they were the best he ever had read, and Mr. *Hart* hath said the same, who was very circumstantial in telling they were not only stitched together, but in a black Leather Case; that they were among Mr. *Pope*'s Papers, when he died, and that he believed, that Dr. *Warburton*, who had the Revisal and Publication of all *Pope*'s Writings, after his Death, might have seen them: If so, it is hoped that learned Gentleman

tleman will oblige the World with the Publication of so vast a Treasure.

DR. *Swift* frequently cleaned his Library, to clear it of Rubbish, and often burned M. S. of his own, which did not please him. One Day in particular, he brought above thirty of his Sermons from the Study into his Bed-Chamber, where he was going to throw them into the Fire; and being asked, what Papers they were? He answered, Old Sermons, which I shall never preach again; upon which Dr. *Sheridan* begged them, saying, they would be very useful to him, who might preach very often, on which the Dean gave them; three of these Sermons, to wit, on the Trinity, on the Testimony of Conscience, and, on mutual Subjection, were published after Dr. *Sheridan's* Death, by his eldest Son *Thomas*, who hath made a great Figure as an excellent Player, and also as an Author, by his Treatise on *British* Education. What became of the others we cannot tell: But five other Discourses, with great Difficulty, have been procured, and added to the foregoing.

THE Dean in his Tour through *Ireland*, visiting *Waterford*, enquired who were the Clergy resident there? Amongst them *Robinson* was his Acquaintance, and accepted the Dean's Invitation to shew him the City. Passing near the Remains of an old publick Building, the Dean observed a carved Stone; it was at some small Distance, but the Way to it so covered with

with the most nauseous Filth, that he prevailed on *Robinson* to carry him thither on his Back. When he had satisfied his Curiosity, by viewing the Arms of the City, with this Motto,

Urbs intacta manet.

He returned to his Inn, and wrote the following Stanza.

URBS INTACTA MANET — *semperque intacta
manebit :*

Tangere Crabrones quis bene sanus amat ?

Robinson enquired the Meaning of *Crabrones*; the Dean asked him if he had ever, until that Day, travelled through a Country of Hornets? But, said the Dean, for the benefit of our Female Friends, I will translate the Epigram. After a very short Pause, he did it thus:

*A Thistle is the Scottish Arms,
Which to the Toucher threatens Harms:
What are the Arms of Waterford?
That no Man touches—but a T—d.*

WHEN he travelled in the Country, he would often buy Halfpennies worth of Tobacco, which is usually sold by Measure, when retailed, to give to poor *Irish* People, who are very fond of this disagreeable Weed. At one Place, where he thought the Measure too large,

large, he bought thirty-two Halfpenny Worths, and desired the Person who sold it, to weigh them altogether, which was done, and the Tobacco came to three Shillings and Sixpence, on which, he blamed the Man for his Folly, and made a Measure for him, by which he got a reasonable Profit, instead of being ruined.

HE went to Church three Times on *Sundays*: In the Morning, to his own Cathedral; in the Afternoon to the *French Church*, (under the Roof with *St. Patrick's Cathedral*;) and, in the Evening, to the Cathedral again, where Divine Service was performed in the most grand and solemn Manner, and much resorted to by Persons of the greatest Quality and Distinction.

FIRES have sometimes happened in *Dublin*, by which People of all Denominations have been Sufferers; upon which melancholy Occasions, the Dean always exerted himself, not only in Person, by going from House to House, to make Collections for them; but would write and recommend their melancholy Cases to the Publick; would go to the afflicted Sufferers, offer them his Service, and would be the first to subscribe in a most princely and generous Manner to their Relief; which worthy Example of his, the benevolent Citizens of *Dublin* would imitate.

HE once had a Design of leaving 300*l.* a Year for ever, to be lent out at Interest, in
small

small Sums, not exceeding twenty Pounds, which every Year would increase three hundred Pounds, out of which, only thirty Pounds a Year, was to be paid to a Clark: But, some great Men of the Law, advised him to the contrary, and said, that instead of being a publick Good, it would become a Monopoly, great Men would endeavour to be Trustees, and instead of serving the Poor, would apply this Money to their own Uses, upon which, the Dean laid his Design aside.

HIS Acquaintance consisted of the best and greatest Men of *Ireland*, Archbishop *King*, Dr. *Helsham*, Dr. *Delany*, Dr. *Bolton*, &c. When these Persons died, he sought for no Acquaintance but with those of middling Understandings and small Fortunes, which gave him an Opportunity of improving their Minds, and shewing his Liberality and Generosity to them, whose Chair and Coach-Hire he would pay in a most bountiful Manner, whenever they waited on him; and, it was a constant Practice with him, when he dined with Persons of inferior Fortune to himself, to carry a small Joynt of Meat, a Fowl, or Fish, with Bread, Wine, Salt, Pepper, and Vinegar, Table Cloth, and Napkins, which no one took amiss, but gave him his Way, as it was always thought an Honour to have his Company. This Custom he practised in the Country ten Miles about the City. He was always attended by two Servants when he went out of Town, each of whom, he made to carry a
single

single Boot, to prevent any Pride, Jealousy, or Strife between them.

IT was sometimes a Custom with him, to allow a Saturnalia to his Servants, (according to the old *Roman* Custom) at which Time he would attend them with Gentlemen of his Acquaintance, and allow them a genteel Entertainment, with all the Freedom and Talk they could use.

HE was very indulgent to young Authors, by giving them good Advice, correcting their Works, and telling them where they were mistaken.

SOMETIME before the Dean's Memory failed him, Dr. *Delany* went to visit him one Morning, and asked, Mr. Dean, how do you? He answered, 'I am not the Dean, I am not what I was; pity me, and pray for me.'

FOR many Years before he died, he was afraid of losing his Memory, which made him dread a long Life; this Misfortune, he was so very sensible of, that he drew the strongest Picture of it imaginable in the Character of the *Strulbrugs* in *Gulliver's Travels*.

ONE Time in a Journey from *Drogheda* to *Navan*, he rode before his Company, made a sudden Stop, dismounted his Horse, fell on his Knees, lifted up his Hands and prayed in the most devout Manner. When his Friends came up, he desired, and insisted on their alighting, which they did, and asked him the Meaning? 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'pray join your Hearts in fervent Prayers with mine, that I may
' never

‘ never be like this Oak Tree, which is decayed and withered at the Top, whilst all the other Parts are sound.’

ANOTHER Time, walking with Dr. *Young*, the celebrated Poet, and some others, about a Mile from *Dublin*, the Dean stopped short, the Company passed on, but not seeing him follow, Dr. *Young* went back, and found the Dean fixed as a Statue, earnestly gazing at a lofty Elm, which, in its uppermost Branches was much withered and decayed. Pointing to it, he said, ‘ I shall be like that Tree, I shall dye at the Top.’

SWIFT never was very outrageous, but his Memory failed him by Degrees, for many Years together; insomuch, that he forgot all his Friends and Domesticks, could not call any of them by their Names, nor for Cloaths, Food, or any Necessaries that he wanted; in short, his Forgetfulness grew so much upon him, he could not remember any one Passage of his Life, nor read, nor even tell his Letters, for near two Years before his Death. He likewise lost the Use of his Speech, excepting now and then uttering some incoherent rambling Words, being incapable of asking any Questions, or of returning Answers, nor could he ask even for one Necessary of Life. During this melancholy Situation, great Care was taken of his Person and Food, as he was incapable of dressing, undressing, or of helping himself to his Cloaths or Victuals; and so to-

tally was he deprived of all rational Faculties, that he was treated like a new born Infant, being taken out of Bed, dressed, led about the Room by the Servants and Nurse-keepers, fed, undressed, and put into Bed like the youngest Child, and had the Actions of one, being fond of Gold or Silver Toys, which he would play with, or put into his Mouth.

THE Dean was of middle Stature, well made, and comely, with very good regular Features, an high Forehead, handsome Nose, large sparkling blue Eyes very piercing, (which had their Lustre to the last, although he read very much, but never made Use of Spectacles or Glasses;) an exceeding agreeable Mouth, a fine regular Set of Teeth, and round double Chin, with a small Dimple. His Complexion, a light Olive, or pale Brown.

I am,

Your Lordship's most dutiful, &c.

A. N

AN
ACCOUNT
OF A
MONUMENT
Erected to the Memory
OF
Dr. SWIFT in *Ireland*,

To Mr. George Faulkner,

Neale, Feb. 14, 1759.

SIR,

I HAVE at last finished what you have often heard me wish I might be able to do, a Monument for the greatest Genius of our Age, the late Dean of St. *Patrick's*. The Thing in it-

H h 2

self

self is but a Trifle ; but, it is more than I should ever have attempted, had I not with Indignation seen a Country (so honoured by the Birth of so great a Man, and so faithfully served by him all his Life,) so long and so shamefully negligent in erecting some Monument of Gratitude to his Memory. Countries are not wise in such Neglect; for they hurt themselves. Men of Genius are encouraged to apply their Talents to the Service of their Country, when they see in it Gratitude to the Memory of those who have deserved well of them. The ingenious *Pere Castel* told me at *Paris*, that he reckoned it the greatest Misfortune to him that he was not born an Englishman ; and, when he explained himself, it was only for this, that after two hundred Years they had erected a Monument to *Shakespear* ; and, another to a Modern, but to the greatest of them, *Sir Isaac Newton*. Great Souls are very disinterested in the Affairs of Life ; they look for Fame and Immortality, scorning the mean Paths of Interest and Lucre : And, surely, in an Age so mercenary as ours, Men should not be so sparing to give publick Marks of their Gratitude to Men of such Virtue, dead, however they may treat them living ; since in so doing they bespeak, and almost insure to themselves a Succession of such useful Persons in Society. It was with this View that I have determined to throw in my Mite.

IN

IN a fine Lawn below my House, I have planted an Hippodrome. It is a circular Plantation, consisting of five Walks; the Central of which is a Horse-Course, and three Rounds make exactly a Mile. All the Lines are so laid out, that, from the Centre, the six Rows of Trees appear but one, and form 100 Arches round the Field; in the Centre of which I have erected a Mount, and placed a Marble Column on its proper Pedestal, with all the Decorations of the Order; on the Summit of which I have placed a *Pegasus*, just seeming to take Flight to the Heavens; and, on the Dye of the Pedestal I have engraved the following Inscription, wrote by an ingenious Friend.

In memoriam JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
viri fine pari.

Aonidum fontes aperis, divine poeta,

Arte nova; æthereas propriis ut *Pegasus* alis

Scande domos: æternum addet tua fama
columnæ

Huic memori decus; hic, tanti quam possumus
umbram

Nominis in mentem, sacro revocare quotannis
Ludorum ritu juvat, hic tibi parvus honorum

Offertur cumulus : laudum quo fine tuarum
 Copia claudatur qui quærit, gentis Iernæ
 Pectora scrutetur, latumque interroget orbem.

1750.

I HAVE also appointed a small Fund for annual Premiums to be distributed in the Celebration of Games at the Monument yearly. The Ceremony is to last three Days, beginning the first of *May*, yearly. On this Day, young Maids and Men in the Neighbourhood are to assemble in the Hippodrome, with their Garlands and Chaplets of Flowers, and to dance round the Monument, singing the Praises of this ingenious Patriot, and strowing with Flowers all the Place: After which they are to dance for a Prize; the best Dancer among the Maids is to be presented with a Cap and Ribbands; and, after the Dance the young Men are to run for a Hat and Gloves.

THE second Day, there is to be a large Market upon the Ground: And the most regular Reel and Count, is to have a Guinea Premium; and the Person who buys the greatest Quantity of Yarn, is to have a Premium of two Guineas.

The third Day the Farmer who produces the best yearling Calf of his own Breed, is to have two Guineas Premium; and, he that
 pro-

Dr. SWIFT's Monument. 335

produces the fairest Colt or Filly, of his own Breed likewise, not over two Years old, shall receive a Premium of two Guineas also.—Thus the whole will not exceed ten Pounds; and all these useful Branches of our Growth and Manufacture will be encouraged, in remembering the Patron who with so much Care and Tenderness recommended them to others, and cherished them himself.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your humble Servant,

J. B.

produces the finest Corn of his own
growth likewise, not over two Years old, shall
receive a Payment of two Guineas also.—Thus
the whole will not exceed ten Pounds; and all
these strict Payments of our Crown and Ma-
nufacture will be charged, is remembering
the Person who will to much Care and Tender-
ness recommended them to others, and charis-

them highly.

and Don Sig

The said Don Sig

The said Don Sig

A S E R I O U S
P O E M
U P O N

*WILLIAM WOOD, Brazier, Tinker,
Hard-Ware-Man, Coiner, Counterfeiter,
Founder, and Esquire.*

WHEN Foes are o'ercome, we preserve
them from Slaughter,
To be *Hewers* of *WOOD*, and *Drawers* of
Water;
Now, although to *Draw Water* is not very
good,
Yet we all should rejoice to be *Hewers* of
Wood,
I'own it hath often provok'd me to mutter,
That a Rogue so obscure should make such a
Clutter,
But antient Philosophers wisely remark,
That old rotten *Wood* will *Shine* in the *Dark*,
The *Heathens*, we read, had *Gods* made of
WOOD,
Who could do them no Harm, if they did
them no Good;

But

But this Idol **WOOD** may do us great Evil,
 Their Gods were of **WOOD**, but our **WOOD** is
 the **DEVIL**.

To cut down fine **WOOD** is a very bad Thing,
 And yet we all know, much **Gold** it will bring,
 Then if cutting down **WOOD** brings Money
 good Store,

Our Money to keep, let us *cut down* **ONE** more.
 Now hear an old Tale. There antiently stood,
 (I forget in what Church) an Image of **WOOD**;
 Concerning this Image there went a Prediction,
 It would burn a whole *Forest*, nor was it a
 Fiction;

'Twas cut into Faggots, and put to the
 Flame,

To burn an old Fryar, one *Forest* by Name:
 My Tale is a wise one, if well understood,
 Find you but the *Fryar*, and I'll find the
WOOD.

I HEAR among Scholars there is a great
 Doubt

From what Kind of Tree this **WOOD** was
 hewn out,

Teague made a good Pun by a *Brogue* in his
 Speech,

And said; By my Shoul, he's the Son of a
BEECH:

Some call him a *Thorn*, the Curse of a
 Nation,

As *Thorns* were design'd to be from the
 Creation.

Some

Some think him cut out from the poisonous
Yew,

Beneath whose ill Shade no Plant ever grew.

Some say he's a *Birch*, a Thought very odd,
For none but a Dunce would come under
his Rod.

But I'll tell you the Secret, and pray do not
blab,

He is an old *Stump* cut out of a *Crab*,

And *England* has put this *Crab* to hard
Use,

To cudgel our Bones, and for Drink give us
Verjuice.

And therefore his *Witnesses* justly may boast,
That none are more properly Knights of the
Post.

BUT here Mr. Wood complains that we
mock,

Though he may be a *Block-head*, he's no
real *Block*.

He can eat, drink and sleep; now and then
for a Friend,

He'll not be too proud an old Kettle to
mend;

He can *Lie* like a *Courtier*, and think it no
Scorn,

When *Gold's* to be got, to FORSWEAR and
SUBORN.

He can RAP his own RAPS, and has the
true Sapience,

To turn a *Good Penny* to twenty *Bad*
Ha'pence.

Then

Then in Spight of your Sophistry, Honest
WILL WOOD

Is a Man of this World, all true Flesh and
Blood;

So you are but in Jest, and you will not, I
hope,

Un-man the poor Knave, for the Sake of a
Trope.

'Tis a *Metaphor* known to ev'ry plain
Thinker,

Just as when we say, *the Devil's a Tinker*.

Which cannot, in literal Sense be made
good,

Unless, by the Devil, we mean Mr. Wood.

BUT some will object, that the Devil oft
spoke

In *Heathenish* Times from the *Trunk* of an
Oak:

And since we must grant, there never were
known,

More *Heathenish* Times than those of our
own;

Perhaps you will say 'tis the *Devil* that puts

The Words in WOOD's Mouth, or speaks from
his Guts:

And then your old Arguments still will return,

Howe'er let us try him, and see how he'll burn.

You'll pardon me, Sir, your Cunning I smoak,

But, WOOD, I assure you, is no *Heart of OAK*;

And, instead of the *Devil*, this Son of Perdition

Hath join'd with himself two HAGs in Com-
mission.

I NE'ER

I NE'ER could endure my Talent to smother;
 I told you one Tale, I will tell you another.
 A *Joiner*, to fasten a *Saint* in a *Nitch*,
 Bor'd a large *Auger-hole* in the Image's Breech;
 But finding the *Statue* to make no Complaint,
 He would ne'er be convinc'd it was a *True*
Saint.

When the *True Wood* arrives, as he soon will
 no doubt,

(For that's but a sham *Wood* they carry
 about)

What *Stuff* he is made on you quickly may
 find,

If you make the same Tryal, and *Bore* him *Be-*
hind;

I'll hold you a *Groat*, when you *wimble* his
Bum,

He'll bellow as loud as the *De'il in a Drum*:

From me, I declare, you shall have no Denial,
 And there can be no Harm in making a Trial;
 And when to the Joy of your Hearts he has
 roar'd,

You may shew him about for a new *Groaning*
Board.

Now, ask me a Question. How came it to pass
Wood got so much Copper? He got it by Brass;
 This BRASS was a Dragon (observe what I
 tell ye)

This *Dragon* had gotten two *Sows* in its Belly;
 I know you will say, this is all *Heathen Greek*,
 I own it, and therefore I leave you to seek.

I OFTEN

I OFTEN have seen two Plays very good,
Call'd, LOVE IN A TUB, and LOVE IN A
WOOD.

These Comedies twain, Friend WOOD will
contrive.

On the *Scene* of this *Land* very soon to *revive*,
First, LOVE in a TUB : 'Squire WOOD has in
Store,

Strong *Tubs* for his *Raps*, Two thousand and
more ;

These *Raps* he will honestly dig out with
Shovels,

And sell them for Gold, or he can't shew his
Love else.

WOOD swears he will do it for *Ireland's Good*,
Then can you deny it is *Love in a Wood*?

However, if Critics find Fault with the Phrase,
I hope you will own it is *Love in a Maze* ;

For when to express a Friend's Love we are
willing,

We never say more than your *Love is a Mil-*
lion ;

But with honest WOOD's *Love* there is no
contending,

'Tis Fifty round *Millions* of *Love*, and a
Mending.

Then in his First *Love*, why should he be
crost?

I hope he will find that *no Love is lost*.

HEAR

HEAR one Story more, and then I will
stop;

I dream'd Wood was told he should die by a
Drop;

So methought, he resolv'd no Liquor to taste,
For fear the *first Drop* might as well be his
Last;

But *Dreams* are like *Oracles*, hard to explain
'em,

For it prov'd that he dy'd of a *DROP* at *Kil-*
mainham *:

I wak'd with Delight, and not without
Hope,

Very soon to see Wood *drop* down from a
Rope.

How he, and how we, at each other should
grin!

'Tis Kindness to hold a Friend up by the
Chin;

But soft, says the Herald, I cannot agree;
For *Metal on Metal is false Heraldry*:

Why that may be true, yet WOOD upon
WOOD,

I'll maintain with my Life is *Heraldry* good,

HARD-

* A Gallows in the County of DUBLIN, near the
City.

HARDING's * RESURRECTION

FROM

HELL upon EARTH.

FORTH from my *dark and dismal Room*,
 Behold to Life again I come ;
 By long Confinement, poor *John Harding*
 Has hardly left a single Farthing ;
 He's brought to such a wretched Pass,
 He'd almost take the *English Brass* ;
 Begg that his *Customers* would use
 His *Pamphlets, Elegies, and News* †.

My *Letters* all, that silent lay,
 Are glad again to see the Day ;
 See, from their *Cases* how they rattle ;
 Like *Armies* drawn in *Ranks of Battle* ;
 The *CAPITALS*, as being Great,
 Before the *Font* advanc'd in State ;
 The rest are common *Soldiers* all,
 Obedient to their *General's* Call ;
Italick, Roman, and Long Primer,
 Diff'ring like *Tory, Whig, and Trimmer*,
 Distinguish'd by their *Forms and Size*,
 Some *sink* beneath, while others *rise* ;

Others

* JOHN HARDING, Printer and Publisher of several of Dr. *Swift's* Writings, was prosecuted, fined, and imprisoned for the same.

† The *Dublin News Letter*.

Others to *neither Side* inclin'd,
 In close *Parentbesis* confin'd;
 And since for neither they've Regard,
 I think indeed they might be spar'd.
 Some for the Greatness of their Station;
 Have got a Note of *Admiration* !
 Others are *trench'd* within their *Clauses*,
 As I for LIBELS — as the LAW says,
 For *Stops* and *Points* I take to be
 To *Them*, what is a *Jail* to *Me*.
 Some cloath'd in *black*, and some in *red*,
 Some with, and some without a *Head*;
 Others with *Tails* advance among
 The rest, but we supply the *Tongue*.
 Now look *Abroad* among Mankind,
 Exact the *Parallel* you'll find,
 By *Interest* guided, or by *Rage*,
 In *Peace* they join, in *Wars* engage :
 Some *high*, some *low*, some *great*, some *little*;
 The *Letters* fit us to a *Tittle*;
 And when we've met our *final Doom*,
 Don't they pursue us to our *Tomb* ?
 Upon the *Whole*, sure *Man* had better,
 Ne'er known *Himself*, or known a *Letter*;
 This I experienc'd to my *Cost*,
 For All I Got by *them* I *Lost*;
 And *nothing* now can make *Amends*,
 But my *old Customers* and *Friends*.

P O E M S
ON SEVERAL
O C C A S I O N S.

The following is genuine and correct, being carefully printed from the Author's Manuscript; whereas all other Editions whatever, are spurious and incorrect, as they were stolen, mangled, and interpolated.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, and DESCRIPTION of the LEGION CLUB.

Written in the YEAR 1736.

AS I strole the City, oft' I
Spy a Building large and lofty,
Not a Bow-shot from the College,
Half the Globe from Sense and Knowledge.
By the prudent Architect
Plac'd against the Church direct;
Making good my Grandame's Jest,
Near the Church — you know the rest.

TELL

TELL us what this Place contains?
 Many a Head that holds no Brains.
 These Demoniacs let me dub
 With the Name of *Legion Club*.
 Such Assemblies you might swear,
 Meet when Butchers bait a Bear;
 Such a Noise, and such Haranguing,
 When a Brother Thief is hanging.
 Such a Rout, and such a Rabble
 Run to hear Jack-pudding gabble,
 Such a Croud their Ordure throws
 On a far less Villain's Nose.

COULD I from the Building's Top
 Hear the rattling Thunder drop,
 While the Devil upon the Roof,
 If the Devil be Thunder Proof,
 Should, with Poker fiery red,
 Crack the Stones, and melt the Lead;
 Drive them down on every Skull,
 While the Den of Thieves is full;
 Quite destroy that Harpies Nest,
 How might then our Isle be blest;
 For Divines allow, that God
 Sometimes makes the Devil his Rod:
 And the Gospel will inform us,
 He can punish Sins enormous.

YET should *Swift* endow the Schools
 For his Lunatics and Fools,

With a Rood or two of Land,
 I allow the Pile may stand.
 You perhaps will ask me, why so?
 But it is with this Proviso,
 Since the House is like to last,
 Let a royal Grant be pass'd,
 That the Club have Right to dwell,
 Each within his proper Cell;
 With a Passage left to creep in,
 And a Hole above for peeping.

LET them, when they once get in
 Sell the Nation for a Pin;
 While they fit a picking Straws,
 Let them rave of making Laws;
 While they never hold their Tongue,
 Let them dabble in their Dung;
 Let them form a grand Committee,
 How to plague and starve the City;
 Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
 When they see a Clergy-Gown;
 Let them, 'ere they crack a Louse,
 Call for th' Orders of the House;
 Let them with their gossling Quills,
 Scribble senseless Heads of Bills,
 We may, while they strain their Throats,
 Wipe our A—s with their V—s.

LET Sir T——, that rampant Afs,
 Stuff his Guts with Flax and Grass;
 But, before the Priest he fleeces,
 Tear the Bible all to Pieces.

At the Parsons, T—, Halloo, Boy,
Worthy Offspring of a Shoeboy,
Footman, Traytor, vile Seducer,
Perjur'd Rebel, brib'd Accuser;
Lay thy paltry Privilege aside,
Sprung from Papiſts and a Regicide;
Fall a working like a Mole;
Raife the Dirt about your Hole.

COME, aſſiſt me, Muſe obedient,
Let us try ſome new Expedient;
Shift the Scene for half an Hour,
Time and Place are in thy Power.
Thither, gentle Muſe, conduct me,
I ſhall aſk, and you inſtruct me.

SEE the Muſe unbars the Gate,
Hark the Monkeys, how they prate!

ALL ye Gods, who rule the Soul *
Styx, through Hell whoſe Waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder Hell.

NEAR the Door an Entrance gapes †
Crouded round with antic Shape

I i 3

Po-

* *Dii, quibus imperium eſt animarum, &c.*
Sit mihi fas audita loqui, &c. VIRG. *ÆN.* v. 264.

† *Vestibulum ante ipſum primisq; in faucibus Orci,*
Luſtus & ultrices, &c. Ibid. 273.

Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair;
Discord periwigg'd with Snakes *
See the dreadful Strides she takes.

By this odious Crew beset†,
I began to rage and fret,
And resolv'd to break their Pates,
'Ere we enter'd at the Gates;
Had not *Clio* in the Nick‡,
Whisper'd me, let down your Stick;
What, said I, is this the Mad-House?
These, she answered, are but Shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty Visions of the Brain.

In the Porch *Briareus* stands ||,
Shews a Bribe in all his Hands :
Briareus the Secretary,
But we Mortals call him *Cary*.
When the Rogues their Country fleece,
They may hope for Pence a Piece.

CLIO, who had been so wise
To put on a Fool's Disguise,
To bespeak some Approbation,
And be thought a near Relation ;

When

* ————— *Discordia demens*
Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.

Ibid. 281.

+ *Corripuit hic subito trepidus, &c.*

————— *strictamq; aciem venientibus offert.*

Ibid. 290.

‡ *Ni docta comes tenues sine corpore, &c.*

Ibid. 291.

|| *Et centum geminus Briareus.*

Ibid. 287.

When she saw three hundred Brutes,
 All invol'd in wild Disputes;
 Roaring 'till their Lungs were spent,
 P—l---e of P-----t,
 Now a new Misfortune feels,
 Dreading to be laid by th' Heels,
 Never durst a Muse before
 Enter that infernal Door;]
Clio stifled with the Smell,
 Into Spleen and Vapours fell;
 By the *Stygian* Steams that flew,
 From the dire infectious Crew.
 Not the Stench of Lake *Avernus*,
 Could have more offended her Nose;
 Had she flown but o'er the Top,
 She would feel her Pinions drop,
 And by Exhalations dire,
 Though a Goddess, must expire.
 In a Fright she crept away,
 Bravely I resolv'd to stay.

WHEN I saw the Keeper frown,
 Tipping him with half a Crown;
 Now, said I, we are alone,
 Name your Heroes one by one.

Who is that Hell-featur'd Brawler,
 Is it Satan? No, 'tis *W*——
 In what Figure can a Bard dress,
Jack, the Grandson of Sir *Hardress*?
 Honest Keeper, drive him further,
 In his Looks are Hell and Murther;

See

See the scowling Visage drop,
Just as when he murther'd *T—*;

KEEPER, shew me where to fix
On the Puppy Pair of *Dicks*;
By their lanthorn Jaws and Leathern,
You might swear they both are Brethren:
Dick Fitz-Baker, *Dick the Player*,
Old Acquaintance are you there?
Dear Companions hug and kiss,
Toast *old Glorious* in your Piss.
Tie them, Keeper, in a Tether,
Let them stare and stink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly,
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion Rods perhaps may tame them.

KEEPER, yon' old Dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his Cloak.
Who is he? 'Tis hum drum *W—*,
Half encompass'd by his Kin?
There observe the Tribe of *B—m*,
For he never fails to bring 'em'
While he sleeps the whole Debate,
They submissive round him wait;
Yet would gladly see the Hunks
In his Grave, and search his Trunks,
See they gently twitch his Coat,
Just to yawn; and give his Vote;
Always firm in his Vocation,
For the Court against the Nation.

THESE

THESE are *A-----s*, *Jack* and *Bob*,
First in every wicked Jobb,
Son and Brother to a Queer,
Brainfick Brute, they call a Peer,
We must give them better Quarter,
For their Ancestor trod Mortar;
And at *Hoath* to boast his Fame,
On a Chimney cut his Name.

THERE sit *C—s*, *D---*, and *H---n*,
How they swagger from their Garrison.
Such a Triplet could you tell
Where to find on this Side Hell?
H——n, and *D—*, and *C—*,
Soufe them in their own Excrements.
Every Mischief's in their Hearts,
If they fail 'tis Want of Parts.

BLESS us, *Morgan*! Art thou there, Man?
Bless mine Eyes! Art thou the Chairman?
Chairman to yon' damn'd Committee?
Yet I look on thee with Pity.
Dreadful Sight! What, learned *Morgan*,
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon!
For thy horrid Looks, I own,
Half convert me to a Stone.
Hast thou been so long at School,
Now to turn a factious Tool!
Alma Mater was thy Mother,
Every young Divine thy Brother.
Thou a disobedient Varlet,
Treat thy Mother like a Harlot?
Thou, ungrateful to thy Teachers,
Who are all grown reverend Preachers!

Morgan

Morgan! Would it not surprise one?
 Turn thy Nourishment to Poison!
 When you walk among your Books,
 They reproach you with their Looks;
 Bind them fast, or from the Shelves
 They'll come down to right themselves;
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
 All in Arms prepare to back us:
 Soon repent, or put to Slaughter
 Every *Greek* and *Roman* Author.
 While you in your Faction's Phrase
 Send the Clergy all to Graze;
 And to make your Project pass,
 Leave them not a Blade of Grass.

How I want thee, humorous * *Hogart!*
 Thou, I hear, a pleasant Rogue art;
 Were but you and I acquainted,
 Every Monster should be painted,
 You should try your graving Tools
 On this odious Group of Fools;
 Draw the Beasts as I describe 'em;
 Form their Features, while I gibe 'em,
 Draw them like, for I assure you,
 You will need no *Car'atura*.
 Draw them so that we may trace
 All the Soul in every Face,
 Keeper, I must now retire,
 You have done what I desire:

But

* A very famous Designer, Painter, and Engraver.
 See his *Rake's* and *Harlot's Progress*; *Marriage Ala-Mode*,
 and many other humorous Prints.

But I feel my Spirits spent,
With the Noise, the Sight, the Scent.

PRAY be patient, you shall find
Half the best are still behind;
You have hardly seen a Score,
I can shew two hundred more.
Keeper, I have seen enough,
Taking then a Pinch of Snuff;
I concluded, looking round 'em,
May their God, the Devil confound 'em.

On NOISY TOM.

—*Qui promittit cives, urbem sibi curæ,
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra Deorum;
Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre inboneſtus
Omnes mortales curare, & quærere cogit.
Tunc Syri, Damæ, aut Dionysi filius audes
Dejicere e ſaxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?*

HOR. Lib. 1. Sat. 6. l. 34.—39.

Translated literally.

Whoever promiſeth (in the Senate) to take the
City (of *Rome*) and the Citizens under his Care,
nay, the whole Empire, *Italy*, and the Tem-
ples of the Gods; ſuch a Man compelleth all
Mortals curiouſly to enquire from what Father
he ſprung, and whether his Mother were
ſome obſcure diſhonourable Female. (The
People

People would cry out) What thou the Son
of *Cyrus* *, or *Damas* *, or *Dionysius* * dare
thou cast our Citizens down the *Tarpeian*
Rock, or deliver them Prisoners to *Cadmus*†.

* Usual Names of Slaves at *Rome*.

† *Cadmus* was a Lictor, an Officer who seized on Criminals, like a Constable, or Messenger of the H—
of C—.

P A R A P H R A S E D.

IF noisy *T—* (1) should in the S-n-te prate,
That he would answer both for Church and
State;

And, further to demonstrate his Affection,
Would take the Kingdom into his Protection:

All Mortals must be curious to enquire,
Who could this Coxcomb be, and who his
Sire?

What, thou ! the Spawn of him (2) who
sham'd our Isle,

That Traitor, Assassin, Informer vile.

Though by the Female Side (3) you proudly
bring,

To mend your Breed, the Murderer of a
King.

What

(1) Sir *T—* *P—*.

(2) The Father of Sir *T—*, * * * *, who engaged in a Plot to murder King *William* III. but to avoid being hanged, turned Informer against his Associates, for which he was rewarded with a good Estate, and made a Baronet.

(3) C—d—gan's Family, &c.

What was thy Grandfire (4) (but a Mountaineer,)

Who held a Cabbin for ten Groats a Year;
Whose Master *Moore* (5) preserv'd him from
the Halter,

For stealing Cows, nor could he read the
Psalter.

Durst thou, ungrateful from the S-n-te chafe
Thy Founder's Grandson (6) and usurp his Place.
Just Heav'n! to see the Dunghill dastard Brood
Survive in thee, and make the Proverb good (7)
Then vote a worthy Citizen (8) to Jail,
In Spight to Justice, and refuse his Bail.

(4) A poor thieving Cottager under Mr. *Moore*, condemned at *Clonmell* Assizes to be hanged for stealing Cows.

(5) The Grandfather of *Guy Moore*, Esq; who procured him a Pardon.

(6) *Guy Moore* was fairly elected Member of P———
——— for *Clonmell*; bnt Sir T——— depending upon his Interest with a certain Party then prevailing, and since known by the Title of *Parson-hunters*, petitioned the House against him, out of which he was turned upon Pre-
tence of Bribery, which the paying of his lawful Debts was then voted to be.

(7) Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he will cut your Throat.

(8) Mr. C——— F———, a very honest and eminent Printer in *Dublin*, who was voted to *Newgate* upon a ridiculous Complaint of one Serjeant *Bettesworth*. See Page 359, Vol. X.

It is well known that Queen *Anne* had nominated Dr. *Swift* to an *English* Bishoprick, which was opposed by Dr. *Sharp*, Archbishop of *York*, and the Duchess of *Somerset*, who had prevailed on his Grace to go with her to the Queen to lay aside the Nomination; which her Majesty refused; but the Duchess falling upon her Knees, and shewing the following Prophecy to her Majesty, the Bishoprick was given to another. See the Poem on the Author, &c. Vol. II.

The *W—df-r* PROPHECY.

About three Months ago at *W—df-r*, a poor Knight's Widow was buried in the Cloysters. In digging the Grave, the Sexton struck against a small leaden Coffin, about half a Foot in Length, and four Inches wide. The poor Man expecting he had discovered a Treasure, opened it with some Difficulty; but found only a small Parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a Leather Case; which Case was tied at the Top, and sealed with a St. *George*, the Impression on black Wax, very rude and Gothick. The Parchment was carried to a Gentleman of Learning, who found in it the following Lines, written in a black old *English* Letter, and in the Orthography of the Age, which seems to be about two hundred Years ago. I made a Shift

Shift to obtain a Copy of it; but the Transcriber, I find, hath in many Parts altered the Spelling to the modern Way. The Original, as I am informed, is now in the Hands of the ingenious Dr. *W*— F. R. S. where, I suppose, the Curious will not be refused the Satisfaction of seeing it.

THE Lines seem to be a Sort of Prophecy, and written in Verse, as old Prophecies usually are, but in a very hobling Kind of Measure. Their Meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned Reader can judge better than I: However it be, several Persons were of Opinion, that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the Genius of a former Age, and may be an Amusement to the present.

WHEN a holy Black *Swede*, * the Son of
a *Bob*;

With a *Saint* at his Chin, and a *Seal* at his Fob:
Shall not see one † New-Years Day in that
Year,

Then let old *England* make good Chear;

Windsor

* Dr. *Robinson*, Bishop of *Bristol*, was one of the Plenipotentiaries at the Peace of *Utrecht*.

† There were then eleven Days Difference between the old and new Stile, which did not take Place in *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, until it was changed by Act of Parliament to the New Stile, which took Place in *September* 2, 1752, and made in eleven Days earlier than the Old.

Windſor and *Briſtow* then ſhall be
 Joined together in the *Low Countree*,
 Then ſhall the tall black † *Darventry Bird*
 Speak againſt Peace right many a Word;
 And ſome ſhall admire his conyng Wit,
 For many good *Groats* his Tongue ſhall ſlit,
 But Spight of the *Harpy* §, that crawls on
all Four,

There ſhall be Peace, Pardie, and War no
 more.

But *England* muſt cry a-lack and well-a-Day,
 If the *Stick* be taken from the *dead Sea*.

And, dear *England*, if ought I underſtond,
 Beware of *Carrots* from * *Northumberland*.

Carrots ſown *Thynne* † a deep Root may get,
 If ſo be they are in *Somer ſet*;

Their

† Earl of *Nottingham*.

§ Duke of *Marlborough*.

* Lady *Elizabeth Percy*, ſole Daughter and Heir of
Jofcelyne Percy, Earl of *Northumberland*, was married to
Charles Seymour, Duke of *Somerſet*.

† *Thomas Thynne*, Eſq; a Gentleman of very great
 Eſtate, who was courting the above Lady, after the
 Death of her firſt Huſband, *Henry Cavendiſh*, Earl of *Ogle*,
 only Son to *Henry*, Duke of *Newcaſtle*, who died before
 he was of Age to cohabit with her; being ſet upon in
Pall-Mall, *London*, was murdered by Count *Conings-*
mark a *Polish* Nobleman (who paid his Addreſſes to
 this Lady, but was reſuſed,) and three *Ruffians*, who
 ſhot Mr. *Thynne* in his Coach. The Count was acquitted
 but the others, *Vratz*, *Sterne* and *Boroſky*, were hanged.
 There is a Monument in *Weſtminſter-Abby*, erected to
 the Memory of Mr. *Thynne*, with ſome Figures repre-
 ſenting the Manner of his Murder.

Their † *Conyngs mark* thou, for I have been told,
 They *assassine* when young, and *poison* when old.
Root out these *Carrots*, O thou §, whose Name,
 Is backwards and forwards always the same;
 And keep close to thee always that *Name*,
 Which || backwards and forwards is almost
 the same.
 And *Englund* wouldst thou be happy still,
 Bury these *Carrots* under a * * *Hill*.

† Count *Coningsmark*.

§ Anna Regina.

|| Lady *Masbam*.

* * Lady *Masbam's* Maiden Name was *Hill*.

VERSES occasioned by the sudden drying up
 of ST. PATRICK'S WELL near Trinity-Col-
 lege, *Dublin*, in 1726.

BY holy Zeal inspir'd, and led by Fame (a.)
 To thee, once fav'rite Isle, with Joy I
 came;

What Time the *Goth*, the *Vandal*, and the *Hun*,
 Had my own native (b) *Italy* o'er-run.

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K k

Ierne,

(a) *Festus Avienus* flourished in 370. See his Poem
de oris Maritimis, where he uses this Expression concerning
Ireland, *Insula sacra et sic Insulam dixere Prisci*; eamque late
Gens Hibernorum colit.

(b) *Italy* was not properly the native Place of St. *Pa-*
trick, but the Place of his Education, and whence he receiv-
 ed his Mission; and because he had his new Birth there,
 hence, by poetical Licence, and by Scripture Figure,
 our Author calls that Country his native *Italy*.

Ierne, to the World's remotest Parts,
Renown'd for Valour, (c) Policy and Arts.

HITHER from (d) *Colchos*, with the fleecy
Ore,

Jason arriv'd two thousand Years before.

(e) Thee, happy Island, *Pallas* call'd her own,
When haughty *Britain* was a Land unknown.

From

(c) *Julius Solinus*, who lived about the Time of *Tacitus*, in the Year 80, Chap. 21. speaking of the *Irish* as a warlike Nation, says, that the Wives in *Ireland*, when delivered of a Son, give the Child its first Food off the Point of their Husband's Swords. *Puerpera, si quando Marem edidit, primos Cibos Gladio imponit mariti, inque os Parvuli summo mucrone auspiciū alimentorum leviter infert et Gentilibus votis optat, non aliter quam in Bello et inter Arma mortem oppetat.* Again, *Præcipua viris Gloria est Armorum tutela.*

Polydore Virgil says, they were distinguished for their Skill in Musick. *Hiberni sunt Musicæ peritissimi.* So *Giraldus Cambrensis*, who was Preceptor to King *John*, in his *Topographia Hiberniæ*, Chap. 11. *In Musicis solum præ omni Natione, quam vidimus incomparabiliter est instructa Gens hæc.*

(d.) *Orpheus*, or the antient Author of the *Greek Poem* on the *Argonautic Expedition*, whoever he be, says, that *Jason*, who manned the Ship *Argos* at *Thessaly*, sailed to *Ireland*. And *Adrianus Junius* says the same Thing in these Lines.

Illa ego sum Graiis, olim glacialis Ierne

Diæta, et Jasoniæ Puppis bene cognita Nautis.

(e) *Tacitus*, in the Life of *Julius Agricola* says, that the Harbours of *Ireland*, on Account of their Commerce, were better known to the trading Part of the World, than those of *Britain*. *Solum, cælumque, & ingenia, cultusq; Hominum, haud multum a Britannia differunt; melius aditus, portusque per Commercia et Negociatores cogniti.*

From thee, with Pride, the (f) *Caledonians*
trace

The glorious Founder of their kingly Race :
Thy martial Sons, whom now they dare de-
spise,

Did once their Land subdue and civilize :
Their Dress, their Language, and the *Scottish*
Name,

Confess the Soil, from whence the Victors
came.

Well may they boast that antient Blood which
runs

Within their Veins, who are thy younger Sons,
A Conquest and a Colony from thee,
The Mother-Kingdom left her Children free,
From thee no Mark of Slavery they felt,
Not so with thee thy base Invaders dealt ;

K k 2

Invited

(f) *Fordon* in his *Scoti-Chronicon*, *Hector Boethius*, *Buchanan*, and all the *Scotch* Historians agree, that *Fergus*, Son of *Ferquard* King of *Ireland*, was the first King of *Scotland*, which Country he subdued. That he began to reign 330 Years before the Christian *Æra*, and in returning to visit his native Country, was shipwrecked on those Rocks in the County of *Antrim*, which from that Accident have been since named *Garrickfergus*. His Descendants reigned after him in *Scotland* ; for the Crown was settled on him and his lineal Successors. See the List of the Kings of *Scotland* in *Hector Boethius* and *George Buchanan*, which begins thus: 1. *Fergusius Primus Scotorum Rex, filius Ferquardi Regis Hiberniæ, regnare incepit anno ante Christi Servatoris in carnem adventum trecentesimo trigesimo. Regnavit annis xxv. et naufragio periit ad Scopulum Fergusis (Cragfergus vernacule) in mari Hiberniæ.*

The *Irish* Language and Habit are still retained in the Northern Parts of *Scotland*, where the *Highlanders* speak
the

Invited here to vengeful *Morrrough's* Aid (g),
Those whom they could not conquer, they be-
tray'd.

Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful Isle!
Not by thy Valour, but superior Guile;
Britain, with Shame confess this Land of
mine (b)

First taught thee human Knowledge and divine;
My

the *Irish* Tongue, and use their antient Dress. 'As to the Name *Scotland*, *Camden de Hibernia* mentions it from the Authority of *Isidore* and *Beda*, that they called *Ireland*, *Scotia*, and that *Scotland* was termed *Scotia a Scotis Incolis*, et inde *Scotia* nomen cum *Scotis* in *Britanniam nostram* commigraffe. *Bede*, Lib. i. cap. i. says, *Hibernia propria Scotorum Patria*.

(g) In the Reign of King *Henry II.* *Dermod M'Murrough*, King of *Leinster*, being deprived of his Kingdom by *Roderick O'Connor*, King of *Connaught*, he invited the *English* over as Auxiliaries, and promised *Richard Strangbow*, Earl of *Pembroke*, his Daughter, and all his Dominions as a Portion. By this Assistance *M'Murrough* recovered his Crown, and *Strangbow* became possessed of all *Leinster*. After this, more Forces being sent into *Ireland*, the *English* became powerful here; and when *Henry II.* arrived, the *Irish* Princes submitted to his Government, and began to use the *English* Laws.

(b) *St. Patrick* arrived in *Ireland* in the Year 431, and compleated the Conversion of the Natives, which had been begun by *Palladius* and others. And as *Bishop Nicholson* observes, (who was better acquainted with the Contents of the antient Histories of both Kingdoms than any Man of the Age) *Ireland* soon became the Fountain of Learning, to which all the Western Christians, as well as *English*, had Recourse, not only for the Principles of Religion, but in all Sorts of Literature; viz. *Legendi & Scholasticæ Eruditionis gratia*. For within a Century after the Death of *St. Patrick*, the *Irish* Seminaries of Learning

My Prelates and my Students, sent from hence ;
Made your Sons Converts both to God and
Sense :

Not like the Pastors of thy rav'nous Breed,
Who come to fleece the Flocks and not to feed.

WRETCHED *Ierne!* with what Grief I see
The fatal Changes Time hath made in thee.
The Christian Rites I introduc'd in vain :
Lo! Infidelity return'd again.

Freedom and Virtue in thy Sons I found,
Who now in Vice and Slavery are drown'd.

By Faith and Prayer, this Crozier in my
Hand,

I drove the venom'd Serpent from thy Land ;

K k 3

The

ing increased to such a Degree, that most Parts of *Europe* sent hither their Children to be educated, and had from hence both their Bishops and Doctors. See venerable *Bede*, an *English* Historian of undoubted Credit, Hist. Eccles. Lib. 3, cap. 4, 7, 10, 11, 27. Among other *Irish* Apostles, he says, Saint *Columb* converted all the *Picts*, and many other *Britons* ; and that Saint *Aidan* was the Instructor of King *Oswald's* Saxon Subjects in Christianity. *Camden de Hibernia* writes, *Subsequente atate Scotiis Monarchis nihil Sanctius, nihil Eruditius fuerit, et in universam Europam sanctissimorum virorum Examina emisserint.* He says farther, that they not only repaired to *Ireland*, as to the Mart of Learning, but also brought from thence even the Form of their Letters : *Anglosaxones etiam nostri illa atate in Hiberniam tanquam ad bonarum Literarum Mercaturam undique confluxerunt ; unde de Viris Sanctis sepiissime in nostris Scripturis legitur ; Amandatus est ad disciplinam in Hiberniam. Indeque nostrates Saxones rationem formandi Literas accepisse videantur, quum eodem plene Characteris usi fuerint, qui hodie Hibernicis est in usu.*

The Shepherd in his Bower might sleep or
sing (*i*),
Nor dread the Adder's Tooth, or Scorpion's
Sting.

WITH Omens oft I strove to warn thy
Swains,
Omens, the Types of thy impending Chains,
I sent the Magpye from the *British* Soil,
With restless Beak thy blooming Fruit to spoil;
To din thine Ears with unharmonious Clack,
And haunt thy holy Walls in white and
black.

What else are those thou see'st in Bishop's Geer,
Who crop the Nurseries of Learning here?
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless Prate,
Devour the Church, and chatter to the State.

As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you Millions of the croaking Race;
Emblems of Insects vile, who spread their
Spawn

Through all thy Land, in Armour, Fur,
and Lawn;

A nauseous Brood that fills your Senate Walls,
And in the Chambers of your Viceroy crawls.

SEE where that new devouring Vermin runs,
Sent in my Anger from the Land of *Huns*;
With harpy Claws they undermine the Ground,
And sudden spread a numerous Offspring round;
Th'

(*i*) There are no Snakes, Vipers or Toads in *Ireland*;
and even Frogs were not known here until about the Year
1700. The Magpyes came a short Time before, and
the *Norway* Rats since.

Th' amphibious Tyrant, with his rav'nous
Band,
Drains all thy Lakes of Fish, of Fruits thy
Land.

WHERE is the sacred Well, that bore my
Name?
Fled to the Fountain back, from whence it
came!
Fair Freedom's Emblem once, which smoothly
flows,
And Blessings equally on all bestows.
Here from the neighb'ring (k) Nursery of
Arts,
The Students drinking, rais'd their Wit and
Parts;
Here, for an Age and more, improv'd their
Vein,
Their *Phæbus* I, my Spring their *Hippocrene*,
Discourag'd Youths, now all their Hopes must
fail,

Condemn'd to Country Cottages and Ale;
To foreign Prelates make a slavish Court,
And, by their Sweat procure a mean Support;
Or, for the Classicks read th' Attorney's Guide;
Collect Excise, or wait upon the Tide.

O! had I been Apostle to the *Swiss*,
Or hardy *Scot*, or any Land but this;
Combin'd in Arms, they had their Foes defy'd,
And kept their Liberty, or bravely dy'd.
Thou still with Tyrants in Succession curst,
The last Invaders trampling on the first:

Nor

(k) The University of *Dublin*, called *Trinity College*,
was founded by Queen *Elizabeth* in 1591.

Nor fondly hope for some Reverse of Fate,
 Virtue herself would now return too late.
 Not half thy Course of Misery is run,
 Thy greatest Evils yet are scarce begun.
 Soon shall thy Sons, the Time is just at Hand,
 Be all made Captives in their native Land,
 When, for the Use of no *Hibernian* born,
 Shall rise one Blade of Grass, one Ear of Corn;
 When Shells and Leather shall for Money pass,
 Nor thy oppressing Lords (*l*) afford thee Brass,
 But all Turn Leasers to that (*m*) Mongril Breed,
 Who from thee sprung, yet on thy Vitals feed;
 Who to yon' rav'nous Isle thy Treasures bear,
 And waste in Luxury thy Harvests there;
 For Pride and Ignorance a Proverb grown,
 The Jest of Wits and to the Court unknown,

I SCORN thy spurious and degenerate Line,
 And from this Hour my Patronage resign.

The

(*l*) *Wood's* ruinous Project against the People of *Ireland*,
 was supported by Sir *Robert Walpole* in 1724.

(*m*) The Absentees, who spend the Income of their
Irish Estates, Places and Pensions in *England*.

The DISCOVERY*.

WHEN wise Lord *Berkeley* first came
 here,
 Statesmen and Mob expected Wonders;
 Nor thought to find so great a Peer
 Ere a Week past committing Blunders.
 'Till on a Day cut out by Fate,
 When Folks came thick to make their Court,
 Out slipt a Mystery of State,
 To give the Town and Country Sport.
 Now enters *Bush*† with new State Airs,
 His Lordship's Premier Minister;
 And who, in all profound Affairs,
 Is held as needful as his Clyster ‡,
 With Head reclining on his Shoulder,
 He deals and hears mysterious Chat,
 While every ignorant Beholder
 Asks of his Neighbour, Who is that?
 With

• When the Earl of *Berkeley* was sent to *Ireland* as one of the Lords Justices, the Author, in Compliance with his Invitation, went over with him as Chaplain and private Secretary. But *Bush*, another of the Earl's Attendants, having insinuated, that the Place of Secretary was not proper for a Clergyman, found Means, soon after they arrived at *Dublin*, to obtain it for himself.—*Swift* fired with Indignation at this injurious Treatment, writ this satirical Copy of Verses.

† My Lord's wise Secretary.

‡ Always taken before my Lord went to Council.

With this he put up to my Lord,
 The Courtiers kept their Distance due,
 He twitch'd his Sleeve, and stole a Word;
 Then to a Corner both withdrew.
 Imagine now my Lord and *Busb*
 Whisp'ring in *junto* most profound,
 Like good King *Phiz*, and good King *Ush**,
 While all the rest stood gaping round.
 At length a Spark, not too well bred,
 Of forward Face and Air acute,
 Advanc'd on Tiptoe, lean'd his Head,
 To over-hear the grand Dispute;
 To learn what Northern Kings design,
 Or, from *Whitehall* some new Express,
 Papists disarm'd, or Fall of Coin:
 For sure (thought he) it can't be less.
 My Lord, said *Busb*, a Friend and I
 Disguis'd in two old threadbare Coats,
 'Ere Morning's Dawn stole out to spy
 How Markets went for Hay and Oats:
 With that he draws two Handfuls out,
 The one was Oats, the other Hay;
 Puts this to's Excellency's Snout,
 And begs he would the other weigh.
 My Lord seems pleas'd, but still directs
 By all Means to bring down the Rates;
 Then with a Congee circumflex,
Busb, smiling round on all, retreats.

Our

* Vide the *Rehearsal*, a Comedy, wrote by the Duke of Buckingham.

Our List'ner stood a while confus'd,
But gathering Spirits wisely ran for't,
Enrag'd to see the World abus'd
By two such whisp'ring Kings of *Brentford*.

The PROBLEM.

*That my Lord B——ley stinks when he is
in Love.——*

DID ever Problem thus perplex,
Or more employ the Female Sex?
So sweet a Passion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a Stink?
The Ladies vow and swear they'll try,
Whether it be a Truth or Lie.

LOVE's Fire, it seems, like inward Heat,
Works in my Lord by Stool and Sweat:
Which brings a Stink from ev'ry Pore,
And from behind, and from before:
Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the fav'rite Nymph can smell it.
But now to solve the nat'ral Cause
By sober philosophic Laws:
Whether all Passions when in Ferment,
Work out, as Anger does in Vermin;
So, when a Weazel you torment,
You find his Passion by his Scent.

We

We read of Kings, who in a Fright,
 Though on a Throne would fall to sh—,
 Beside all this deep Scholars know,
 That the main String of *Cupid's* Bow,
 Once on a Time was an A— Gut,
 Now to a nobler Office put,
 By Favour or Desert preferr'd
 From giving Passage to a T—;
 But still, though fix'd among the Stars,
 Doth sympathize with human A—,
 Thus, when you feel an hard-bound Breech,
 Conclude Love's Bow-string at full stretch,
 'Till the kind Looseness comes, and then
 Conclude the Bow relax'd again.

AND now the Ladies all are bent
 To try the great Experiment,
 Ambitious of a Regent's Heart,
 Spread all their Charms to catch a F——!
 Watching the first unfav'ry Wind,
 Some ply before and some behind,
 My Lord on Fire amidst the Dames,
 F—ts like a Laurel in the Flames.
 The Fair approach the speaking Part,
 To try the back Way to his Heart.
 For, as when we a Gun discharge,
 Although the Bore be ne'er so large,
 Before the Flame from Muzzle burst,
 Just at the Breech it flashes first:
 So from my Lord his Passion broke,
 He f—ted first, and then he spoke,

THE Ladies vanish in the Smother,
To confer Notes with one another:
And now they all agree to Name
Whom each one thought the happy Dame.
Quoth *Neal*, whate'er the rest may think,
I'm sure 'twas I that smelt the Stink.
You smelt the Stink! By G—, you lie,
Quoth *Ross*, for I'll be sworn 'twas I.
Ladies, quoth *Levens*, pray forbear,
Let's not fall out, we all had Share;
And, by the most I can discover,
My Lord's an universal Lover.

On DAN JACKSON'S *Picture cut in Paper*.

TO fair Lady *Betty*, *Dan* sat for his
Picture,
And defy'd her to draw him so oft as he *piqu'd*
her.

He knew she'd no Pencil or Colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might safely
defy her.

Come, fit, says my Lady, then whips up her
Scissar,

And cuts out his Coxcomb in Silk in a trice, Sir,
Dan sat with Attention, and saw with Surprise,
How she lengthen'd his Chin, how she hol-
low'd his Eyes;

BUT

But flatter'd himself with a secret Conceit,
That his thin leathern Jaws all her Art would
defeat.

Lady *Betty* observ'd it, then pulls out a Pin,
And varied the Grain of the Stuff to his Grin,
And to make roasted Silk to resemble his Raw-
Bone;

She rais'd up a Thread to the Jet of his Jaw-
Bone;

'Till at length in exactest Proportion he rose,
From the Crown of his Head to the Arch of
his Nose.

And if Lady *Betty* had drawn him with Wig
and all,

'Tis certain the Copy had outdone the Original.
Well, that's but my Outside, says *Dan*, with
a Vapour,

Say you so? said my Lady; I've lin'd it with
Paper.

P—— D—— *sculpsit.*

A N O T H E R.

CLARISSA draws her Scissars from the
Case,

To draw the Lines of poor *Dan Jackson's*
Face.

One sloping Cut made Forehead, Nose, and
Chin,

A Nick produc'd a Mouth and made him grin,
Such as in Taylor's Measure you have seen. }

But

But still were wanting his grimalkin Eyes,
For which grey worsted Stockings Paint sup-
plies.

Th' unravell'd Thread thro' Needle's Eye con-
vey'd,

Transferr'd itself into his PASTEBOARD Head.

How came the Scissars to be thus out-done?

The Needle had an Eye, and they had none.

O wond'rous Force of Art! Now look at

Dan——

You'd swear the PASTEBOARD was the better
Man,

The Dev'l, say's he, the Head is not so full——

Indeed it is, behold the Paper Scull.

THO. S——N *sculp.*

A N O T H E R.

DAN's evil Genius, in a trice,
Had stript him of his Coin at Dice:

Chloe observing this Disgrace,

On Pam cut out his rueful Face.

By G——, says Dan, 'tis very hard,

Cut out at Dice, cut out at Card!

G. R——D *sculp.*
On

On the foregoing PICTURE.

WHILST you three merry Poets traffic
To give us a Description Graphic
Of *Dan's* large Nose in modern Sapphic,

I spend my Time in making Sermons,
Or, writing Libels on the *Germans*,
Or, murmuring at Whigs Preferments.

But when I would find Rhyme for *Rochfort*,
And look in *English*, *French*, and *Scotch* for't,
At last I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.

Bid Lady *Betty* recollect her,
And tell who was it could direct her
To draw the Face of such a Spectre.

I must confess, that as to me, Sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold her Sciffars,
I now could safely swear it is hers.

'Tis true no Nose could come in better,
'Tis a vast Subject stuff'd with Matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take Courage, *Dan*, this plainly shews,
That not the wisest Mortal knows
What Fortune may befall his Nose.

Shew

Shew me the brightest *Irish* Toast,
Who from her Lover e'er could boast.
Above a Song or two at most :

For thee three Poets now are drudging all,
To praise the Cheeks, Chin, Nose, the Bridge
and all
Both of the Picture and Original.

Thy Nose's Length and Fame extend
So far, dear *Dan*, that ev'ry Friend
Tries who shall have it by the End.

And future Poets as they rise,
Shall read with Envy and Surprise,
They Nose outshining *Cælia's* Eyes. SWIFT.

DAN. JACKSON'S ANSWER.

*My Verse little better you'll find than my Face is,
A Word to the Wise, ut Pictura poesis.*

THREE merry Lads with Envy stung,
Because *Dan's* Face is better hung,
Combin'd in Verse to rhyme it down,
And in its Place set up their own ;
As if they'd run it down much better
By Number of their Feet in Metre,
Or, that its red did cause their Spite,
Which made them draw in black and white.

Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
 They were inspir'd by what they drew:
 Let then such Critics know my Face,
 Gives them their Comeliness and Grace:
 Whilst ev'ry Line of Face does bring
 A Line of Grace to what they sing.
 But yet methinks, tho' with Disgrace
 Both to the Picture and the Face,
 I name the Men who do rehearse
 The Story of the Picture-Farce;
 The 'Squire in *French* as hard as Stone,
 Or, strong as Rock, that's all as one,
 On Face, on Cards, is very brisk, Sirs,
 Because on them you play at Whisk, Sirs.
 But much I wonder why my Crany
 Should envy'd be by De-el-any;
 And yet much more that Half-name-fake
 Should join a Party in the Freak.
 For sure I am it was not safe
 Thus to abuse his better Half,
 As I shall prove you *Dan* to be,
 Divisim and conjunctively.
 For, if *Dan* love not *Sherry*, can
Sherry be any Thing to *Dan*?
 This is the Case, whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of *Sherry*;
 Or, should *Dan* be by *Sherry* o'erta'n,
 Then *Dan* would be poor *Sherridane*;
 'Tis hard then he should be decry'd
 By *Dan* with *Sherry* by his Side.
 But, if the Case must be so hard,
 That Faces suffer by a Card,

Let

Let Critics censure, what care I?
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from Injury.

}

Answer to DAN. JACKSON, by Mr.
GEORGE ROCHFORD.

YOU say your Face is better hung
Than ours—by what? by Nose or
Tongue

In not explaining you are wrong

to us, Sir.

Because we thus must state the Case,
That you have got a hanging Face,
Th' untimely End's a damn'd Disgrace

of Nose, Sir.

But, yet be not cast down I see
A Weaver will your Hangman be;
You'll only hang in Tapestry,

with many;

And then the Ladies I suppose,
Will praise your Longitude of Nose,
For latent Charms within your Clothes,

dear *Danny*.

Thus will the Fair of ev'ry Age
From all Parts make their Pilgrimage,
Worship thy Nose with pious Rage

of Love, Sir.

All

All their Religion will be spent
About thy woven Monument,
And not one Orison be sent

to Jove, Sir.

You the fam'd Idol will become,
As Gardens grac'd in antient *Rome*,
By Matrons worshipp'd in the Gloom

of Night.

O happy *Dan!* thrice happy sure;
Thy Fame for ever shall endure,
Who after Death can Love secure

at Sight.

So far I thought it was my Duty
To dwell upon thy boasted Beauty;
Now I'll proceed a Word or two t'ye,

in Answer.

To that Part where you carry on
This Paradox, that Rock and Stone,
In your Opinion, all are one,

How can, Sir,

A Man of Reas'ning so profound,
So stupidly be run a-ground,
As Things so different to confound

t'our Senses?

Except you judg'd 'em by the Knock
Of near an equal hardy Block:
Such an experimental Stroke

convinces.

Then might you be, by Dint of Reason,
A proper Judge on this Occasion;
'Gainst Feeling there's no Disputation,

*is granted.
Therefore*

Therefore to thy Superior Wit,
Who made the Trial we submit;
Thy Head to prove the Truth of it
we wanted.

In one Assertion you're to blame,
Where *Dan* and *Sherry's* made the same,
Endeavouring to have your Name
refin'd, Sir.

You'll see most grossly you mistook,
If you consult your Spelling-Book,
(The better Half you say you took),
you'll find, Sir.

S, H, E, *she*—and R, I, *ri*,
Both put together make *Sherry*,
D, A, N, *Dan*, makes up the three
Syllables.

Dan is but one, and *Sherry* two,
Then, Sir, your Choice will never do;
Therefore I've turn'd, my Friend, on you
the Tables.

Answer, by Dr. DELANY.

ASSIST me, my Muse, while I labour to
limn him
Credite Pisones isti tabulae persimilem.
You look and you write with so different a
Grace,
That I envy your Verse, though I didn't your
Face.

And to him that thinks rightly, there's Reason enough,
 'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.
 But much I'm amaz'd you should think
 my Design
 Was to rhyme down your Nose, or your
 Harlequin Grin,
 Which you yourself wonder the De'il should
 malign.
 And, if 'tis so strange, that your Monstership's
 Crany
 Should be env'd by him, much less by *Delany*.
 Though I own to you, when I consider it
 stricter,
 I envy the Painter, although not the Picture.
 And justly she's envy'd since a Fiend of Hell
 Was never drawn right but by her *Raph'el*.

NEXT as to the Charge which you tell us is
 true,
 That we were inspir'd by the Subject we drew:
 Inspir'd we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
 Yet not by your Nose, but the Fair-one that
 drew it;
 Had your Nose been the Muse, we had ne'er
 been inspir'd,
 Though perhaps it might justly've been said
 we were fir'd.

As to the Division of Words in your Staves,
 Like my Countryman's Horn-Comb, into three
 Halves,

I meddle

I meddle not with't; but presume to make
merry,

You call'd *Dan* one Half, and t'other Half
Sherry:

Now if *Dan's* a Half, as you call 't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be deny'd that *Sherry's* two more.
For pray give me leave to say, Sir, for all you,
That *Sherry's* at least of double the Value.

But, perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the Verse,
So Crouds in a Concert (like Actors in Farce) }
Play two Parts in one, when Scrapers are scarce. }
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon,
Sir,

When *Sheridan* sends to merry *Dan* Answer.

Answer, by Dr. SHERIDAN,

THREE merry Lads you own we are
'Tis very true, and free from Care,
But envious we cannot bear,

believe, Sir,

For were all Forms of Beauty thine,
Were you like *Nereus*, soft and fine,
We should not in the least repine,

or grieve, Sir,

Then know from us, most beauteous *Dan*,
That Roughness best becomes a Man;
'Tis Women should be pale and wan,

and taper.

And

And all your trifling Beaux and Fops,
 Who comb their Brows and sleek their Chops,
 Are but the Offspring of Toy-shops,
mere Vapour.

We know your Morning Hours you pass
 To cull and gather out a Face;
 Is this the Way you take your Glafs?

Forbear it.
 Those Loads of Paint upon your Toilet,
 Will never mend your Face, but spoil it,
 It looks as if ye did parboil it,

Drink Claret.
 Your Cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean,
 That they're like *Cynthia* in the Wain.
 Or Breast of Goose when 'tis pick'd clean,
or Pullet,

See what by Drinking you have done,
 You've made your Phiz a Skeleton,
 From the long Distance of your Crown,
t'your Gullet!

DAN. JACKSON'S Reply.

Written by the DEAN in the Name of
 DAN. JACKSON.

Wearied with Grace and saying Pray'r,
 I hasten'd down to Country-Air,
 To read your Answer, and prepare

Reply to't.
 But

But your fair Lines so grossly flatter,
Pray do they praise me or bespatter?
I much suspect you mean the latter,
ah Sly-boot!

It must be so, what else, 'alas!
Can mean my culling of a Face,
And all that Stuff of Toilet, Glafs,
and Box-Comb?

But, be't as 'twill, this you must grant,
That you're a Dawb, whilst I but paint;
Then which of us two are the quaint-
er Coxcomb?

I value not your Jokes of Noose,
Your Gibes and all your foul Abuse,
More than the Dirt beneath my Shoes,
nor fear it.

Yet one Thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry Scarecrow, Skin and Bone,
To be call'd lean by a Skeleton,
who'd bear it?

'Tis true indeed, to curry Friends,
You seem to praise to make amends,
And yet before your Stanza Ends,
you flout me.

'Bout latent Charms beneath my Cloaths;
For every one that knows me knows
That I have nothing like my Nose
about me.

I pass now where you fleer and laugh,
'Cause I call *Dan* my better Half!
Oh, there you think you have me safe!
but hold, Sir,
Is

I hear with some Concern your Roar,
And flying think to quit the Score,
By clapping Billets on your Door

and Posts, Sir.

They Ruin, *Tom*, I never meant,
I'm griev'd to hear your Banishment,
But pleas' to find you do relent

and cry on,

I maul'd you when you look'd so bluff;
But now I'll secret keep your Stuff;
For know, Prostration is enough

to th' Lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION,

Written by the Dean.

*Cedo jam, miserae cognoscens præmia rixæ,
Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.*

Poor *Sherry* inglorious,
To *Dan* the victorious,
Presents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and Greeting.

TO you victorious and brave,
Your now subdu'd and suppliant Slave
Most humbly sues for Pardon.

Who

Who when I fought, still cut me down,
And when I vanquish'd, fled the Town;
Pursu'd and laid me hard on.

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry *Peccavi*,
And prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie*;
Your Mercy I rely on.

For you my Conqu'ror and my King,
In pard'ning, as in punishing,
Will shew yourself a Lion.

Alas, Sir, I had no Design,
But was unwarily drawn in:
For Spite I ne'er had any.
'Twas the damn'd 'Squire with the hard Name;
The De'il too that ow'd me a Shame,
The Devil and *Delany*;

They tempted me t'attack your Highness,
And then with wanted Wile and Slynness,
They left me in the Lurch.
Unhappy Wretch! for now I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my Spleen
But Ferula and Birch;

And they, alas! yield small Relief,
Seem rather to renew my Grief,
My Wounds bleed all anew:
For ev'ry Stroke goes to my Heart,
And at each Lash I feel the Smart
Of Lash laid on by you.

To the Rev. Mr. DANIEL JACKSON, to be
humbly presented by Mr. SHERIDAN in
Person, with Respect, Care and Speed.

To be delivered by and with Mr. SHERIDAN.

Dear DAN,

HERE I return my Trust, nor ask
One Penny for Remittance;
If I have well perform'd my Task,
Pray send me an Admittance.

Too long I bore this weighty Pack,
As *Hercules* the Sky;
Now take him you, *Dan Atlas*, back,
Let me be Stander-by.

Not all the witty Things you speak,
In Compass of a Day;
Not half the Puns you make a Week,
Should bribe his longer Stay.

With me you left him out at Nurse,
Yet are you not my Debtor?
For as he hardly can be worse,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhimes and puns, and puns and rhimes,
Just as he did before,

And

And when he's lash'd an hundred Times,
He rhimes and puns the more.

When Rods are laid on School-Boys Butts,
The more they frisk and skip:
The School-Boy's Top but louder hums,
The more they use the Whip.

Thus, a lean Beast beneath a Load,
(A Beast of *Irish* Breed)
Will in a tedious, dirty Road,
Outgo the prancing Steed.

You knock him down and down in vain,
And lay him flat before ye,
For, soon as he gets up again,
He'll strut and cry, *Victoria!*

At ev'ry Stroke of mine, he fell,
'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd;
But his impenetrable Shell
Could feel no Harm beside. -

The Tortoise thus, with Motion flow,
Will clamber up a Wall;
Yet, senseless to the hardest Blow,
Gets nothing but a Fall.

Dear *Dan*, then why should you, or I
Attack his Pericrany?
And since it is vain to try,
We'll send him to *Delany*.

POST-

P O S T S C R I P T.

Lean *Tom*, when I saw him, last Week, on
 his Horse, awry,
 Threat'n'd loudly to turn me to Stone with
 his Sorcery.
 But I think, little *Dan*, that in Spight of what
 our Foe says,
 He will find I read *Ovid*, and his *Metamor-*
phoses.
 For omitting the first (where I make a Com-
 parison,
 With a Sort of Allusion to *Putland* or *Har-*
rison,)
 Yet by my Description, you'll find he in
 short is
 A Pack and a Garran, a Top and a Tor-
 toise.
 So I hope from hence forward you ne'er will
 ask, can I maul
 This teasing, conceited, rude, insolent, Ani-
 mal?
 And, if this Rebuke might turn to his Be-
 nefit,
 (For I pity the Man) I should be then glad
 of it.

A Copy.

A Copy of a Copy of Verses from THOMAS
 SHERIDAN, Clerk, to GEORGE¹ NIM-DAN-²
 DEAN, Esq;³ Written July 15th, 1721, at
 Night.

I'D have you t'know *George, Dan, Dean, 'nd*
Nim,
 That I've learned how Verse t' compose trim,
 Much better b'half th'n you, n'r you, n'r him
 And th't I'd rid'cule their, 'nd your Flam
 Flim,
 Ay' b't them, p'rhaps, says you, t's a m'rry
 Whim
 With 'bundance of mark't Notes it th' Rim,
 So th't I ought n't for t' be morose 'nd t' look
 grim,
 Think n't your 'p'stle put m' in a Meagrim;
 Though, 'n Rep't'on Day, I'appear ver'
 slim,
 Th' last Bowl't *Helsbam's* did m' Head t' swim,
 So th't I h'd man' Aches n'v'ry scrubb'd Limb,

Cause

¹ *George Rochfort, Esq.*

² His Brother *John Rochfort*, called *Nim*, because he was a great Hunter from *Nimrod*.

³ The Rev. Mr. *Daniel Jackson*.

⁴ Dr. *Swift*, Dean of St. *Patrick's*.

Cause th' Top of th' Bowl I'h'd oft us'd t'skim;
And b'sides 5 *D'lan'* swears th't I'h'd swallow'd
f'v'r'l Brim-

mers, 'nd that my Vis'ge's cov'r'd o'r with r'd
Pimples:

Mr'o'er though m' Scull were (s'tis n't) 's
strong's Timber, 't must have ak'd. Th' Clans
of th' C'lledge Sanh'drim,

pres'nt th'r humbl' and 'fect'nate Respects;
that's

t'say, *D'lan'*, 'chlin, *P. Ludl'*, *Dic' St' wart*,
Hlsbam,

Capt'n *P'rr' Walmsl'nd*, * *Longsh'nks Timm*.

5 *Dr. Delany*.

* *Mr. Stopford of Finglass*, Minister of that Parish,
afterwards Bishop of *Cloyne*.

GEORGE NIM-DAN-DEAN, Esq; to Mr.
SHERIDAN, on his Verses, written *July*
15, 1721, at Ten in the Morning.

DEAR *Sheridan*; a loving Pair
Of *Galsstown* † Lads (for so they are)
Beside a Brace of grave Divines;
Adore the Smoothness of thy Lines:
Smooth as our *Bason's* gentle Flood,
'Ere *George* had robb'd it of its Mud.
Smoother than *Pegasus's* old Shoe,
'Ere *Vulcan* comes to make him new.
Compar'd with which (and that's enough)
A Smoothing Iron, 'tself is rough.

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M m

NOR

† The Country Seat of Lord Chief Baron *Rochfort*.

NOR praise we less that Circumcision,
 By modern Poets, call'd *Elision* ;
 Which in its proper Station plac'd,
 Makes thy Verse smooth, and makes them last.
 Thus a wise Taylor is not pinching,
 But turns at every Seam an Inch in.
 Or, else be sure, your Broad-cloath Breeches,
 Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold the Stitches.
 Thy Verse like Bricks, defy the Weather,
 When smooth'd by rubbing them together :
 Thy Words so closely wedg'd and short are,
 Like Walls, more lasting without Mortar :
 By leaving out the needless Vowels,
 You save the Charge of Lime and Trowels.
 One Letter still another Locks ;
 Each groov'd, and Dove-tail'd, like a Box.
 Thy Muse is tuck'd up, and succinct ;
 In Chains, thy Syllables are link'd.
 Thy Words together ty'd in small Hanks,
 Close, as the *Macedonian* Phalanx :
 Or, like the Umbo of the *Romans*,
 Which fiercest Foes, could break by no
 Means.
 The Critic to his Cost will find,
 How firmly these Indentures bind.
 So in the Kindred Painter's Art,
 The Short'ning is the nicest Part.

PHILOGERS of future Ages,
 How will they pore upon thy Pages ?

Nor

Nor will they dare to break the Joints,
 But help thee to be read with Points.
 Or else to shew their learned Labour, you
 May backward be perus'd, like *Hebrew*.
 Wherein they need not lose a Bit,
 Or, of thy Harmony, or Wit.
 To make a Work compleatly fine,
 Number and Weight, and Measure join,
 Then all must grant, your Lines are weighty,
 Where thirty weigh, as much as eighty.
 All must allow your Numbers more,
 Where forty Lines, exceed fourscore.
 Nor can we think your Measure short,
 Where less than forty fill a Quart.
 With *Alexandrine* in the Close,
 Long, Long, Long, Long, like *Dan's Long*
 Nose.

A Dialogue between an eminent * Lawyer,
 and Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D. Being an
 Allusion to the First Satyr of the Second
 Book of *Horace*,---*Sunt quibus in Satyra*,
 &c.

Written Feb. 1728.

SINCE there are Persons who complain
 There's too much Satyr in my Vein,
 M m 2 That

* Mr. *Lindsay*, who was afterwards Judge of the *Common-Pleas*.

That I am often found exceeding
 The Rules of Raillery and Breeding.
 With too much Freedom treat my Betters,
 Nor sparing even Men of Letters:
 You who are skill'd in Lawyer's Lore,
 What's your Advice? Shall I give o'er,
 Nor ever Fools or Knaves expose
 Either in Verse or hum'rous Prose,
 And to avoid all future Ill,
 In my 'Scrutore lock up my Quill?

SINCE you are pleas'd to condescend
 To ask the Judgment of a Friend,
 Your Case consider'd I must think
 You should withdraw from Pen and Ink,
 Forbear your Poetry and Jokes,
 And live like other Christian Folks;
 Or, if the Muses must inspire
 Your Fancy with their pleasing Fire,
 Take Subjects safer for your Wit,
 Than those on which you lately writ,
 Commend the Times, your Thoughts correct,
 And follow the prevailing Sect;
 Assert that * *Hyde*, in writing Story,
 Shews all the Malice of a Tory,
 While † *Burnet* in his deathless Page,
 Discovers Freedom without Rage;

To

* Earl of *Clarendon*, who wrote of the Civil Wars, begun in the Year 1641.

† Bishop of *Salisbury*, who wrote the History of his own Times, &c.

To * *Woolston* recommend our Youth
For Learning, Probity, and Truth,
That noble Genius who unbinds
The Chains which fetter free-born Minds,
Redeems us from the slavish Fears
Which lasted near two thousand Years;
He can alone the Priesthood humble,
Make gilded Spires and Altars tumble.

MUST I commend against my Conscience
Such stupid Blasphemy and Nonsense?
To such a Subject tune my Lyre,
And sing like one of *Milton's* Choir,
Where Devils to a Vale retreat,
And call the Laws of Wisdom Fate,
Lament upon their hapless Fall,
That Force free Virtue should enthrall?
Or, shall the Charms of Wealth and Pow'r
Make me pollute the Muses' Bow'r?

As from the Tripod of *Apollo*,
Hear from my Desk the Words that follow:
Some by Philosophers mislaid,
Must honour you alive and dead;
And such as know what *Greece* hath writ,
Must taste your Irony and Wit.
While most that are, or would be great,
Must dread your Pen, your Person hate,
And you on † *Drapier's* Hill must lye
And there without a Mitre dye.

M m 3

PAULUS.

* A degraded Clergyman of the Church of *England*,
who wrote against the Miracles of our Saviour,

† In the County of *Armagh*.

PAULUS. By Mr. LINDSAY.

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1728.

A SLAVE to Crowds, scorch'd with the
 Summer's Heats,
 In Courts the wretched Lawyer toils and
 sweats;
 While smiling Nature in her best Attire,
 Regales each Sense, and vernal Joys inspire.
 Can he who knows that real Good should
 please,
 Barter for Gold his Liberty, and Ease?
 Thus *Paulus* preach'd! -- When entering at the
 Door,
 Upon his Board a Client pours the Ore:
 He grasps the shining Gift, pores o'er the
 Cause,
 Forgets the Sun, and dozeth on the Laws.

The ANSWER. By Dr. SWIFT.

LINDSAY mistakes the Matter quite,
 And honest *Paulus* judges right.
 Then, why these Quarrels with the Sun,
 Without whose Aid you're all undone.
 Did *Paulus* e'er complain of Sweat?
 Did *Paulus* e'er the Sun forget?

The

The Influence of whose golden Beams,
 Soon licks up all unfav'ry Steams.
 The Sun, you say, his Face hath kist,
 It has; but then it greas'd his Fist.
 True Lawyers for the wisest Ends,
 Have always been *Apollo's* Friends.
 Not for his superficial Powers
 Of ripening Fruits, or gilding Flowers;
 Not for inspiring Poets Brains,
 With pennyless and starv'ling Strains;
 Not for his boasted healing Art;
 Nor for his Skill to shoot the Dart;
 Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;
 Nor for his Prophecies in Riddles:
 But for a more substantial Cause,
Apollo's Patron of the Laws;
 Whom *Paulus* ever must adore,
 As Parents of the golden Ore.

By *Phæbus* an incestuous Birth,
 Begot upon his Grandame Earth.
 By *Phæbus* first produc'd to Light,
 By *Vulcan* form'd so round and bright;
 Then offer'd at the Shrine of Justice,
 By Clients to her Priests and Trustees;
 Nor when we see *Astræa* stand
 With even Balance in her Hand:
 Must we suppose she hath in View,
 How to give every Man his due;
 Her Scales, you see her only hold,
 To weigh her Priests, the Lawyers Gold.
 Now

Now should I own your Case was grievous,
Poor sweaty *Paulus*, who'd believe us;
'Tis very true and none denies,
At least that such Complaints are wise;
'Tis wise no doubt, as Clients fat ye more
To cry like Statesmen *quanta patimur*.

BUT, since the Truth must needs be
stretched,
To prove that Lawyers are so wretched:
This Paradox I'll undertake,
For *Paulus*' and for *Lindsay's* Sake.
By Topicks, which tho' I abomine 'em,
May serve as Arguments *ad hominem*;
Yet, I disdain to offer those
Made use of by detracting Foes:
I own the Curses of Mankind,
Sit light upon a Lawyer's Mind;
The Clamours of ten thousand Tongues,
Break not his Rest, nor hurt his Lungs,
I own, his Conscience always free,
Provided he has got his Fee.
Secure of constant Peace within,
He knows no Guilt, who knows no Sin.
Yet, well they merit to be pitied,
By Clients always over-witted.
And though the Gospel seems to say,
What heavy Burdens Lawyers lay,
Upon the Shoulders of their Neighbour,
Nor lend a Finger to the Labour,
Always for saving their own Bacon,
No Doubt the Text is here mistaken,

The

The Copy's false, and Sense is rack'd,
 To prove it, I appeal to Fact;
 And thus by Demonstration shew,
 What Burdens Lawyers undergo,
 With early Clients at his Door,
 Tho' he was drunk the Night before,
 And crop-sick with unclub'd for Wine,
 The Wretch must be at Court by Nine.
 Half sunk beneath his Briefs and Bag,
 As ridden by a Midnight Hag;
 Then from the Bar harangues the Bench,
 In *English* vile, and viler *French*.
 And *Latin*, vilest of the three,
 And all for poor ten Moidores Fee.
 Of Paper, how is he profuse?
 With Periods long, in Terms abstruse.
 What Pains he takes to be prolix?
 A thousand Lines to stand for fix!
 Of common Sense without a Word in,
 And is not this a grievous Burden?

THE Lawyer is a common Drudge,
 To fight our Cause before the Judge;
 And what is yet a greater Curse,
 Condemn'd to bear his Client's Purse,
 While he at Ease, secure and light,
 Walks boldly Home at dead of Night.
 When Term is ended leaves the Town,
 Trots to his Country-Mansion down;
 And disencumber'd of his Load,
 No Danger dreads upon the Road;

Del-

Despiseth Rapparees, and rides
 Safe through the *Newry* Mountains Sides.
Lindsay, 'tis you have set me on,
 To state this Question *pro* and *con*.
 My Satyr may offend, 'tis true,
 However it concerns not you.

I OWN there may in every Clan,
 Perhaps be found one Honest Man ;
 Yet link them close, in this they jump,
 To be but Sharpers in the Lump.
 Imagine *Lindsay* at the Bar,
 He's much the same his Brethren are,
 Well taught by Practice to imbibe,
 The Fundamentals of his Tribe:
 And, in his Client's just Defence,
 Must deviate oft from common Sense ;
 And make his Ignorance discern'd,
 To get the Name of Council learn'd.
 As *Lucas* comes a *non Lucendo*,
 And wisely do as other Men do,
 But shift him to a better Scene,
 Among his Crew of R——s in Grain.
 Surrounded with Companions fit,
 To taste his Humour, Sense, and Wit,
 You'd swear he never took a Fee,
 Nor knew in Law his A, B, C.
 'Tis hard where Dulness over-rules,
 To keep good Sense in Crowds of Fools.
 And we admire the Man who saves,
 His Honesty in Crowds of Knaves;

Nor

Nor yields up Virtue at Discretion,
 To V-ll--ns of his own Profession.
Lindsay, you know what Pains you take,
 In both, you barely save your Stake;
 And will you venture both anew,
 To sit among that venal Crew,
 That Pack of mimic Legislators,
 Abandon'd, stupid, slavish Praters?
 For, as the Rabble dawb and rifle.
 The Fool who scrambles for a Trifle,
 Who for his Pains is cuff'd and kick'd;
 Drawn through the Dirt, his Pocket pick'd;
 You must expect the like Disgrace,
 Scrambling with Rogues to get a Place,
 Must lose the Honour you have gain'd,
 Your num'rous Virtues foully stain'd;
 Disclaim for ever all Pretence
 To common Honesty and Sense,
 And join in Friendship with a strict Tye,
 To *****, ***** and *****

On Dr. RUNDLE, Bishop of DERRY.

MAKE *Rundle* Bishop; fye for Shame!
 An *Arrian* to usurp the Name!
 A Bishop in the Isle of Saints!
 How will his Brethren make Complaints?
 Dare any of the mitred Host,
 Confer on him the HOLY GHOST;

In

In Mother Church to breed a Variance,
By coupling *Orthodox* with *Arrians*?

YET, were he *Heathen*, *Turk* or *Jew*,
What is there in it strange or new?
For, let us hear the weak Pretence,
His Brethren find to take Offence;
Of whom there are but four at most,
Who know there is an HOLY GHOST;
The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like *Paul's Ephesians*, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.

RUNDLE a Bishop! well he may;
He's still a *Christian* more than they.

WE know the Subject of their Quarrels
The Man has Learning, Sense and Morals.

THERE is a Reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity.
Has ev'ry Circumstance to please us,
'Though Fools may doubt his Faith in J—
But why shou'd he with that be loaded,
Now twenty Years from Court exploded?
And is not this Objection odd
From Rogues who ne'er believ'd a God?
For Liberty a Champion stout,
'Though not so Gospel-ward devout.
While others hither sent to save us,
Came but to plunder and enslave us;

Nor

Nor ever own'd a Pow'r Divine,
But *Mammon*, and the *G-m-n* Line.

SAY, how did *Rundle* undermine 'em;
Who shew'd a better *Jus divinum*?
From antient Canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *Episcopari*.

OUR Bishop's Predecessor, *Magus*,
Would offer all the Sands of *Tagus*,
Or sell his Children, House, and Lands,
For that one Gift, to lay on Hands:
But all his Gold could not avail
To have the *Spirit* set to Sale.
Said surly *Peter*, *Magus*, prithee
Be gone: Thy Money perish with thee.
Were *Peter* now alive, perhaps
He might have found a Score of Chaps,
Could he but make his Gift appear
In Rents three thousand Pounds a Year.

SOME fancy this Promotion odd,
As not the Handy-work of God;
Though ev'n the Bishops disappointed,
Must own it made by God's *Anointed*.
And well we know, The *Congee Regal*
Is more secure as well as legal,
Because our Lawyers all agree,
That Bishopricks are held in Fee.

DEAR *Baldwin* chaste and witty *Crosse*,
How forely I lament your Loss;

That

That such a Pair of wealthy Ninnies
Should slip your Time of dropping Guineas ;
For had you made the K ——— your Debtor,
Your Title had been so much better.

The FABLE of the BITCHES.

Wrote in the Year 1715, on an Attempt to
repeal the Test Act.

A BITCH that was full pregnant grown,
By all the Dogs and Curs in Town ;
Finding her ripen'd Time was come,
Her Litter teeming from her Womb,
Went here and there, and ev'ry where,
To find an easy Place to lay-her.

At length to * *Musick's* House she came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame ;
“ My only Friend, my Dear,” said she,
“ You see 'tis meer Necessity,
“ Hath sent me to your House to whelp,
“ I'll dye, if you deny your Help.

With fawning Whine, and rueful Tone,
With artful Sigh and feigned Groan,
With couchant Cringe, and flattering Tale,
Smooth † *Bawty* did so far prevail ;
That *Musick* gave her Leave to litter,
But mark what follow'd, — Faith she bit her.

WHOLE

* *Musick's* House, the Church of *England*.

† *Bawty*, (the Name of a Bitch in *Scotch*,) alludes to
the Kirk.

WHOLE Baskets full of Bits and Scraps,
And Broth enough to fill her Paps,
For well she new her num'rous Brood,
For Want of Milk wou'd suck her Blood.

BUT when she thought her Pains were done,
And now 'twas high Time to be gone ;
In civil Terms,—“ My Friend,” says she,
“ My House you've had on Courtesy ;
“ And now I earnestly desire,
“ That you would with your Cubs retire :
“ For shou'd you stay but one Week longer,
“ I shall be starv'd with Cold and Hunger.”

THE Guest reply'd, —“ My Friend, your
Leave,
“ I must a little longer crave ;
“ Stay 'till my tender Cubs can find
“ Their Way, for now you see they're blind ;
“ But when we've gather'd Strength, I swear,
“ We'll to our Barn again repair.”
The Time pass'd on, and *Musick* came,
Her Kennel once again to claim ;
But, *Bawty*, lost to Shame and Honour,
Set all her Cubs at once upon her ;
Made her retire and quit her Right,
And loudly cry'd---a Bite, a Bite.

The

The M O R A L.

THUS did the *Grecian* Wooden Horse,
 Conceal a fatal armed Force;
 No sooner brought within the Walls,
 But *Ilium's* lost, and *Priam* falls.

COPY of the BIRTH-DAY VERSES on
 Mr. F O R D.

COME be content, since out it must,
 For *Stella* has betray'd her Trust,
 And whisp'ring charg'd me not to say,
 That Mr. *Ford* was born to Day;
 Or, if at last I needs must blab it,
 According to my usual Habit,
 She bid me with a serious Face,
 Be sure conceal the Time and Place,
 And not my Compliment to spoil
 By calling this your native Soil,
 Or, vex the Ladies when they knew,
 That you are turning Forty-two;
 But, if these Topicks shall appear
 Strong Arguments to keep you here,
 I think, though you judge hardly of it,
 Good Manners must give Place to Profit.

THE Nymphs with whom you first began,
 Are each become a *Harridan*;
 And *Montague* so far decay'd
 Her Lovers now must all be paid,

And

And ev'ry Belle that since arose
Has her cotemporary Beaux.
Your former Comrades once so bright,
With whom you toasted half the Night,
Of Rheumatism and Pox complain,
And bid Adieu to dear Champain,
Your great Protectors once in Pow'r
Are now in Exile or the Tow'r.
Your Foes triumphant o'er the Laws,
Who hate your Person and your Cause,
If once they get you on the Spot,
You must be guilty of the Plot.
For true or false they'll ne'er enquire,
But use you ten Times worse than * *Prior*.

IN *London*, What would you do there?
Can you, my Friend, with Patience bear,
Nay, would it not your Passion raise
Worse than a Pun, or *Irish* Phrase;
To see a Scoundrel strut and hector
A Footboy to some Rogue Director:
To look on Vice triumphant round,
And Virtue trampled on the Ground!
Observe where bloody —— stands
With torturing Engines in his Hands,
Hear him blaspheme, and swear and rail,
Threat'ning the Pillory and Jail:
If this you think a pleasing Scene,
To *London* strait return again,
Where you have told us from Experience
Are swarms of Bugs and Presbyterians.

VOL. XI.

N n

I

* *Mat. Prior*, Esq; a famous Poet. See his Works.

I THOUGHT my very Spleen would burst,
 When Fortune hither drove me first;
 Was full as hard to please as you,
 Nor Persons, Names, nor Places knew:
 But, now I act as other Folk,
 Like Prisoners when their Jayl is broke.

If you have *London* still at Heart,
 We'll make a small one here, by Art:
 The Difference is not much between
 St. *James's-Park* and *Stephen's-Green*;
 And *Dawson-street* will serve as well
 To lead you thither as *Pall-mall*,
 Nor want a Passage through the Palace,
 To choque your Sight, and raise your Malice.
 The Deanry-house may well be matcht
 (Under Correction) with the * *Thatcht*;
 Nor shall I when you hither come,
 Demand a Crown a Quart for Stumm.
 Then for a middle aged Charmer,
Stella may vye with our Main-charmer,
 She's now as handsome ev'ry Bit,
 And has a thousand Times her Wit.
 The Dean and *Sheridan*, I hope,
 Will half supply a *Gay*, and *Pope*,
 † *Corbet*, though yet I know his Worth not,
 No Doubt, will prove a good *Arbuthnot*;
 I throw

* A famous Tavern in St. JAMES'S-STREET, near the Palace.

† Dr. CORBET, afterwards Dean of St. PATRICK'S Cathedral, DUBLIN, on the Death of Dr. MATURINE, who succeeded Dr. SWIFT.

I throw into the Bargain, *Tim*,
In *London* can you equal him?
What think you of my Fav'rite Clan,
* *Robin* and *Jack*, and *Jack* and *Dan*?
Fellows of modest Worth and Parts,
With chearful Looks, and honest Hearts.

CAN you on *Dublin* look with Scorn?
Yet here were you and † *Ormond* born.

OH! Were but you and I so wise,
To see with *Robin Grattan*'s Eyes,
Robin adores that Spot of Earth,
That lit'ral Spot which gave him Birth.
And swears ‡ *Belcamp* is, to his Taste,
As fine as *Hampton-Court* at least,
When to your Friends you would enhance
The Praise of *Italy* or *France*.
For Grandeur, Elegance and Wit,
We gladly hear you, and submit:
But then to come, and keep a Clutter;
For this, or that Side of a Gutter.
To live in this or t'other Isle,
We cannot think it worth your While;
For take it kindly, or amiss,
The Difference but amounts to this:
We bury, on our Side the Channel
In § Linen; and on your's in Flannel;
N n 2 You

* Rev. *Robert* and *John Grattan*, Brothers: *John* and *Daniel Jackson*.

† *James Butler*, the late Duke of *Ormond*.

‡ In *Fingall*, about five Miles from *Dublin*.

§ In the Year 1733, there was an Act of Parliament made in *Ireland* to bury in Woollen.

You for the News are ne'er to seek,
 While we, perhaps, may wait a Week;
 You happy Folks, are sure to meet
 An hundred Whores in ev'ry Street,
 While we may trace all *Dublin* o'er
 Before we find out half a Score.

You see my Arguments are strong,
 I wonder you held out so long,
 But since you are convinc'd at last,
 We'll pardon you for what is past.
 So—let us now for whist prepare,
 Twelve Pence a Corner, if you dare.

A PETITION to his Grace the Duke of
 GRAFTON.

Non Domus & Fundus——— HOR.

By Dean SMEDLEY.

IT was, my Lord, the dextrous Shift
 Of t'other *Jonathan*, viz. *Swift*,
 But now St. *Patrick's* saucy Dean,
 With silver Verge, and Surplice clean,
 Of *Oxford*, or of *Ormond's* Grace
 In looser Rhyme to beg a Place.
 A Place he got, yclep'd a Stall
 And eke a thousand Pounds withal;

And

And were he a less witty Writer
He might as well have got a Mitre,

THUS I the *Jonathan of Clogher*,
In humble Lays my Thanks to offer,
Approach your Grace with grateful Heart,
My Thanks and Verse devoid of Art,
Content with what your Bounty gave,
No larger Income do I crave:
Rejoicing that in better Times
* *Grafton* requires my loyal Lines,
Proud! While my Patron is polite,
I likewise to the Patriot write.
Proud! That at once I can commend
King *George's* and the *Muse's* Friend,
Endear'd to *Britain* and to thee,
(Disjoin'd *Hibernia*, by the Sea)
Endear'd by twice three anxious Years,
Employ'd in Guardian Toils and Cares;
By Love, by Wisdom, and by Skill,
For he has sav'd thee 'gainst thy Will,

BUT where shall *Smedley* make his Nest,
And lay his wand'ring Head to Rest?
Where shall he find a decent House
To treat his Friends, and cheer his Spouse?
Oh! Lack, my Lord, some pretty Cure,
In wholesome Soil, and Æther pure;
The Garden stor'd with artless Flowers,
In either Angle shady Bowers.

N n 3

No

* *Charles Fitzroy*, Duke of *Grafton*, then Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

No gay *Parterre* with costly Green,
 Within the ambient Hedge be seen :
 Let Nature freely take her Course,
 Nor fear from one ungrateful Force ;
 No Sheers shall check her sprouting Vigour,
 Nor shape the Yews to antick Figure :
 A limpid Brook shall Trouts supply,
 In *May* to take the mimick Fly,
 Round a small Orchard may it run,
 Whose Apples redden to the Sun.
 Let all be snug, and warm, and neat,
 For fifty turn'd a safe Retreat.
 A little *Euston* may it be,
Euston I'll carve on ev'ry Tree.
 But then to keep it in Repair,
 My Lord——*Twice fifty Pounds* a Year,
 Will barely do ; but if your Grace,
 Could make them *hundreds*—charming Place !
 Thou then wouldst shew another Face.

CLOGHER! far North, my Lord, it lies,
 'Midst snowy Hills, inclement Skies,
 One shivers with the *Arctic* Wind,
 One hears the *Polar Axis* grind.
 Good * *John* indeed with Beef and Claret,
 Makes the Place warm that one may bear it,
 He has a Purse to keep a Table,
 And eke a Soul as hospitable.
 My Heart is good, but Assets fail,
 To fight with Storms of Snow and Hail ;
 Besides

* Dr. *John Sterne*, Bishop of *Clogher*, Predecessor to
 Dr. *Swift*, as Dean of *St. Patrick's*.

Besides the Country's thin of People,
 Who seldom meet, but at the Steeple :
 The strapping Dean, that's gone to *Down*,
 Ne'er nam'd the Thing without a Frown,
 When much fatigu'd with Sermon Study,
 He felt his Brain grow dull and muddy ;
 No fit Companion could be found
 To push the lazy Bottle round ;
 Sure then for Want of better Folks,
 To pledge, *his Clerk* was *Orthodox*.

AH ! How unlike to *Gerard-Street*,
 Where Beaux and Belles in Parties meet ;
 Where gilded Chairs and Coaches throng,
 And jostle as they trowl along ;
 Where Tea and Coffee hourly flow,
 And Gape-seed does in Plenty grow !
 And *Griz* (no Clock more certain) cries
 Exact at Seven, *Hot Mutton Pies*.
 There Lady *Luna* in her Sphere
 Once shone, when *Paunceforth* was not near ;
 But, now she wains, and, as 'tis said,
 Keeps sober Hours, and goes to Bed.
 There — but, 'tis endless to write down
 All the Amusements of the Town ;
 And Spouse will think herself quite undone,
 To trudge to * *Connor* from sweet *London*.
 And care we must our Wives to please
 Or — else we shall be ill at Ease.

You

* *CONNOR* is united to the Bishoprick of *Down* ;
 but here are two Deans.

You see, my Lord, what 'tis I lack,
 'Tis only some convenient Tack,
 Some Parsonage-House, with Garden sweet,
 To be my late, my last Retreat;
 A decent Church close by its Side,
 There preaching, praying, to reside;
 And as my Time securely rolls,
 To save my own and others Souls.

HIS GRACE'S ANSWER.

By Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR *Smed* I read thy brilliant Lines,
 Where Wit in all its Glory shines;
 Where Compliments with all their Pride
 Are by their Numbers dignify'd:
 I hope, to make you yet as clean,
 As that same, *viz.* St. Patrick's Dean.
 I'll give thee *Surplice, Verge* and *Stall*,
 And may be something else withall:
 And were you not so good a Writer,
 I should present you with a Mitre.
 Write worse then, *if you can—Be wise—*
 Believe me, 'tis *the Way* to rise,
 Talk not of *making of thy Nest*,
Ab! Never lay thy Head to rest!
That Head so well with Wisdom fraught!
That writes without the Toil of Thought.

While

While others rack their busy Brains,
 You are not in the least at Pains,
 Down to your Deanry repair,
 And build a *Castle in the Air*.
 I'm sure a Man of your fine Sense
 Can do it with a small Expence,
 There you *Dear Spouse*, and you together
 May breathe your Bellies-full of *Æther*.
 When *Lady Luna* is your Neighbour,
 She'll help your *Wife* when she's in Labour.
 Well skill'd in Midwife Artifices,
 For she herself oft' falls in *Pieces*.
 There you shall see a *Rary-Show*,
 Will make you scorn this *World below*,
 When you behold the Milky Way,
 As white as Snow, as bright as Day,
 The glitt'ring Constellations roll
 About the grinding *Arctic Pole*.
 The lovely Tingling in your Ears,
 Wrought by the Musick of the Spheres—
 Your Spouse shall then no longer hector,
 You need not fear a Curtain Lecture;
 Nor shall she think that she is *undone*
 For quitting her beloved *London*.
 When she's exalted in the Skies,
 She'll never think of Mutton-Pies;
 When you're advanc'd above *Dean*, viz.
 You'll never think of goody *Griz*.
 But ever, ever live at Ease,
 And strive, and strive *your Wife to please*,
 In her you'll center all your Joys,
 And get Ten Thousand *Girls and Boys*,

Ten Thousand Girls and Boys you'll get,
 And they, like Stars, shall *rise and set*.
 While *you and Spouse* transform'd shall soon
 Be a *new Sun*, and a *new Moon*:
 Nor shall you strive your Horns to hide,
 For then your Horns shall be your Bride.

Dean SWIFT at Sir ARTHUR ACHESON's in
 the North of IRELAND.

THE Dean would visit *Market-hill*,
 Our Invitation was but slight;
 I said,---Why let him, if he will,
 And so I bid Sir *A-----r* write.

His Manners would not let him wait,
 Left we should think ourselves neglected;
 And, so we saw him at our Gate
 Three Days before he was expected.

After a Week, a Month, a Quarter,
 And Day succeeding after Day,
 Says not a Word of his Departure,
 'Though not a Soul would have him stay.

I've said enough to make him blush,
 Methinks, or else the Devil's in't;
 But he cares not for it a Rush,
 Nor, for my Life, will take the Hint.

But

But you, my Dear, may let him know,
In civil Language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the Roads may grow,
And that he may command the Chaise.

Or you may say—my Wife intends,
(Though I should be exceeding proud)
This Winter to invite some Friends,
And, Sir, I know, you hate a Crowd.

Or, Mr. Dean—I should with Joy
Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to * *Aghnacloy*,
Or, Mr. Moore will take it ill.

The House Accounts are daily rising,
So much his Stay doth swell the Bills :
My dearest Life, it is surprizing,
How much he eats, how much he swills,

His Brace of Puppies how they stuff,
And they must have three Meals a Day,
Yet never think they get enough ;
His Horses too eat all our Hay.

Oh ! if I could, how I would maul
His Tallow Face, and Wainscot Paws,
His Beetle-brows and Eyes of Wall,
And make him soon give up the Cause.

Must

* The Seat of *Acheson Moore*, Esq.

Must I be ev'ry Moment chid
 With † Skinny Bonia, Snip and Lean;
 Oh! that I could but once be rid
 Of this insulting Tyrant Dean!

† The Dean used to call Lady *Acheson* by those Names.

BALLYSPELLIN*.

By Dr. *Sheridan*,

ALL you that would refine your Blood,
 As pure as fam'd *Llewellyn*,
 By Waters clear, come ev'ry Year,
 To drink at *Ballyspellin*.

Tho' Pox or Itch your Skins enrich
 With Rubies past the telling,
 'Twill clear your Skin before you've been
 A Month at *Ballyspellin*.

If Ladies Cheek be green as Leek
 When she comes from her Dwelling;
 The kindling Rose within it glows
 When she's at *Ballyspellin*.

The

* A famous Spaw in the County of *Kilkenny*.

The footy Brown, who comes from Town,
Grows here as fair as *Helen*,
Then back she goes to kill the Beaux
By Dint of *Ballyspellin*.

Our Ladies are as fresh and fair
As *Ros*s, or bright *Dunkelling* :
And *Mars* might make a fair Mistake,
Were he at *Ballyspellin*.

We Men submit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling ;
The Reason's plain, the Ladies reign,
They're Queens at *Ballyspellin*.

By matchless Charms, unconquer'd Arms,
They have the Pow'r of quelling,
Such desperate Foes as dare oppose
Their Power at *Ballyspellin*.

Cold Water turns to Fire and burns,
I know because I fell in
A Stream which came from one bright Dame,
Who drank at *Ballyspellin*.

Fine Beaux advance, equipt for Dance,
And bring their *Anne* or *Nell* in
With so much Grace, I'm sure no Place
Can vie with *Ballyspellin*.

No

No Politicks, no subtle Tricks,
No Man his Country felling,
We eat, we drink, we never think
Of these at *Ballyspellin*,

The troubled Mind, the puffed with Wind,
Do all come here *Pell-Mell* in ;
And, they are sure, to work their Cure
By drinking *Ballyspellin*.

If Dropsy fills you to the Gills,
From Chin to Toe, tho' swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A Cure at *Ballyspellin*.

Death throws no Darts through all these Parts,
No Sextons here are knelling ;
Come judge and try, you'll never *die*,
But *live* at *Ballyspellin*.

Except you feel Darts tipt with Steel,
Which here are ev'ry Belle in ;
When from their Eyes sweet Ruin flies,
We die at *Ballyspellin*.

Good Chear, sweet Air, much Joy, no Care,
Your Sight, your Taste, your Smelling,
Your Ears, your Touch, transporteth much
Each Day at *Ballyspellin*.

Within

Within this Ground we all sleep sound,
No noisy Dogs a yelling;
Except you wake, for *Cælia's* Sake,
All Night at *Ballyspellin*.

Here all you see, both he and she,
No Lady keeps her Cell in;
But all partake the Mirth we make
Who drink at *Ballyspellin*.

My Rhimes are gone, I think I've none,
Unless I should bring Hell in :
But since I am here to Heav'n so near,
I can't at *Ballyspellin*.

The A N S W E R.

By Dr. SWIFT.

DARE you dispute, you sawcy Brute?
And think there's no rebelling,
Your scurvy Lays, and senseless Praise,
You give to *Ballyspellin*?

How-

Howe'er yôu bounce, I here pronounce;
 Your Med'cine is repelling;
 Your Water's Mud, and fours the Blood;
 When drank at *Ballyspellin*.

Those pocky Drabs, to cure their Scabs;
 You thither are compelling;
 Will back be sent; worse than they went;
 From nasty *Ballyspellin*.

Llewellyn why, as well may I
 Name honest Doctor *Pellin*;
 So hard sometimes you tug for Rhimes,
 To bring in *Ballyspellin*.

No Subject fit to try your Wit,
 When you went colonelling;
 But dull Intrigues 'twixt Jades and Teagues,
 That met at *Ballyspellin*.

Our Lasses fair, say what you dare;
 Who * Sowings make with Shelling,
 At *Market-Hill* more Beaux can kill,
 Than yours at *Ballyspellin*.

Wou'd I was whipt when *Sheela* stript,
 To wash herself our Well in;
 A Bum so white, ne'er came in Sight,
 At paultry *Ballyspellin*.

Your

* A Food much used in *Scotland*, the North of *Ireland* and other Parts: It is made of Oatmeal, and sometimes of the Shellings of Oats, and known by the Names of Sowings or Flummery.

Your Mawkins there, Smocks *Hempent* wear,
Of *Holland*, not an *Ell* in,
No, not a Rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at *Ballyspellin*.

But *Tom*, will prate at any Rate,
All other Nymphs expelling :
Because he gets a few *Grisets*,
At lousy *Ballyspellin*.

There's bonny *Jane* in yonder Lane,
Just o'er against the *Bell Inn* ;
Where can you meet a Lass so sweet,
Round all your *Ballyspellin*.

We have a Girl, deserves an *Earl*,
She came from *Enniskillin* ;
So fair so young, no such among
The Belles at *Ballyspellin*.

How wou'd you stare to see her there,
The foggy Mist dispelling ;
That cloud the Browe, of ev'ry Blowse
Who lives at *Ballyspellin*.

Now, as I live, I would not give
A *Stiver* for a *Skellin*,
To towse, and kifs, the fairest Miss
That leaks at *Ballyspellin*.

Who e'er will raise such Lies as these,
 Deserves a good Cudgeling :
 Who falsely boasts of Belles and Toasts,
 At dirty *Ballyspellin*.

My Rhimes are gone, to all but one,
 Which is our Trees are felling.
 As proper quite, as those you write,
 To force in *Ballyspellin*.

A True and Faithful Inventory of the Goods
 belonging to Dr. SWIFT, Vicar of *Laracor* ;
 upon lending his House to the Bishop of
Meath, until his own was built:

AN Oaken, broken, Elbow-Chair ;
 A Cawdle-Cup, without an Ear ;
 A batter'd, shatter'd Ash Bedstead ;
 A Box of Deal, without a Lid ;
 A Pair of Tongs, but out of Joint ;
 A Back-Sword Poker without Point ;
 A Pot that's crack'd a-cross, around,
 With an old knotted Garter bound ;
 An Iron Lock, without a Key ;
 A Wig, with hanging, quite grown grey ;
 A Curtain worn to Half a Stripe ;
 A Pair of Bellows without Pipe ;

A Dish which might good Meat afford once;
 An *Ovid*, and an old *Concordance*;
 A Bottle Bottom, Wooden Platter,
 One is for Meal, 'and one for Water;
 There likewise is a Copper Skillet,
 Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
 A Candlestick, Snuff-dish, and Save-all,
 And thus his Household Goods you have all.
 These, to your Lordship, as a Friend,
 'Till you have built, I freely lend:
 They'll serve your Lordship for a Shift;
 Why not as well as Doctor *Swift*?

A RIDDLE. By Dr. DELANY, Inscribed
 to the Lady CARTERET.

I REACH all Things near me, and far off to
 boot,
 Without stretching a Finger, or stirring a Foot,
 I take them all in too, to add to your Wonder,
 Tho' many and various, and large and asunder,
 Without jostling or crowding they pass Side
 by Side,
 Thro' a wonderful Wicket, not Half an Inch
 wide.
 Then I lodge them at Ease in a very large
 Store,
 Of no Breadth, or Length, with a thousand
 Things more.

Q. o 2 All

All this I can do without Witchcraft or Charm,
 Tho' sometimes they say I bewitch, and do
 Harm;
 Tho' cold I inflame, and tho' quiet invade,
 And nothing can shield from my Spell but a
 Shade.
 A Thief that has robb'd you, or done you
 Disgrace,
 In magical Mirror I'll shew you his Face:
 Nay, if you'll believe what the Poets have
 said,
 They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the
 Dead.
 Like Conjurers safe in my Circle I dwell,
 I love to look black too, it heightens my Spell,
 Tho' my Magick is mighty in every Hue,
 Who see all my Power must see it in YOU.

The same answered by Dr. SWIFT:

WITH half an Eye
 Your Riddle I spy:
 I observe your Wicket
 Hemm'd in by a Thicket,
 And whatever passes
 Is strained thro' Glasses.
 You say it is quiet,
 I flatly deny it;
 It wanders about,
 Without stirring out,

No Passion so weak
 But gives it a Tweak;
 Love, Joy, and Devotion
 Set it always in Motion.
 And, as for the Tragick
 Effects of its Magick,
 Which you say it can kill.
 Or, revive at its Will,
 The Dead are all found
 And revive above Ground,
 After all you have writ,
 It cannot be Wit,
 Which plainly does follow,
 Since it flies from *Apollo*.
 Its Cowardice such,
 It cries at a Touch,
 'Tis a perfect Milkfop,
 Grows drunk with a Drop.
 Another great Fault,
 It cannot bear Salt;
 And a Hair can disarm
 It of every Charm.

A RIDDLE. By Dr. SWIFT to my Lady
 CARTERET.

FROM *India's* burning Clime I'm brought,
 With cooling Gales like Zephyrs fraught.
 O o 3 Not

Not *Iris* when she paints the Sky,
 Can shew more different Hues than I;
 Nor can she change her Form so fast,
 I'm now a Sail, and now a Mast,
 I here am read, and there am green,
 A Beggar there, and here a Queen,
 I sometimes live in House of Hair,
 And oft in Hand of Lady fair.
 I please the Young, I grace the Old,
 And am at once both hot and cold,
 Say what I am then, if you can,
 And find the Rhime and you're the Man.

Answered by Dr. SHERIDAN.

YOUR House of Hair and Lady's Hand,
 At first did put me to a Stand.
 I have it now,—'tis plain enough,
 Your hairy Business is a *Muff*.
 Your Engine fraught with cooling Gales,
 At once so like your Mast and Sails.
 And for the Rhime to you're the Man,
 What fits it better than a *Fan*?

The LOGICIANS refuted.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd
 As rational, the human Kind;
 Reason they say belongs to Man,
 But let them prove it if they can,

Wife

Wife *Aristotle* and *Smiglesius*,
 By Ratiocinations specious,
 Have strove to prove with great Precision,
 With Definition and Division,
Homo est ratione præditum;
 But for my Soul I cannot credit 'em.
 And must, in Spite of them, maintain,
 That Man and all his Ways are vain;
 And that this boasted Lord of Nature
 Is both a Weak and erring Creature.
 That Instinct is a surer Guide
 Than Reason-boasting Mortals Pride;
 And that brute Beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
 Whoever knew an honest Brute,
 At Law his Neighbour prosecute,
 Bring Action for Assault and Battery,
 Or, Friend beguile with Lies and Flattery.
 O'er Plains they ramble unconfin'd,
 No Politics disturb their Mind;
 They eat their Meals, and take their Sport,
 Nor know who's in, or, out at Court.
 They never to the Levee go
 To treat, as dearest Friend a Foe:
 They never importune his Grace,
 Nor ever cringe to Men in Place;
 Nor undertake a dirty Jobb,
 Nor draw the Quill to write for *Bob*.
 Fraught with Invective they ne'er go
 To Folks at *Pater Noster Row*:
 No Judges, Fidlers, Dancing Masters,
 No Pick-Pockets, or Poetasters,

Are

Are known to honest Quadrupeds :
 No single Brute his Fellows leads.
 Brutes never meet in bloody Fray,
 Nor cut each others Throats for Pay.
 Of Beasts it is confess'd the Ape
 Comes nearest us in human Shape,
 Like Man he imitates each Fashion,
 And Malice is his ruling Passion :
 But, both in Malice and Grimaces,
 A Courtier any Ape surpasses.
 Behold him humbly, cringing, wait
 Upon the Minister of State ;
 View him soon after to Inferiors
 Aping the Conduct of Superiors :
 He promises with equal Air,
 And to perform takes equal Care.
 He in his Turn finds Imitators,
 At Court the Porters, Lacqueys, Waiters,
 Their Masters' Manner still contract,
 And Footmen, Lords and Dukes can act.
 Thus, at the Court, both great and small
 Behave alike, for all ape all.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

OH heav'nly born ! in deepest Cells
 If fairest Science ever dwells
 Beneath the mossy Cave ;
 Indulge the Verdure of the Woods ;
 With azure Beauty gild the Floods,
 And flow'ry Carpets lave ;

For

For Melancholy ever reigns
 Delighted in the sylvan Scenes
 With scientific Light ;
 While *Dian* Huntress of the Vales
 Seeks lulling Sounds and fanning Gales,
 Tho' wrapt from mortal Sight.
 Yet, Goddess, yet, the Way explore
 With Magic Rites and Heathen Lore
 Obstructed and depress'd ;
 'Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine,
 Untaught, not inspir'd to shine,
 By Reason's Power redress'd.
 When *Solon* and *Lycurgus* taught,
 To moralize the human Thought
 Of mad Opinion's Maze,
 To erring Zeal they gave new Laws,
 Thy Charms, O Liberty, the Cause
 That blends congenial Rays.
 Bid bright *Astræa* gild the Morn
 Or bid a hundred Suns be born,
 To hecatomb the Year ;
 Without thy Aid in vain the Poles :
 In vain the Zodiac System rolls :
 In vain the Lunar Sphere.
 Come, fairest Princess of the Throng,
 Bring swift Philosophy along
 In metaphysic Dreams ;
 While raptur'd Bards no more behold
 A vernal Age of purer Gold
 In Heliconian Streams.
 Drive Thralldom with malignant Hand,
 To curse some other destin'd Land

By Folly led astray ;
Ierne bear on azure Wing :
 Energic let her soar and sing
 Thy universal Sway.
 So when *Amphion* bade the Lyre
 To more Majestic Sounds aspire,
 Behold the madding Throng,
 In Wonder and Oblivion drown'd,
 To Sculpture turn'd by magic Sound,
 And petrifying Song.

The PUPPET-SHOW.

THE Life of Man to represent,
 And turn it all to Ridicule,
 Wit did a *Puppet-Show* invent,
 Where the Chief Actor is a Fool.

The Gods of old were Logs of Wood,
 And Worship was to *Puppets* paid,
 In antick Dress the Idol stood,
 And Priests and People bow'd the Head.

No Wonder then, if Art began,
 The simple Votaries to frame,
 To shape in Temper foolish Man,
 And consecrate the *Block* to Fame.

From hence poetick Fancy learn'd
 That Trees might rise from human Forms,
 The Body to a Trunk be turn'd,
 And Branches issue from the Arms.

Thus

Thus *Dædalus* and *Ovid* too,
That Man's a Blockhead have confest,
* *Powel* and *Stretch* the Hint pursue,
Life is a Farce, the World a Jest,

The same great Truth *South-Sea*† hath prov'd
On that fam'd Theatre, the *Ally*,
Where Thousands by Directors mov'd
Are now sad Monuments of Folly,

What *Momus* was of old to *Jove*
The same a *Harlequin* is now,
The former was *Buffoon* above
The latter is a *Punch* below,

This fleeting Scene is but a Stage,
Where various Images appear,
In different Parts of Youth and Age
Alike the Prince and Peasant share.

Some draw our Eyes by being Great,
False Pomp conceals mere Wood within,
And Legislators rang'd in State
Are oft but Wisdom in Machine.

A Stock may chance to wear a Crown,
And Timber as a Lord take Place,
A Statue may put on a Frown
And cheat us with a thinking Face.

Others are blindly led away
And made to act for Ends unknown,

By

* Two Puppet-Show Men.

† See the Poem on the *South-Sea* Project.

By the mere Spring of Wires they play
And speak in Language not their own.

Too oft alas! a scolding Wife
Usurps a jolly Fellow's Throne,
And many drink the Cup of Life,
Mix'd and embitter'd by a *Joan*.

In short, whatever Men pursue
Of Pleasure, Folly, War, or, Love:
This mimick-Race brings all to View,
Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great *Stretch*, with artful Hand,
Mortals to please and to deride,
And when Death breaks thy vital Band,
Thou shalt put on a *Puppet's* Pride.

Thou shalt in puny Wood be shewn,
Thy Image shall preserve thy Fame,
Ages to come thy Worth shall own,
Point at thy Limbs, and tell thy Name.

Tell *Tom* he draws a Farce in vain,
Before he looks in Nature's Glass,
Puns cannot form a witty Scene,
Nor *Pedantry* for Humour pass.

To make Men act as senseless Wood,
And chatter in a mystic Strain,
Is a mere Force on Flesh and Blood,
And shews some Error in the Brain,

He that would thus refine on Thee,
And turn thy Stage into a School,

The

The Jest of *Punch* will ever be,
And stand confest the greater Fool.

On PSYCHE*.

AT two Afternoon for our *Psyche* inquire,
Her Tea-Kettle's on, and her Smock at
the Fire:
So loitring, so active, so busy, so idle,
Which hath she most need of, a Spur or a
Bridle?
Thus a Greyhound out-runs the whole Pack
in a Race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a
warm Place,
She gives you such Plenty, it puts you in Pain;
But ever with Prudence takes Care of the
Main.
To please you, she knows how to chuse a nice
Bit;
For her Taste is almost as refin'd as her Wit.
To oblige a good Friend, she will trace ev'ry
Market,
It would do your Heart good, to see how she
will cark it.
Yet beware of her Arts, for it plainly appears,
She saves Half her Victuals, by feeding your
Ears.

To

* Mrs. *Sican*, a very ingenious well bred Lady, Wife
to Mr. *John Sican*, an eminent Grocer in *Dublin*.

To Mrs. HOUGHTON of *Bormount*, upon
praising her Husband to Dr. SWIFT.

YOU always are making a God of your
Spouse,
But this neither Reason nor Conscience allows;
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in Gratitude due,
And you adore him, because he adores you;
Your Argument's weak, and so you will find,
For you, by this Rule, must adore all Mankind.

On the Collar of Mrs. DINGLEY's Lap-Dog.

PRAY steal me not, I'm Mrs. *Dingley's*,
Whose Heart in this Four-footed Thing
lies.

A Left-handed Letter to Dr. SHERIDAN*.

SIR,

DELANY reports it, and he has a shrewd
Tongue,
That we both act the Part of the Clown and
the Cow-dung;

We

* All the Humour of this Poem is lost, by the Impossibility of printing it Left-handed, as it was wrote.

We lye cramming ourselves, and are ready to
burst,

Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.

Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely must tell ye,

Et diu potuisse et non potuisse refelli.

Tho' DELANY advis'd you to plague me no
longer,

You reply and rejoin like HOADLY of Bangor.

I must now, at one Sitting, pay off my old
Score :

How many to answer? One, two, three, four.

But because the three former are long ago past,

I shall, for Method Sake, begin with the last.

You treat me like a Boy, that knocks down
his Foe,

Who, ere t'other gets up demands the rising
Blow.

Yet I know a young Rogue that thrown flat
on the Field,

Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah, yield :

So, the French, when our Generals soundly
did pay 'em,

Went triumphant to Church, and sang stoutly
Te Deum :

So the famous TOM LEIGH, when quite run
a-ground,

Comes off by out-laughing the Company round.

In ev'ry vile Pamphlet you'll read the same
Fancies,

Having thus overthrown all our further Ad-
vances.

My

My Offers of Peace you ill understood.
 Friend SHERIDAN, when will you know your
 own Good?
 'Twas to teach you in modester Language
 your Duty:
 For, were you a Dog, I could not be rude t'ye.
 As a good quiet Soul, who no Mischief intends
 To a quarrelsome Fellow, cries let us be Friends:
 But we like ANTEUS and HERCULES fight,
 The oft'ner you fall, the oft'ner you write;
 And I'll use you as he did that over-grown
 Clown,
 I'll first take you up, and then take you down:
 And 'tis your own Case, for you never can
 wound
 The worst Dunce in the School; 'till he's heav'd
 to the Ground.

I BEG your Pardon for using my Left-hand,
 but I was in great Haste, and the other Hand
 was employed at the same Time in writing
 some Letters of Business.

September 20, 1718.

I Will send you the rest when I have Lei-
 sure, but pray come to Dinner with the
 Company you met here last.

The

The STORM; MINERVA's Petition.—

PALLAS, a Goddess chaste and wise,
 Descending lately from the Skies,
 To Neptune went, and begg'd in Form
 He'd give his Orders for a Storm;
 A Storm to drown that Raseal —,
 And she would kindly thank him for't.
 A Wretch! whom *E-gl-sh* Rogues to spite her;
 Had lately honour'd with a M--tre.

THE God, who favour'd her Request,
 Assur'd her he wou'd do his best;
 But *Venus* had been there before
 Pleaded the B——lov'd a W——,
 And had enlarg'd her Empire wide,
 He own'd no Deity beside.
 At Sea, or Land, if e'er you found him,
 Without a Mistress, hang or drown him.
 Since *B—rn—t's* Death, the ——'s Bench:
 'Till —— arriv'd ne'er kept a Wench;
 If —— must sink, she grieves to tell it,
 She'll not have left one single Prelate:
 For, to say Truth, she did intend him,
 Elect of *Cyprus* in *commendam*.
 And since her Birth the Ocean gave her,
 She could not doubt her Uncle's Favour.

THEN *Proteus* urg'd the same Request,
 But, half in Earnest, half in Jest;

Said he,——“ Great Sovereign of the Main,
 “ To drown him all Attempts are vain,
 “ — can assume more Forms than I,
 “ A Rake, a Bully, Pimp, or Spy.
 “ Can creep, or run, can fly or swim,
 “ All Motions are alike to him;
 “ Turn him adrift, and you shall find
 “ He knows to sail with ev’ry Wind;
 “ Or throw him overboard he’ll ride
 “ As well against, as with the Tide.
 “ But, *Pallas*, you’ve apply’d too late,
 “ For ’tis decreed by *Jove* and Fate,
 “ That *Ireland* must be soon destroy’d,
 “ And who but ——— can be employ’d;
 “ You need not then have been so pert,
 “ In sending * *Bolton* to *Clonfert*.
 “ I find you did it by your Grinning;
 “ Your Business is to mind your Spinning.
 “ But how you came to interpose,
 “ In making B——s, no one knows.
 “ And if you must have your Petition,
 “ There’s † *Berkeley* in the same Condition;
 “ Look, there he stands, and ’tis but just
 “ If one must drown, the other must;
 “ But, if you’ll leave us Bishop *Judas*,
 “ We’ll give you *Berkeley* for *Bermudas*†.

“ Now,

* Dr. *Theophilus Bolton*, afterwards Archbishop of *Cashell*.

† Dr. *George Berkeley*, a Senior Fellow of *Trinity-College*, *Dublin*, from whence he was made Dean of *Derry*, and afterwards Bishop of *Gloyn*.

† See his Scheme in his *Miscellanies* for erecting an University at *Bermudas*.

" Now, if 'twill gratify your Spight,
 " To put him in a plaguy Fright,
 " Although 'tis hardly worth the Cost,
 " You soon shall see him soundly tost.
 " You'll find him sweat, blaspheme and damn,
 " And ev'ry Moment take a Dram,
 " His ghostly Visage with an Air
 " Of Reprobation and Despair :
 " Or, else some hiding Hole he seeks,
 " For fear the rest should say he squeeks ;
 " Or, as * *Fitzpatrick* did before,
 " Resolve to perish with his W—— ;
 " Or, else he raves, and roars and swears,
 " And but for Shame, would say his Pray'rs.
 " Or would you see his Spirits sink,
 " Relaxing downwards in a St——k ?
 " If such a Sight as this can please ye,
 " Good Madam *Pallas*, pray be easy,
 " To *Neptune* speak, and he'll consent ;
 " But he'll come back the Knave he went."

THE Goddess who conceiv'd an Hope,
 That —— was destin'd for a Rope,
 Believ'd it best to condescend
 To spare a Foe to save a Friend :
 But fearing *Berkeley* should be scar'd
 She left him Virtue for a Guard.

* Brigadier *Fitzpatrick* was drowned in one of the
 Packet Boats in the Bay of *Dublin*, in a great Storm.

" Now, if I will gratify your Spirit,
 " To put him in a plaguy Fight,
 " Although 'tis hardly worth the Cost,
 " You soon shall see him soundly toss.
 " You'll find him sweat, blaspheme and damn,
 " And ev'ry Moment take a Dram,
 " His ghosly Village with an Air
 " Of Reprobation and Despair:
 " Or, else some hiding Hole he seeks,
 " For fear the rest should say he sneaks;
 " Or, as * Fitzpatrick did before,
 " Resolve to perish with his W—;
 " Or, else he raves, and roars and swears,
 " And but for Shame, would say his Prayers.
 " Or would you see his Spirit sink,
 " Relaxing down in a St—
 " If such a sight as this you please to see,
 " Good Madam, I am ready to obey;
 " To witness I shall be all content;
 " But he'll come back the Knave he went."



The Goddess who conceiv'd an Hope,
 That ——— was destin'd for a Rope;
 Believ'd it best to condescend
 To spare a Fox to save a Friend:
 But fearing Barkley should be fear'd
 She left him Virtue for a Guard.

* Brigadier Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of the
 Packet Boats in the Bay of Dublin, in a great storm.

